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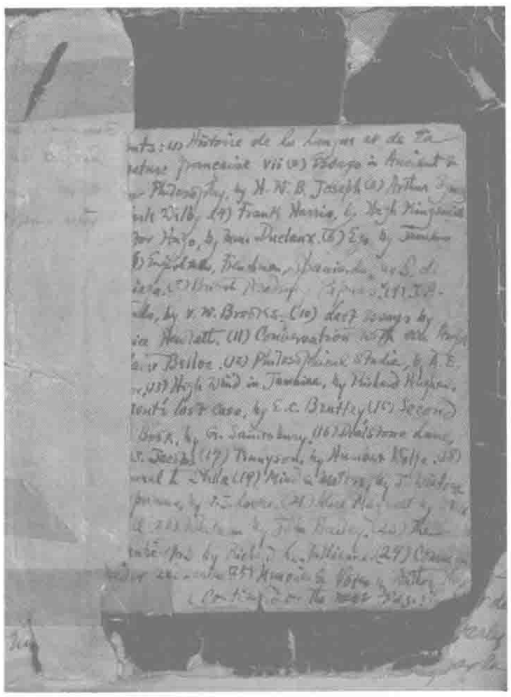

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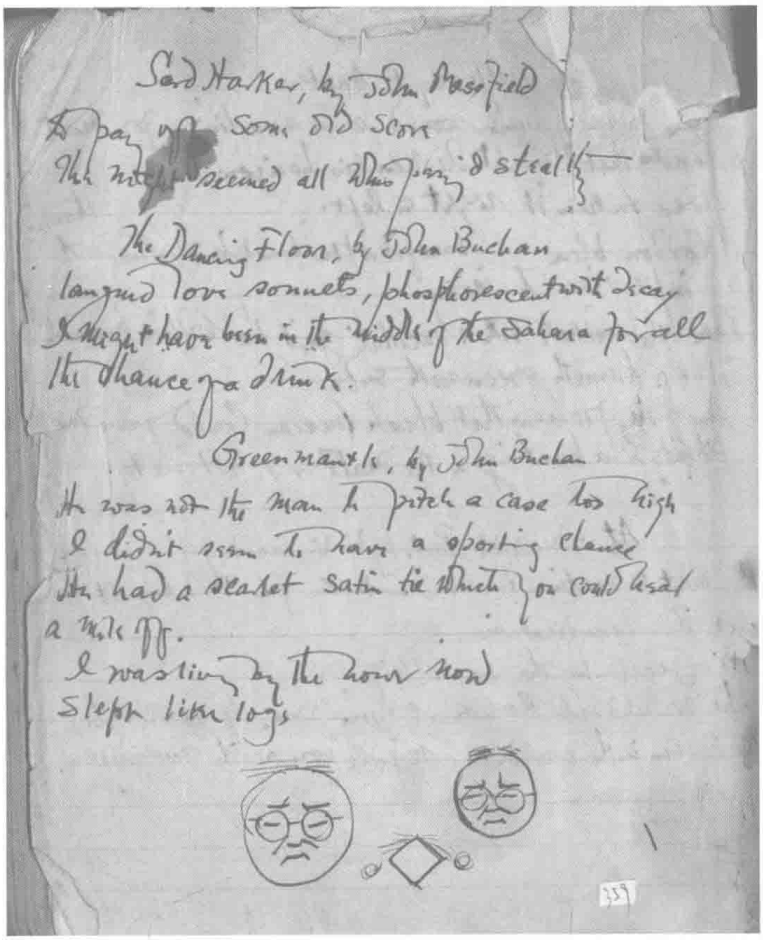

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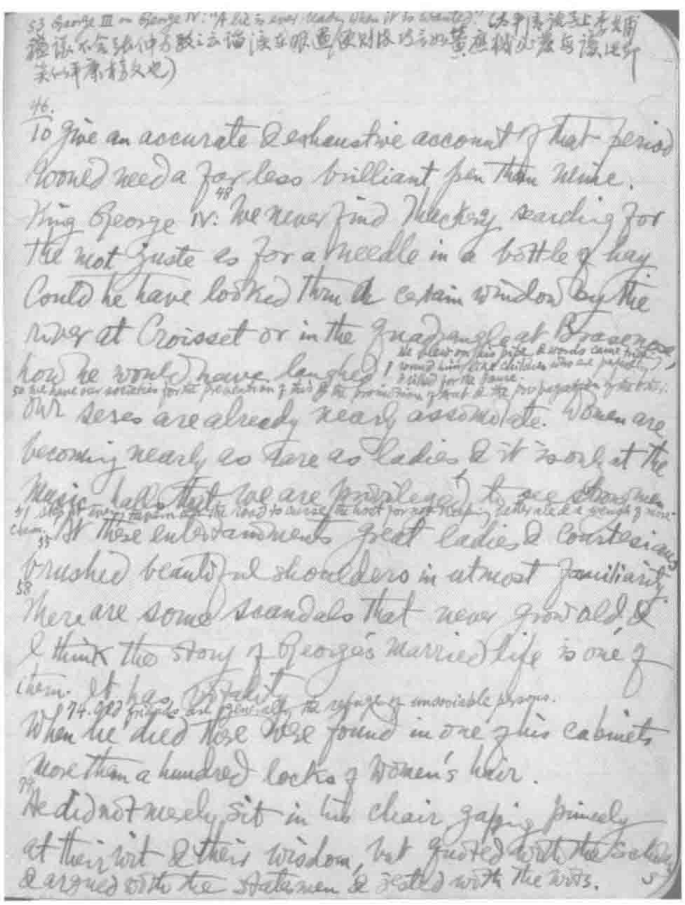

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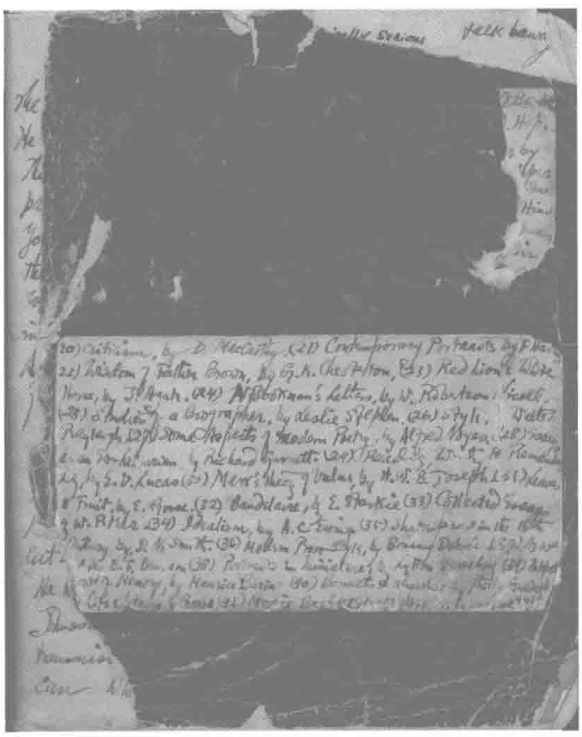

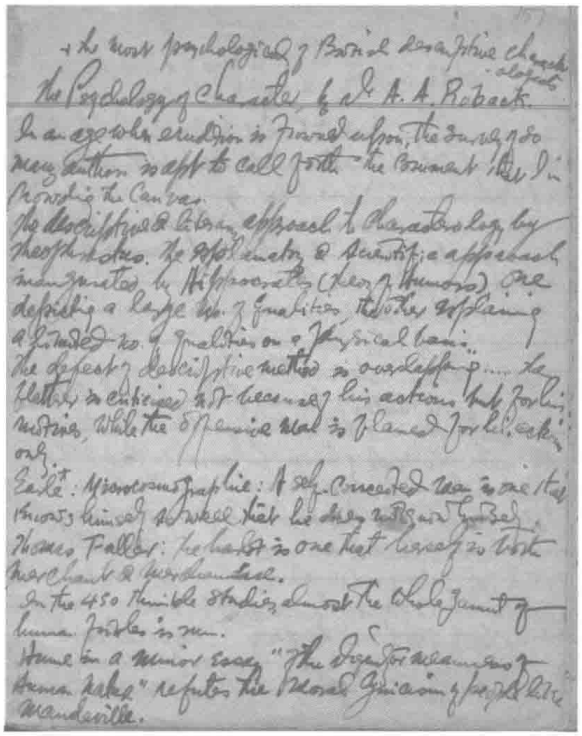

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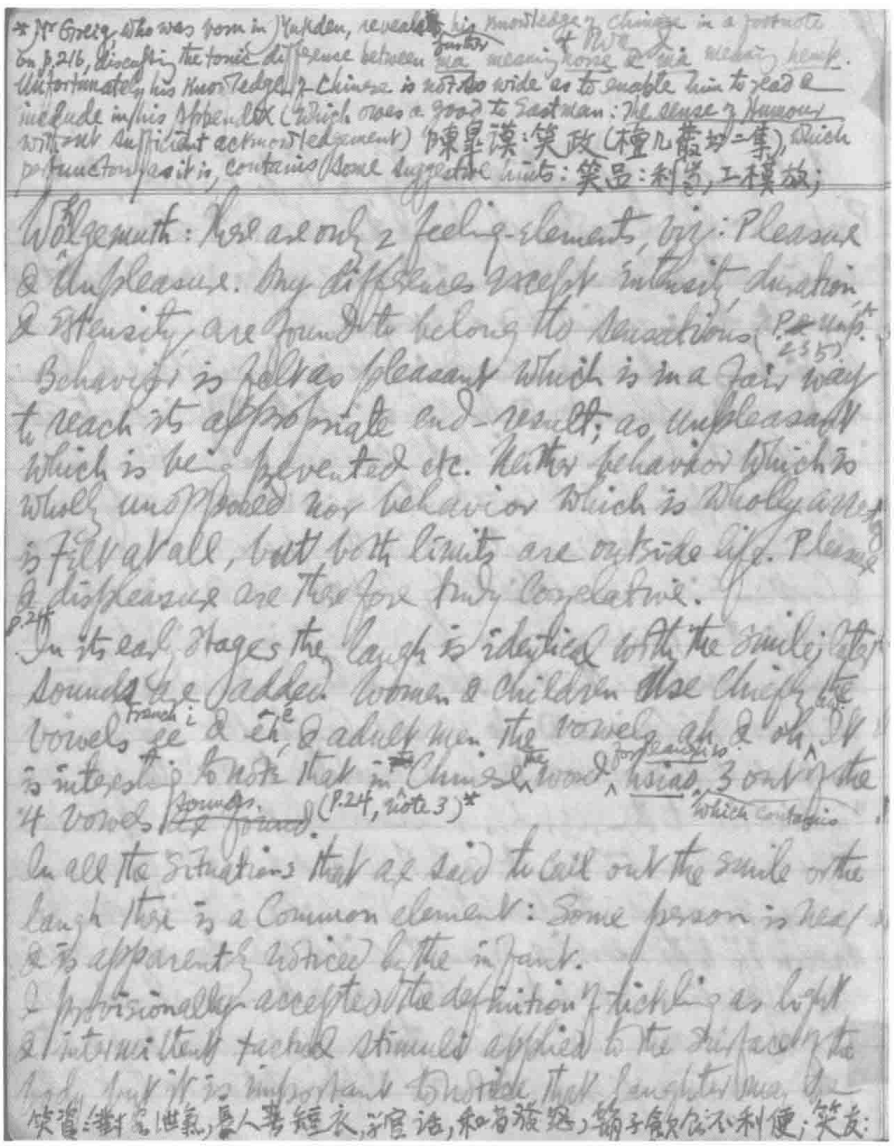

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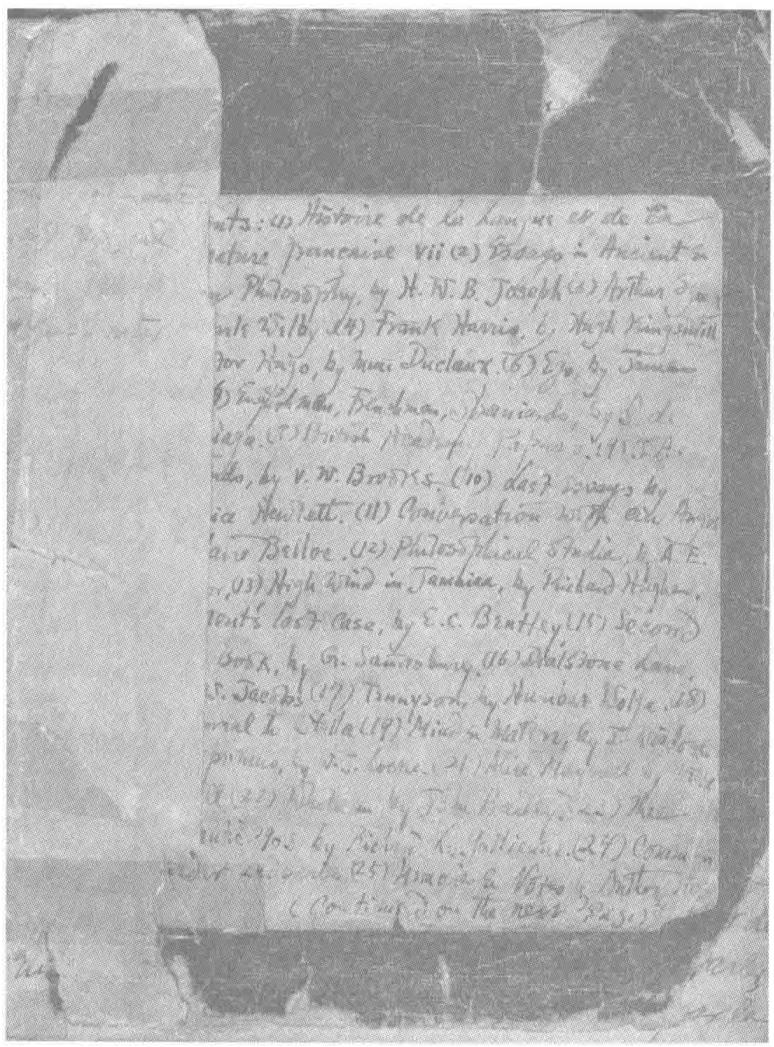

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toire de la Langue et de la Littérature française VII 1800-1850
diée sous la direction de L. Petit de Julleville.
duction par Émile Faguet : La première chose nouvelle
Révolution française et le Premier Empire ont créé
public tout différent de ce qu'on appelait ainsi
789. Avant 89, l'auteur s'addressait à un public
cint et très connu de lui, parce qu'il était, si non
cinq ou six salons littéraires de Paris du moins
idamment et exactement représenté par eux. La
rature d'avant 89 est dans son ensemble une littér-
ture de société. Depuis 1815 le public et toute une
Nation, Moins nombreuse sans doute que la nation
française elle-même ; mais il est tout un peuple, con
rable, dispersé, vaste, et remarquez-le, non hiérarchi
ement, Cela va rendre la littérature plus générale
tensive ... Point du tout. Cela va la ren
personnelle et individuelle, au contraire. Lamartine di
nifiquement, en parlant de la manière dont il
« Je le prie dans la langue mystérieuse et i
l'adresse partout et à tout, celle des aveug

qui parlent à quelqu'un qu'ils ne voient pas." C'est de
manière que l'auteur à partir de 1815, parle à soi
Il ne le connaît pas, il ne le voit pas. Que va
faire à l'auteur? A parler pour lui-même, à
pour se satisfaire, à dire ses sentiments, ses
et ses rêves, a penser tout haut. La littéra
sonnelle d'une société démocratique est la,
naturelle d'un public nombreux — une litté
dividualiste où chaque auteur, sans se soucier
opinions probables du public, suit la pente natu
de son esprit, une littérature par conséquent très
variée, très aventureuse.
La Revolution et l'Empire et tous les événements
Vieux de cette période ont rendu la nation
plus sérieuse ou, si l'on veut, plus médi
ont habituée à réfléchir gravement et
les grands problèmes des destinées de l
et des destinées des nations. Ils ont
mé un mouvement très vif aux études

et historique. La philosophie et l'histoire étudiées pour elles-mêmes et en elle-même, et non pas comme une arme de combat ou un instrument de démonstration au profit d'un système politique comme aux mains de Voltaire et Montesquieu — c'était chose qui distinguait singulièrement le XIX^e^ siècle du XVIII^e^. Toutes les littératures qui n'étaient ni la littérature historique ni la littérature philosophique, furent comme pénétrées d'histoire et de philosophie. La poésie des romantiques eut des ambitions philosophiques et s'inquiéta d'histoire, particulièrement d'histoire du moyen-âge et inventa la fameuse « Couleur locale ». La critique littéraire, qui n'était autrefois qu'un art très secondaire, moitié grammaire, moitié esthétique élémentaire, se prigna peu à peu, d'abord d'être une véritable philosophie de la littérature et à peu près en même temps, non seulement de s'appuyer sur l'histoire et de s'éclairer par elle, mais d'être à proprement parler une forme même de l'histoire et de décrire par la

littérature la courbe du mouvement intellectuel et moral de l'humanité. Hugo s'est avisé que « le romantisme c'était le libéralisme en littérature ».

L'influence des littératures étrangères a été énorme chez nous sans que l'imitation des littératures étrangères par nous ait été considérable. L'influence des littératures étrangères sur nous a été une influence morale. Elle a consisté en ce que nos auteurs, sans pratiquer beaucoup les auteurs étrangers, ont été frappés de cette idée qu'il existait des auteurs qui n'avaient nullement le goût français, ni le goût antique et qui étaient des auteurs admirables; et que par conséquent le goût français ou le goût antique n'était pas le seul bon goût, et que peut-être ni l'un ni l'autre n'était le goût bon.

Chateaubriand par Emmanuel des Essarts: Les innovations de Chateaubriand — (1) Le « Moi ». Son génie ne se contentait pas de se révéler dans ses œuvres; il intervenait dans ses poèmes et nous livrait ses confidences à travers

les aveux de Chactas, de René, bientôt d'Eudore. Le mot n'est haïssable que chez les auteurs médiocres. Le génie l'a rendu captivant, sympathétique, délicieux. (2) La mélancolie. Dans ses livres se retrouvèrent toutes les inclinations, toutes les aspirations d'une jeunesse éprouvée par les secousses de la Révolution, vaguement éprise du passé, souvent lasse du présent, très incertaine de l'avenir. La mélancolie, si fréquente alors même chez les hommes d'action, mais qui s'ignorait découvrit dans ces beaux poème sa forme précise. C. donna l'exemple d'être mélancolique avec certitude, avec puissance, avec grandeur. Il fut mélancolique et passioné comme l'ont été les meilleurs de notre jeunesse française pendant les trente premières années du siècle. (3) Le sentiment de la nature. Jamais les Grecs, ni les Romains, épris de proportion et d'harmonie, n'avaient séparé la nature de l'homme dans leurs épopées, dans leur lyrisme, dans leur art dramatique. C. sut tout voir et tout peindre. Poursuivant de son vocabulaire

descriptif les épithètes vagues et communes, il refit de l'épithète une marque caractéristique destinée à fixer les nuances, à distinguer deux montagnes l'une de l'autre. (4) Revendication de la poésie chrétienne: Depuis le XVIII siècle la poésie de notre pays était généralement demeurée étrangère à l'un des plus grands modes d'inspiration poétique, officiellement rejeté par Boileau:

De la foi d'un Chrétien les mystères terribles
D'ornements égayés ne sont pas susceptibles.

Par l'initiative de C. la beauté poétique du Christianisme et sa puissance inspiratrice se sont imposées à tous les écrivains illustres de notre âge, depuis le Lamartine des «Harmonies» jusqu'au Musset de «L'Espoir en Dieu» depuis le Vigny d'"Eloa" jusqu'au Hugo de la «Légende des siècles». (5) Création de la Critique moderne. L'intelligence du passé, telle est la grande conquête de C. L'on ne connaissait pas avant lui l'originalité des époques et la corrélations des phases litteraire avec les révolutions des idées

* a chapter to be studied by all critics who wish to deal with the "New Chinese lit movement". The resemblances are striking.

Le Romantisme* par N. A. David-Sauvageot: Cyprien Desmarais:
"La littérature française qui avait quitté le ton général de la littérature moderne devait y rentrer tôt ou tard. La Révolution, par une secousse violente, hâta seulement son retour dans cette voie commune — le romantisme pur." ("Essais sur les classiques et les romantiques, chap. VI.)
Les romantiques se moquent de la "patriotisme littéraire"
(Emile Deschamps: "Études françaises et étrangères" P. XLI)
et ne redoutent pas le contact de l'étranger, sûrs que l'esprit français n'y perdra point son ressort naturel et reprendra seulement conscience de sa vitalité. Aussi trouvons-nous dans la Préface de la "Muse française" cette annonce: "Nous tiendrons le public au courant des littératures étrangères comme de la nôtre, bien persuadés qu'un patriotisme étroit en littérature est un reste de barbarie".
Classiques et romantiques ont une conception différente du Vrai en Art. La raison s'élève naturellement aux idées générales elle aime à saisir de haut les rapports et les ressemblances

les poètes classiques se dégagent sans efforts des attaches du moment ou du lieu. Il ne leur coûte point de quitter leur patrie pour habiter en esprit l'Italie et la Grèce, ou plutôt, sous ce nom, une patrie idéale. Seulement au XVIIIe siècle le classicisme perd de vue son principe; sous la menace de l'archéologie, il se montre avec Voltaire soucieux du costume et de la décoration. En vain peut-être il ne fait que trahir sa cause; car plus il s'évertue à rendre son œuvre grecque, romaine exotique de quelque façon, moins il a fait générale. C'est-à-dire humaine. Le romantisme prétend ne point rester ainsi ~~ainsi~~ à l'écart de la vie. Bonald lui fournit cette formule, reprise par Mme de Staël: "La littérature doit être l'expression de la société". Or la littérature classique ne l'est plus, disent les uns, avec Stendhal; d'autres, comme Nodier, se demandent si elle le fut jamais. De toute façon l'art et la nature doivent se rapprocher. Ballanche se plaint contre les classiques: "Nous nous sommes dépouillés nous-mêmes de notre propre héritage

*Cf 20th the romantic interest in foreign literature.

..... nous avons tout abandonné pour les riantes création de la Grèce" (Essai sur les Institutions Sociales.. P.383).
"Être romantique, déclare Authinguer, c'est chanter son pays, ses affections, ses mœurs et son Dieu" (Cyprien Bruot: „ Elégies Rhémoises, suivi d'un Essai sur les Nouvelles Théories littéraires" P.171)*
Pour exhaire la vérité générale et comme la somme d'humanité constante qui persiste, dissimulée par mille Contingences, l'analyse classique est conduite à simplifier, le romantisme tend à la diversité; il redescend du général vers le particulier, le concret, l'individuel. ...
"Tandis que la littérature classique attire l'homme dans la vie civilisée, la littérature romantique au contraire le rappelle aux émotions primitive et risque en dépassant ce but, de le ramener à une sorte de vie sauvage" (Desmarais: "Essai")
„ La littérature, entraînée dans la marche universelle, a fait un pas avec le temps. Pur si Muove" ("Muse française" article de Vodier, II. 1824).

*But idealism is rational, classic!

Mme de Staël: "L'idéalisme en philosophie a beaucoup d'analogie avec le mysticisme en religion. L'un place toute la réalité des choses de ce monde dans la pensée, l'autre toute la réalité des choses du ciel dans le sentiment."*

Cette poésie est nécessairement sérieuse. L'art classique, même quand il prétend instruire et moraliser reste un amusement. Il admet comme moyen le rire aussi bien que les larmes. Mais le romantisme veut pénétrer la vie jusqu'en son fond le plus secret. Les Allemands: "La poésie de la toilette qui est celle des Français (classiques), n'a plus d'accès chez nous qu'à la toilette des dames." ("Archives littéraires" 1805, vol. VII. article tiré du "Nouveau Museum de philosophie et de littérature" auteur allemand anonyme P. 414).

La poésie du rêve et de la fantaisie réclame sa place comme celle du sentiment. Il ne reste plus qu'un milieu immense, sans couleur et sans contours,

*cf. the romantic emphasis on "local color" and particulars. The only adequate theory of literature is one based upon the implicit dialectic of life and society which pervades it.

où l'âme flotte mollement, détachée de la vie réelle
sans émotion, sans tristesse, et presque sans mélancolie,
avec la seule douceur d'être et d'en avoir l'obscure
conscience: et c'est la poésie du vague et du vaporeux.*
La matière par Petit de Julleville: l'auteur dit ses blessures
comme un poète, il n'étale pas ses plaies comme un mendiant.
Il s'en excuse fort mal dans la première "Préface"
des "Harmonies": "Il n'appartient qu'au génie d'unir
deux qualités qui s'excluent: la correction et l'inspi-
ration". Il en prose et en vers, écrit sans principe,
et dit les choses "comme elles lui viennent".

Je chantais, mes amis, comme l'homme respire
Comme l'oiseau gémit, comme le vent soupire,
Comme l'eau murmure en coulant.

Il n'éveille pas la sensation de la chose vue,
mais il fait naître le sentiment que cette chose
devait exciter. Dans la dernière preface des "Médi-
tations": "Quant à moi..... la poésie ne m'a jamais
possédé tout entier. Je ne lui ai donné dans mon

âme et dans ma vie seulement que la place que l'homme donne au chant dans sa journée : des moments le matin les moment le soir, avant et après le travail sérieux et quotidien.. La préface générale qu'il a écrite en 1864 en tête de l'édition générale de ses oeuvres est remarquable par l'accent désabusé que l'auteur y fait entendre, en parlant de lui-même et de son oeuvre : "J'ai trop écrit, trop parlé, trop agi, pour avoir pu concentrer dans une seule oeuvre capitale et durable, le peu de talent dont la nature m'avait peut-être doué..... J'ai jeté quelques cris justes du Coeur. Mais si l'âme suffit pour sentir, elle ne suffit pas pour exprimer..... Je me juge moi-même avec plus de justice, mais avec autant de sévérité que peuvent le faire mes ennemis..... Il faut être impitoyable envers ses passions, ses faiblesses ou ses fautes, pour mériter d'être pardonné ici-bas et absous là-haut." Hugo par Gaston Deschamps :

"Mon âme aux mille voix que le Dieu que j'adore
Mit au centre de tout comme un écho sonore,

ankylosé

il a fait entrer, triomphalement, dans la littérature, les enfant que le célibataire La Bruyère déclarait « hautains, dédigneux, colères, envieux, curieux, intéressés, paresseux, volages, timides, intempérants, menteurs, dissimulés ».

Il affecta de plus en plus d'être démesuré, titanique, cyclopéen. Il essaya d'atteindre le sublime par un entassement d'énormités. Il se boursouffla jusqu'à éclater; « Et la grenouille idée enfla le bœuf ». Voulant se hausser jusqu'aux étoiles, il tituba ivre de métaphores, dans une astronomie déconcertante.

Les Poètes, par Henri Chantavoine:

« Alfred de Vigny: La mélancholie est née chez lui de causes profondes: « D'être venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux »; l'énigme du monde déconcerte son intelligence, le spectacle et le problème du mal attristent sa bonté. Il éprouve pour les hommes, ses semblables, une pitié qui le fait encore souffrir parce qu'il a peu

* "La Mort du Loup"

en réfléchissant, que les hommes n'en soient indignes. Son pessimisme généreux se tourne en une sorte de Misanthropie et de foi stoïque:

Génie pleureur, paix, est également lâche
Il a le culte de son art mystérieux. Un petit nombre d'heures choisies, réservées, consacrées à l'inspiration. "Puis, après, comme moi, souffre et meurs sans parler"*
La Maison du Berger, la Tour d'ivoire sont les refuges de paix
2) Alfred de Musset: Celui-là est vraiment le poète de la jeunesse et de la passion.

J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie
Et mes amis et ma gaîté,
J'ai perdu jusqu'à la fierté
Qui faisait croire à mon génie.
"Le jour où l'Hélicon m'entendra sermonner,
Mon premier point sera qu'il faut déraisonner."

Pour Musset, comme pour Regnier, un de ses maîtres, comme pour la Fontaine,

Ses négligences sont des plus grands artifices.

(3) Avec Émile et Antony Deschamps nous avons deux médiocres de romantiques : l'un nous représente le romantisme facile et dispersé : l'autre, le romantisme fiévreux, fantasque et un peu malade :

Depuis longtemps je vis entre deux ennemis,
L'un s'appelle la Mort et l'autre la Folie.

Ce ne sont pas seulement deux portraits : ce sont peut-être deux Symboles.

(4) Ste-Beuve : Trop sensualiste et trop sensuel pour être l'homme de sentiment et de naïveté que doit rester toujours le vrai poète ; trop réfléchi pour être passionné ; trop curieux, trop critique, trop intelligent pour s'abandonner à son instinct ; trop liseur de livres pour ne lire que dans son âme, sans se dire assez que le poète ne fait point l'analyse mais subit le choc de ses émotions. La grande poésie a quelque chose d'involontaire : elle n'aime que les instinctives ; elle se dérobe aux ingénieux. La mélancolie de S-B. nous paraît plus maladive que profonde.

Gautier : Ce luxe des mots lui a peut-être porté quelque dommage. Il a engendré chez lui une qualité qui peut devenir un défaut : la virtuosité. L'attrait de la difficulté à vaincre, le plaisir de l'exécution périlleuse et triomphante, le jeu des variations infinies sur un thème renouvelé l'ont détourné d'un art plus sobre, plus sévère et plus parfait. La sobriété en art n'est pas la continence des impuissants, elle est la tempérance des forts. Trop peu de cet inexprimé qui remplace la vision par la rêverie.

Sculpte, lime, ciselle
Que ton rêve flottant
Se scelle
Dans le bloc résistant.

Felix Arvers : Mon âme a son secret, ma vie a son Mystère.

Musset : " Si Monsieur Victor de Laprade est un poète, je n'en suis pas un ".

Le Roman : Werman et René sont deux victimes de ce qu'on appelle le mal du siècle, c'est-à-dire

* In Faguet: « Études sur le XIX^e siècle », he gives the poems as "Namouna".
** Ibid. *** « La Coupe et les lèvres » — Dédicace.

de l'ennui. Mais René se fait de ce ennui une sorte d'auréole: chez Oberman, aucun rayon n'en illumine la brume. René se console, par le sentiment lointain de sa supériorité. Quant à Sénancour, le sentiment de ses facultés incomplètes l'a de bonne heure flétri. A vingt ans, il a « le malheur de ne pouvoir être jeune ». Il ne trouve partout que le vide.

Zola reproche Stendhal de montrer l'âme toute seule fonctionnant dans le vide ».

La Critique par Émile Faguet: Un peu çà et là, et particulièrement dans son « Introduction à l'histoire de la peinture en Italie » Stendhal a eu l'intuition très vague et dont il n'a rien tiré, de la théorie des Milieux, devenue si féconde aux mains de Taine.

Musset se moque très spirituellement du romantisme ou du moins de quelques manies romantiques. Il raille l'affectation de la couleur locale* les airs moroses des René et des héros byroniens** le jeune homme sentimental et pleurnicheur des « Méditations »!*** En

1836, il s'insurge complètement contre le romantisme dans les « Lettres de Dupuis et Cotonet » accusant la littérature romantique de sonner le creux, de ne se préoccuper que de la forme, de courir après les images et de n'être bientôt plus qu'une « littérature d'adjectifs ».

Heine : "la Muse de la Comédie l'a baisé sur les lèvres et la Muse de Tragédie sur le Coeur"

Si le romantisme a cru être allemand, c'est à Mme de Staël qu'il le doit ; s'il a été anglais, c'est à Byron, Scott, et aux traducteurs de Shakespeare. S'il a été italien et espagnol, c'est à Simonde de Sismondi et à Emile Deschamps qu'il a dû l'être.

Le « Globe » sur Balzac (juin 1830) : « Voici le procédé de M. de B. Il voit une maison, l'examine devant et derrière et la décrit du haut en bas jusqu'au dernier clou. Puis il entre, trouve un, deux, trois individus qu'il décrit à leur tour ».

* Murry on Baudelaire. Lawrence on Poe.
王岐公至寶丹

Cuvillier-Fleury sur Gautier "le Matérialisme du style". Matérialiser le style c'est-à-dire remplacer par des expressions vivantes toutes les expressions abstraites. e.g. "De tous les sentiments qui remplissaient mon âme deux seuls ont subsisté : la haine et le dégoût. Comment Gautier traduit-il ? "De tous les sentiments croisés dans la nuit du temple de mon âme, il ne reste debout que deux piliers d'airain la haine et le dégoût" *

Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, by Salvador de Madariaga

It is a curious thing that national character is usually summed up as a pair of features, one a quality, the other a defect. Thus, to the pair hypocrisy-practical sense which represents the Englishman corresponds clearness-licentiousness for the Frenchman, thoroughness-clumsiness for the German, dignity-cruelty for the Spaniard, vulgarity-vitality for the American.

When we say of a man that he has the defects of his qualities we really mean that he has both the defects & qualities of his tendencies. For tendencies are anterior to all moral law. .... all these differences in the quantity of the particular tendencies produce that distinctive difference in quality which we call character; just as quantitative differences in hardness, yellowness, weight make up the qualitative difference between copper, and gold.

The deepest tendencies of national character are the most difficult to observe, for they are, as it were, diffused in the national atmosphere, and like light and air are not seen.

Whatever we may feel about other people's characters is bound

to be governed by our own character, therefore resemble, estimates & movements made from moving bases.

We observe in each of these 3 peoples a distinctive attitude which determines their natural and spontaneous reactions towards life: Fair play in the Englishman, le droit in the Frenchman, el honor in the Spaniard.

Fair play is a term of sport — pure action. The perfect adaptation of the player to the game as a whole. It regulates the player's relations with his team-partners but also with his adversaries. Implies an effacing of the individual before the team, & even of the team before the game. Elusive yet precise; supple yet exacting; it fits the mobile forms of life as closely as the glove the hand. Man of action.

Le droit is an idea, a geometric line which, on the map of the intellect, maps the frontiers between individual liberties. While fair play fits itself to action at every moment in a perfect empirical way le droit draws beforehand a scheme of rules to which it forces action to conform. Coldly objective. Man of thought.

El honor consists in the setting up of a subjective law of Conduct above all objective laws. An imperative sense which the well-born man feels bowing to what he must do in each case — even to the point of slapping a woman's face as the Count of León does after having picked up Doña Ana's glove from the lion's cage: "Do not stake el honor of so many well-born men for a mere glove". In the English standard rule and action are one; in the French standard, the rule binds action to it; in the Spanish standard, the action binds the rule to it.

Self-control as shown in the Englishman is essentially a requirement of action. The English empiricism — the instantaneous & continuous mixture of thought & action. Utilitarianism — a tendency to exact from every moment of life a positive yield in action. Utilitarianism is but an instinct which demands that action should be fruitful. Here it stops. It is not necessarily selfish. The business man who gives a sum of money to a hospital on condition that guarantees be given that the money will be spent with the utmost

efficiency for the aim in view, is both utilitarian & disinterested. "Practical sense" is the attitude of the Englishman. When, on his way to action, he comes up against ideas or sentiments across his path. He brushes them aside & goes straight towards his goal — the negative aspect of the tendency to subordinate all to action. Social discipline & service. Genius for spontaneous organisation. Each Englishman is his own regulator.... A football match, like the Parliament is perhaps the purest expression of the profoundly English characteristic. The opposition between the two camps is certain. Their collaboration is no less certain as the rivalry between the members of each camp to serve as well as or better than anyone else in the team; 2nd the cooperation within the team; 3rd, the fight with the adversary team for victory; 4th, the collaboration with the adversary team for the success of the game as a whole.

The man of thought tends to force Nature to fit the categories pre-established by his intelligence. Order is the intellectual category of action — the ideal projection of the world on the

plane of the intellect. This explains why the Frenchman should excel in the preliminary stages of action when situations have to be analysed & a scheme established; as well as in the stages which follow action when dead facts no longer oppose to intellectual handling; while in the very moment of action the Frenchman is often seized with giddiness. The irritability of the Frenchman in action has no other origin. He sees chaotic life taking away itself in an unreasoned & torrential flow.

The sense of the instantaneous complexity of life inspires the Englishman with his mistrust of abstract ideas. English thought concrete as well as vague. Master of periphrases & circumlocutions — "où l'imprécis au précis se joint". From life it borrows its complexity, its elasticity, its ambiguities, its delicate shading. It does not worry beforehand about form, because it does not conceive form as a category separate from substance. Hence conservative & open to new ideas, therefore an ideal country for minorities of opinion. The Frenchman says about reality

the Englishman says to be right. For the F. the fact of being right is a possession. For the E. it is a vital state - as he is well or ill.

Frenchman excels in analysis (separation of the elements which compose the object) definition (separation of the object from all that surrounds it) abstraction (separation of the object & the subject), nuance (accuracy in separating differences carried to an extreme limit of delicacy) esprit de suite (method & continuity). All that he gains thereby in clearness, he loses in complexity & intimacy.

The control of the passions takes place in the Frenchman not in view of action as in the Englishman, but in the name of the intellect. Reasonable he is even in pain, love, & desperation. Passion in the F. has free access to the surface, & shows itself more frankly & spontaneously. There is in F. a legitimising of passion, a kind of instinctive recognition of the right of passion which is wholly in harmony with the intellectual objective attitude

* Right-o! Hence the difference between the English Evasion stream novels & the French ones.

Though free, French passion is not spontaneous. True, it moves unfettered by self-control, but it lives under the eye of the introspection which observes, analyses & judges it. Passion thus loses much of that unforseeable volcanic character. So that refined hedonism is the result of intellect act on sensations. The taste for pleasure in the French man is measured less by the quantity of wine he pours into his glass than by the time he takes to choose his vintage.

The ~~English~~ Frenchman foresees because he mistrusts life, the English man refuses to foresee because he mistrusts thought. While the Frenchman is tolerant in morals & intolerant in politics, the Englishman is exactly the reverse. The French man achieve some cohesion in action owing to some external pressure (e.g. règlements) but live spontaneously in collective intellectual life (e.g. academie), the English man vice versa. The Englishman goes spontaneously to action but is not spontaneous in action; inversely the Spaniard is

* but how in grudge ?

spontaneous in action but does not go to action spontaneously
The English liberty & the French equality (a geometrical
level vs the English living pyramid) division/movement
English "leaders" suggest a people willingly led. French
"les élites", a selection of the best. Spanish state/party state
"las minorías", a statistical recognition: English, a
team; French, a class; Spanish, loose units.
Characterically called "Labor Party" what in any other
country would be called "Socialist".
Philology if narrowly understood, is more apt to hinder than
to help the psychologist. We can return the favour when we
are told that the Spanish & French languages belong to the
same family. Perhaps they do, as dead languages!
French, stiff & rigid in grammar, no inversions
French literary movements began like political eras with
a manifesto & a fight. Another sign of the French tendency
to plan out future work. Theory precedes practice. Hence
so many "isms"!

You may train a colt into an excellent horse but you
will never educate it into a hound.

British Academy Papers

English Poetry in its Relation to Painting & the Other Arts:

At certain periods it seems as if one kind of art attracted to itself all the genius of the time, & others kinds scarcely counted in comparison.

We are wrought to a heightened pitch of sensibility, & in this state the subject-matter of painter or poet comes to us with a glow and force such as our senses never experience in the daily traffic of existence. In a perfect example of either art this subject-matter is fused with the form. This was the meaning of Pater's saying that all the arts aspire towards the condition of music where matter & form are one. But Pater again makes the astonishing assertion that "story & sentiment" are the medium of poetry, & that these, not rhythm & imagery, correspond to line & color in a painting.

Simonides: "A painting is a silent poem a poem is a speaking picture."

Othello: "I love thee & when I love thee not, Chaos is come again". The image has the shuddering force of an explosion. The whole stable universe is tumbled into rocky fragments.

One is struck by a lack, after the medieval time, of vital

relation between the arts, except in the 18th Century, as if the imaginative intellect of our Country had divided itself and lived in separate Compartments. The English painting the 18th Cent. is more allied to Prose than to Poetry. How the world of Hogarth corroborates the world of Fielding & Smollett! When Reynolds preaches the "great style", a style disdainful of accident & detail, that chooses the Type rather than the individual, poets fill their poetry with personified abstractions.

It was the popularity of Thomson's "Seasons" which partly prompted Lessing to emphasise in "Laokoon" the difference between poetic & pictorial art. In Thomson, the poet is apt to decline into more or less stationary description & to compete ineffectually with painting. To escape from this atmosphere, it was necessary for Christopher Smart to go out of his mind, & for Chatterton to take refuge in the Middle Ages.

Blake's art in painting was expressive design [Medieval] rather than representation [Renaissance]. His forms are generalised; it is only the intensity with which he animates

them that gives them so different an aspect from the figures in the art of his contemporaries. His trees & flowers are simply trees & flowers.

In landscape & in landscape alone, do we find a movement parallel to that of the Movement in poetry: Constable to Wordsworth, Turner to Shelley.

In one of his letters Keats has a phrase, "the poet should have distinctness for his luxury" which seems to sum up the aim of the Pre-Raphaelite painters. Keats had in fact far more influence on Rossetti's art than on his poetry which, with its grave & broad thought, is not very pictorial. Morris & Swinburne take over from painting a new interest in & conscious research for, color: the pure, intense, bright colors of the Pre-Raphaelites — Laurence Binyon

Is there A Poetic view of the World?: A Weltanschauung comprehends ideas about life & puts distinct categories; it touches metaphysics & science, ethics & aesthetics; it offers an answer to Faust's "Question" "What it is that at bottom holds the world together." There are 3 types of elemental

cf. W. Dilthey: „Das Wesen der Philosophie: Weltanschauungslehre"

experience which thus generate ideas about the world: philosophical, religious, & poetic.* The specific experience that comes thru poetry seeks to express rather than to explain. It differs from the other two less in inducing any specific way of contemplating reality than in liberating us from the necessity or desire to contemplate it at all. Where the senses play a vital part, & are yet vitally implicated with passion & ideas, there will be little disposition to doctrines which either brand the senses as evil or illusory or exorcise them into a sacrificing faith. The love of man & woman, irrelevant to most of the problems of philosophy, & regarded by religion as a disturbing force, is one of the perennial springs of poetry.

Santayana: "When we feel the poetic thrill, is it not that we find sweep in the concise, & depth in the clear*?"

Data derived from religion which is still untouched by philosophic reflection. The Homeric epics are the result of a poetic apprehension of the world operating upon the data of the savage cult & rituals. Hence the defined characters

* cf Sir John Denham: Cooper's Hill: Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull; strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

and rich personal accent of the Homeric Hymns in place of the psychological fluidity of primitive religion — a world where there are no barriers, or none which magic can not dissolve.

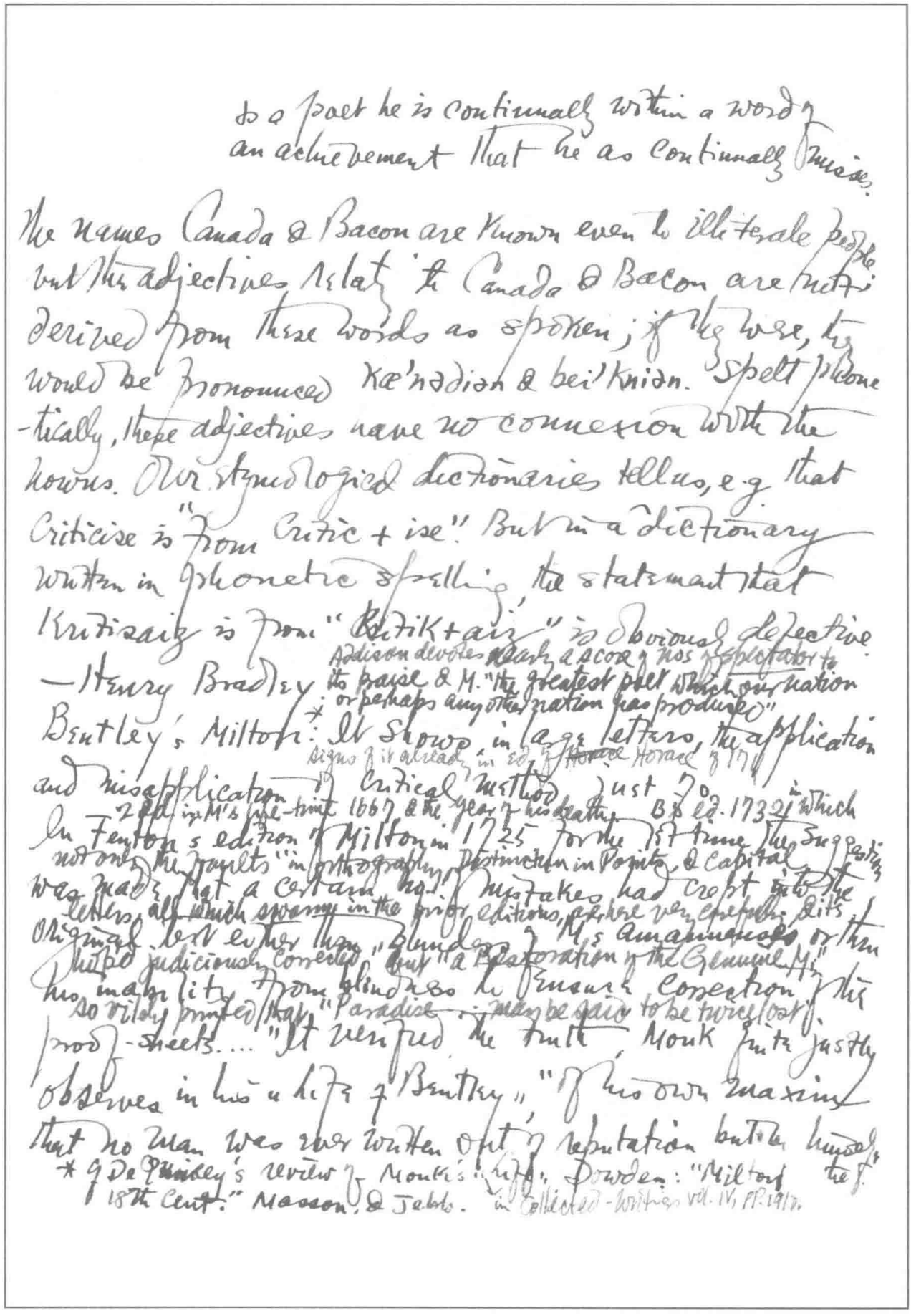
"Dante stood for the faith that man is the artificer of his soul." "Who is he", asks Dante, looking upon Capaneo (Inf. XIV. 46) "Who seems not to heed the flame, but lies fiercely unsubdued by the fiery pain?" Or the yet greater picture of Farinata (Inf. X. 35), defiant & erect where he rest grovel in agony, "as if he held hell in great disdain". The cosmic love (φιλία) by which Empedocles had first interpreted the universal phenomena which we still know as "attraction"; the passion for another human being (ἔρως) in which Plato discovered one of the sources of the divine exaltation; the love of God for Man & of Man for God (χάρις), proclaimed as the very core of Christianity in the 4th Gospel — these 3 types of love, all denoted for Dante by Amor, Amore, were conjoined in his experience with a 4th, distinct from all, though nearly allied to the 2nd: the romantic love of woman which had been

the chief inspiration of the poetry of Provence & the Vita Nuova.
— C. H. Herford.

On the Relations between Spoken & Written Language: The advocates of spelling reform are in the habit of asserting that the sole function of writ is to represent sounds. This assertion amounts to say: that the case of written language is exactly parallel to that of written music, because a system of musical notation cannot fulfil its purpose unless it is so constructed that it will enable a competent musician who has mastered the system to know exactly, on looking at a composition written in the notation, what are the sounds which the composer intends his performers to produce. This overlooks the one all-important difference between the written music & written language. In W. M. the representation of sounds is the absolutely ultimate end. In W. L. it is only a means. We use visible symbols for the sounds of speech because spoken sounds are the symbols of meaning. The degree in which a piece of writ. or print is capable of conveying

to convey; its meaning doesn't depend on the accuracy with which it suggests sounds that would have been heard if the composition had been spoken instead of being written. For educated persons, a word is simply a group of visible marks, the direct symbol of an idea. When we ourselves are reading aloud, do we usually look at the several letters of a word in succession & pronounce them as they come? Not if the word is one that we are accustomed with.

We can master a concise vocabulary of a foreign language & can use it without risk of being misunderstood, such brief renderings as "son" "sun" "dye" "die" etc. If English were written phonetically, he would have to add explanations. A foreign scientist, reading an English bk. on his own subject, needs no dictionary for most of the technical words, because they are spelt nearly in the same way as those of his own language. If he were to adopt phonetic spelling for these words, he would often have to pronounce them, & then render their pronunciation back into its original, the obsolete spelling, before he could understand them.



to a poet he is continually within a word of an achievement that he as continually misses.

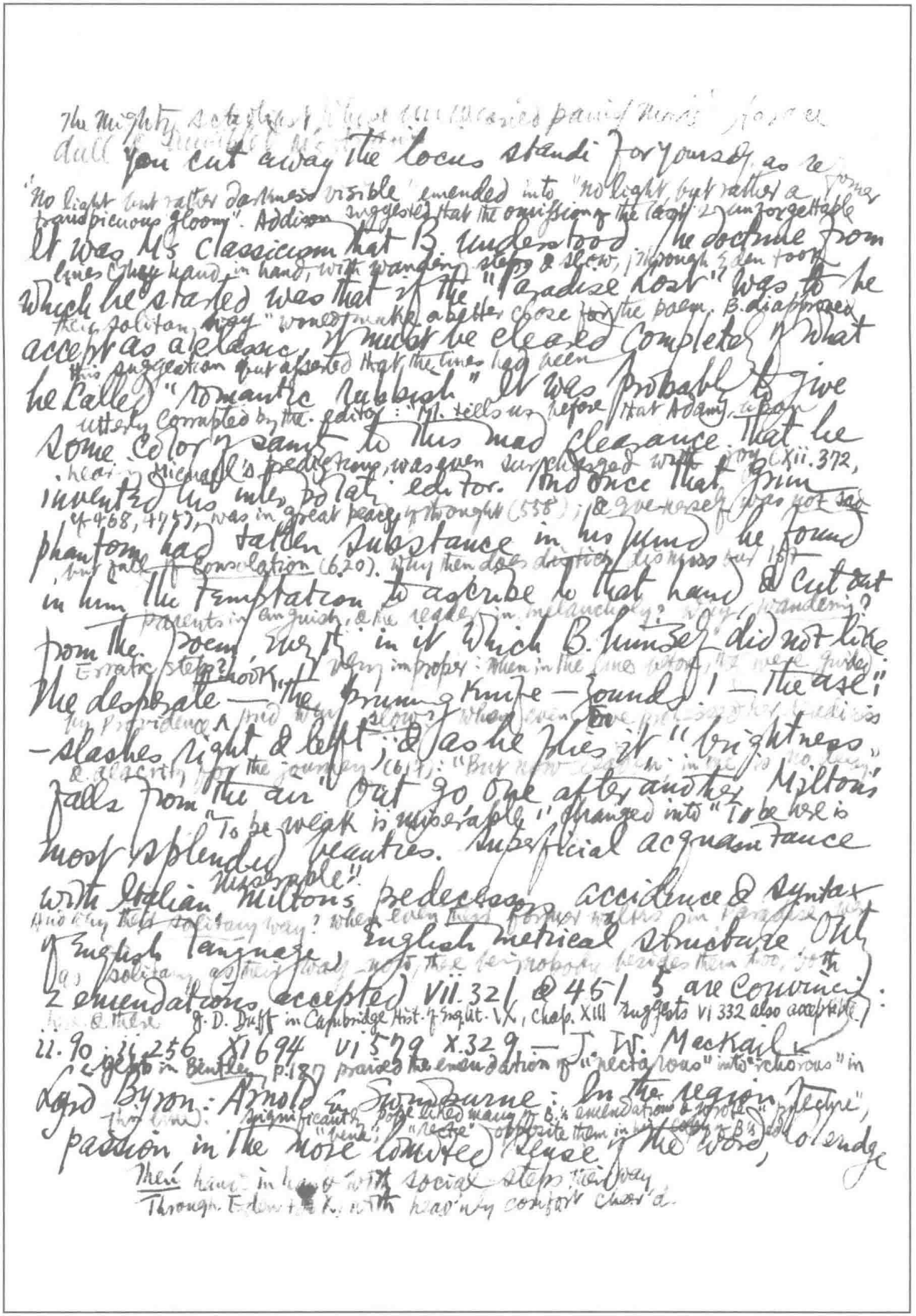
The names Canada & Bacon are known even to illiterate people but the adjectives relating to Canada & Bacon are not derived from these words as spoken; if they were, they would be pronounced Kə'nadian & bei'konian. Spelt phonetically, these adjectives have no connexion with the nouns. Our etymological dictionaries tell us, e.g. that Criticise is "from Critic + ise". But in a dictionary written in phonetic spelling, the statement that Kritisaiz is from "Kritik + aiz" is obviously defective.
—Henry Bradley

Addison devotes a score of nos. of the Spectator to its praise & M. "the greatest poet which our nation or perhaps any other nation has produced"

Bentley's Milton*: It shows, in large letters, the application and misapplication of Critical method just 70 yrs. after B's ed. 1732 in which signs of it already in ed. of Horace Horace of 1711

In Fenton's edition of Milton in 1725 for the 1st time the suggestion not only the couplets "in orthography, Punctuation in Points & Capital Letters, all which swarm in the prior editions, & here very carefully omitted" was made that a certain no. of mistakes had crept into the original text rather than "blunders" of M's amanuenses or them judiciously corrected" but "a Restoration of the Genuine M." has so vilely printed that "Paradise ... may be said to be twice lost". proof-sheets...." It remained for Monk Bp. Hurd justly observes in his "Life of Bentley," "of his own maxim that no Man was ever written out of reputation but by himself"

* & De Quincey's review of Monk's "Life of Bentley" Dowden: "Milton in the 18th Cent." Masson: & Jebb. in Collected-Writings vol. IV, pp. 1912.



only these few sentences are pertinent to literary criticism. The rest of this interminably vague and rhetorical paper is concerned with making out Byron – as Saintsbury facetiously says – the poet laureate of the tragedy of nations.

Was never more than a sentimentalist. That impulse was cut somewhat deliberately out of Wordsworth's experience. Shelley was nympholeptic, Keats sensuous. Byron alone was masculine & passionate. He just misses the perfect words. Like the tiger of his own comparison he springs, but is baffled & goes growling back to his lair. He realized, more perfectly than Wordsworth, one of the ideals which that poet was striving dimly to define, Newness Poetry as he spoke* – H. J. C. Grierson

Dr Pinney as literary critic: "Man's loss of Paradise has been a subject of mg. lit. and so has been a Copper Coinage in Ireland, & so has been Roast Sucking-Pig etc etc" (Q: "Are you ready.") I think Dr P's position would have been far more defensible if he had refused the name of literature altogether to that which merely gave "knowledge." Of course "Knowledge is Power."

Henry Sidgwick: We think so, because the people all think so,
Or because – or because after all we do think so,
or because we were told so, & think we must think so,
or because we once thought so & think we still think so
or because having thought so, we think we will think so.
– J. H. Fowler

+ Thompson, Ruskin, Mill & Other Literary Estimates, ch. VI: "For grasp of thought, directness, soundness of judgment, Essays speculative & suggestive seem to me the most solid things that is has left. He grew immensely after middle age in force, & simplicity,

John Addington Symonds by Van Wyck Brooks

Preface: No English critic is more universally known among popular students of Culture, both in England & America.

+ Frederic Harrison: "He has a wider & more erudite familiarity with the whole field of modern literature & art than had either Ruskin or Arnold." The only really close parallel to the tragedy of Amiel

The profound antinomy between father & son who loved each other: the father classical, the son romantic; the father in close touch with life & living in lit. precisely that which is remote from life, the son living in literature & straining to find in literature that which is closest to life.

Entries in "Autobiography": "At last not remained but a pure, absolute, abstract self. .... Often have I asked myself with anguish, on waking from that formless state of deluded keenly sentient being, which is the unreality?"

He fell out of the hands of his father only to fall into the hands of Jowett, with like results. All the powers restrained him, levelled him, coerced him, appealed to all that was dutiful in him, to produce one more Englishman. Great depth of interest & of insight. He formed his early substance. He was lost to us too early. .. As a master of style, I hold the Benvenuto Cellini to be a

of Ellis: Studies in the Psychology of Sex, vol. "Sexual Inversion"
for Symonds: "A Study of a problem in Greek Ethics".

a distinct personal purpose which might have controlled his private activities, he merely retarded into a dim world of his own "impenetrably reserved in the depths of myself rhetorically candid on the surface". That rhetorical candor destroyed the value of his writings.

Jowett was a great doctor of the mundane, a Socrates grown world-wise. Few indeed are the poets, the dreamers, the artists who survived J's treatment. "The only way" he said "in which a man can really rise in the world is by doing good in it" — a sentiment the world will always endorse because by offering to the spirit the sleeping potion of usefulness it permits men to be unspiritual with a calm conscience. And Symonds who should have been in another world, was living among the kind of men who build empires.

"The common defect of all aesthetics is that they raise a yearning which cannot be satisfied by themselves except in creation." He fluttered about the arts, drawn almost equally to all.

masterpiece of skillful use of language ... The studies of the Greek poets seem to me entirely right, convincing & illuminating. There is hardly a point missed or a judgment to be reversed. ... the high-blooded barbarians.

* What a pathetic portrait of the minor artist who seeks Creation in Criticism!

mounts never walks: he curvets, ambles, caracoles & prances with unfailing elegance, but with somewhat too monotonous a consciousness of his own grace.

A propos of Lewes' "Life of Goethe," he pictures the exact Condition of his mind: "Reading this life teaches me how much of a poet's soul a man may have without being a poet, what high yearnings may plague him without his ever satisfying them, what a vast appreciation & desire may exist where there is no expression or formative will." * S is the closest full English equivalent of Amiel. Poetry bottled up & fermenting in minds that lack vitality, intellectual & emotional sophistication — this produces that amour de l'impossible. "I am discontented because I do not feel myself a poet, & do not see why I should not be one."

Horatio F. Brown: "The situation seems clear enough; in one region emotion & intellect are at war, in the other thought & action. Emotions generate a passion, an appetite; intellect analyses the emotions into thoughts; thought is unsatisfying to the appetite which emotion has created, & that appetite demands & demands the translation of the thought into action, but health & conscience bar the way."

Whitman's message proved an antidote to Symonds' power.

The appalling words of Marvell: And ever at my back I hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near.
*of S's reference to the semi-physical aroma wafted from Keats's personality. Which he "cannot endure."
He cannot content himself that life, twisted a little, in its own mysterious, blundering way, fulfils itself after a fashion which is from the beginning in each case, inevitable. He ought to profit by Goethe's paradox: Was man in der Jugend begehrt hat man im Alter die Fülle
"the senses slip off one by one . . . the uncolored, universal I." impossible to strike the C major of life.
Between Pater & Symonds, strange want of sympathy.
P. pitying contempt for "poor S." S. on "Marius": "style has a peculiarly disagreeable effect upon my nerves — like the presence of a civet cat."* "Appreciations": "wandering about among the 'precious' sentences, just as though I had lost myself in a sugar-cane plantation." S. on Swinburne: "He does not attend to the projection of his thought enough but splashes it as if he were upsetting a bucket." ** S. on S. in his recollections of Jowett wicked & unjust.
S. was a victim of our modern passion for the picturesque — a sublimated tourist, hence the reference to the "3rd Italy" which was taking shape under his very nose when he prepared the 57 vols. of his "Renaissance".*** Hence Chanto
S's in Hallucc. Collins wrong in his review of Seabury

S. 的著作 "Renaissance in Italy" 叫 "小型星小丛 ("Preliminary Syntheses") 之类的题目, 而叫 "Final process of Crystallisation" 之类在此.

And it is all the more singular when we recall S's sympathy with historic liberators like Savonarola & Campanella. Certainly this tourist attitude toward Italy as a kind of museum filled only with beautiful dead things, gave a false perspective even to his magnum opus. Prof. Orlari remarked that he seems to forget that the Renaissance was only a single period of Italian lit. & art.

He must have observed what a small part was played by taste in Shelley's education; devouring trashy novels, political economy, promiscuous science — lit. being only incidental with him, life appears everywhere in the rough. One recalls his remark at the close of his own Oxford career: "The fault of my education as a preparation for lit. was that it was exclusively literary".

With time & death at his heels he poured out bk. after bk. in the frantic hope of depositing some record of his having lived. Title "well-matured fruit of wise delay" could never spring from such a tortured brain.

He enjoyed, required as a physical tonic, the sheer

manual labor of writing. What he called "the impossible problem of style" was with him the problem of writing restraint. He speaks somewhere of Politian's "special qualities of Thetoric & emptiness of Content," & his natural affinity with just these qualities is proved by the abundance of translations he has made from Politian & by the fact that precisely these translations are of all that he made surpassingly excellent.... The lack of that final, absolute touch in any of his writings is due to the confusion & interworming of the Subjective & the Objective — "the impenetrable reserve & the Rhetorical candor". He can not find himself because he can not lose himself, getting himself by a kind of blunder into the foreground of his objective themes & on the other hand failing to subdue objects to himself.

Frederic Harrison observes that it contains hardly a word about the Science of the Renaissance. Collins recipes a special chapter yet Leonardo occupies only 14 pages. (Harrison, Ruskin etc. P. 140-1)

Whitman 也 has man of culture 的 style, 比 J. A. Symonds 的 more 繁复 loyal, Horace Traubel: "With Walt Whitman in Camden." "S surely has style – His simplest notes are graceful – hang about sweetly after they are done."

In "Wine Women & Song": "... a good translation should resemble a plaster cast; the English being plaqué upon the original so as to reproduce its exact form, although it cannot convey the effects of bronze or marble which belong to the material of the work of art ..... What allures me in it is the pleasure of passing into that intimate familiarity with art which only a copyist or translator enjoys."

Whitman had stirred himself at by that indefinite Platonic poem "Calamus" the love of Comrades. [Cf. Swinburne's Jubes]. Whitman draws a distinct line between "adhesiveness" or the love of man for man & "amativeness" or the love of the sexes.

Mr Elizabethan drama attracted S. in turn his favorite paradox that it was strongly anti-literary – a native, uncultivated growth, democratic in and a fertile soil for the application of Taine's method. "Develop instinct". "Life is deeper than thought" – a platitude, which with S. is a true discovery of experience. "I am not if not

cultivated, or at least, the world our expects culture from me. But in my heart of hearts, I do not believe in culture, except as an adjunct to life..... Passion Nerve & sinew, eating & drinking, even money-getting — Come, in my reckoning, before Culture" Perhaps only a man deprived of life & submerged in lit. could have proclaimed that. Robust minds like Arnold or Browning [!!!] could not feel so keenly the tonic element in thought. Life in its own abundance is tonic enough.

A good book. but rates Symonds more seriously than he is entitled to be. What a fine occasion for the study of the psychology of a minor artist who's Criticism is "etherized creation" S. is a typical minor artist, who, like minors, talks always in the Major key, quoting Goethe, Aurelius, Bruno, Whitman but, unlike minors, has no illusion about himself. Imagine T. S. Eliot a minor himself making a Case out of him in "Imperfect Critics". By sheer mistake, Eliot got hold of Symonds instead of Symons

An Essay on "The Whereness" (absent-minded like George Dyer & Comte de Brancas)

Last Essays of Maurice Hewlett

with shoes polished like looking-glasses.

If manners don't make a man they make a gentleman.

It was in Algiers, ages ago, but not such ages that there were not trancars along the coast.

Omnibuses throbbed & simmered, motors & taxis all stood obedient; bicyclists clung to whatever stays the crowd come by: in the midst two staunch policemen stood with their arms at danger. Along that lane of emptiness presently there paddled a wild duck & her chicks in a single file, the mother leading; all necks on the stretch, all eyes wide, all beaks a-twitter.

shook sympathetic heads over the unreasonableness of each other's (husband).

London, of course, is much too big to be generalised from. The best is hidden behind shut doors. It is the froth of the ferment that you see. a uniform drab.

Extraordinarily overdressed youngman & extraordinarily undressed girls do not make love as if it were the only thing in the world worth doing.

an Essay on "Endings".

We are all a peg or two down.
It is when he adds love to his chronicle of events & allows that to modify them that the tale-teller turns novelist & , in danger of over-sophistication, begins the road to Avernus.

The Platinum Treasury [of English hysterics].
Morally, Beaumarchais was like an india-rubber ball. The harder you hit him the higher he leapt. He was a brisk, not a good writer. He conceives his business to be the making of points. He is apt to be diffuse in reaching them & to clinch them tightly when he has them. There is more effervescence than wit, & what wit there is not of the best kind. "Vous vous êtes donné la peine de naître et rien de plus. Du reste, homme assez ordinaire; tandis que moi, Morbleu! perdu dans la foule obscure, il m'a fallu déployer plus de science et de calculs pour subsister seulement, qu'on n'en a mis depuis cent ans à gouverner toutes les Espagnes" Is that Contributory to revolution — or revolution

Contribution to it? It was surely current coin in 1784.
"Feindre ignorer ce qu'on sait, de savoir tout ce qu'on
ignore; d'entendre ce qu'on ne comprend pas, de ne
point ouïr ce qu'on entend; surtout de pouvoir
au delà de ses forces; avoir souvent pour grand
secret de cacher qu'il n'y en a point; s'enfermer
pour tailler des plumes, et paraître profond quand
on n'est, comme on dit, Rue vide et creux; jouer
bien ou mal un personnage; répandre des espions
et pensionner des traîtres; ennoblir des cachets,
intercepter des lettres, et tâcher d'ennoblir la
pauvreté des moyens par l'importance des objets:
voilà toute la politique, ou je meure!" Voltaire
But when Count Almaviva shortly comments, "Ah!
C'est l'intrigue que tu définis!" the criticism is final.
The 1st translation of La Bruyère's "des Caractères"
into English was in 1699 & by "Eustace Budgell" one
of Addison's "Spectators" men. Steele & Addison both may
have guarded in his version.

Pepys derived that cerebral excitation out of his detes
which it is to be supposed the lad who defaces walls
with a stumpy pencil, or the lover who writes about
kisses, or cladis them as he writes, ends up his letter
with a pullulation of little crosses — paraphrases
of no passion.

A Conversation with an Angel by Hilaire Belloc.
Then comes the stage when the anger is speechless "too
full for sound or foam".

Pointless. infinite deal of nothing. Worse than
those hard things said of his essays in Mr Woolf's "Comm
-on Reader".

Philosophical Studies, by A.E. Taylor

57. Thomas Aquinas as a Philosopher: The current estimate is indicated by the remark made in 1828 by Macaulay that "we extol Bacon & sneer at Aquinas".

When I say that the work must be original, I do not mean that it need be revolutionary, but that it must be the achievement of genuine personal intellectual effort. And by saying that the work must be critical, I do not mean that it must be devoted to criticism of other men's thoughts. I mean that it must be something more than the construction of a brilliant but undisciplined speculative imagination.

Thomas, they would have said, is not one of the world's great philosophers for the double reason that he is not original because his philosophy is all borrowed from one man Aristotle, a framework of barren & verbal formal logic & that he is not critical because (1) it is an arbitrary thing to pick out Aristotle from among all the thinkers of the past & reject all the valuable lessons which might have been learned from other sources (2) when the authority has been selected, to follow it with a blind trust in

its infallibility (3) to submit the conclusions of philosophical thinking to the constant control of theological authority. To speak accurately Thomism to those who were living at the time of its birth, was not the defence of a tradition but doubly a revolt against tradition. It is not true that the discovery of Aristotelian logic was the work of the 13th Cent. Those who substituted the mere reduction of a problem to the technical terminology of Aristotle for the real examination of the facts, were the Scholastics of the 12th cent. The Aristotle of Thomas & Albert was very different from the Aristotle known to Abelard. The interest of the 13th Cent. was not in A's logical doctrines but in the teaching of his "Metaphysics", "Physics" "De Caelo", "De Anima", "De Generatione" etc. As M. Gilson has said, the recovery of the Cosmological, physiological & psychological works of A. meant to the Western World the rediscovery of Nature herself as an object of investigation in her own right. Western Christendom was for the 1st time being confronted with an encyclopaedia of the natural Sciences & put in a position

to realise that the external world is something more than a useful key to the hieroglyphics of the Scriptures. The enthusiasm of the 13th Cent. for Aristotle was prompted by the very same spirit as that of Galileo.

The main tradition in Christian Philosophical thinking had right down to the days of Albert & Thomas been the Platonic as derived thru Augustine & Boethius; the substitution of Aristotelianism for Platonism as the basis of a specifically Christian philosophy was a revolution. He was equally an innovator in the interpretation he put on Aristotelianism itself. Opposed to the Averroists Read the de Unitate Intellectus Contra Averroistas — to use Exegesis of text, but What is true.

The famous à priori argument of Anselm for the existence of God, named by Kant the "ontological proof." Only Thomas & Richard of Middleton reject it. Here could be no better proof of the independence of mind that the should have insisted on rigorously criticising the very line of argument which promised to be the shortest & most

to theism: there are just 2 great philosophers, Thomas & Kant, who have independently, & on different grounds, rejected the ontological argument.

The clash in Aristotle's own soul between the "naturalistic" bent towards specific & detailed scientific research & the Platonic teaching with the emphasis on the eternal divine, runs thru all the chief Aristotelian treatises. Werner Jaeger in his "Aristotle" made it clear that there is a shift in the "Metaphysics" as it stands from the conception of "1st philosophy" as the study of "being supreme & eternal" to the thought of it simply as the study of "being as such." So the definition of God as the "unmoved 1st mover." The so-called Aristotelianism of Thomas is much more coherent than that of Aristotle himself. The "this-worldly" & the "other-worldly" are not juxtaposed.

Francis Bacon: In his Will, stand the words "For my name & memory, I leave it to man's charitable speeches & to foreign nations, & the next age." The most thorough

*to these should be added W. E. H. Lecky: History of the Rise & influence of Rationalism in Europe, Vol. I. P. 285, note.

elaborate study of Bacon hitherto produced: Dr Adolfo Levi: "Il Pensiero di Francesco Bacone Considerato in relazione con le filosofie della Natura del Rinascimento et e Col razionalismo Cartesiano" 1925.
The dominant mood of the 1st half of the 19th cent. which saw the 2 great editions of Bacon (those of Basil Montagu & of Ellis, Spedding & Heath) as well as Macaulay's famous article in the "Edinburgh", was one of uncritical & unhistorical magnification. Then followed the natural rebound from this idolatry — De Morgan's criticism of Bacon & Macaulay (Formal Logic 216-24, Budget of Paradoxes i. 76-90) Jevon's pregnant Contrast between the false method of Bacon & the true method of Newton (Principles of Science, 581-6) Lewis Nettleship's complaint that B. is "by great of the inferior English characteristics, a sort of swagger & ignorant independence" (Works i. 69).*

What was patent was that physical science, after remaining stationary for so many centuries had, in the hundred &

200 years since the publication of the "Principia" come triumphantly to its town. Dr Whitehead has reminded us that Science had on its resounding victories by a revolt against rationalism & a stubborn loyalty to "brute" fact for which no reason can be produced except that "we see it happens so".

The direct inspiration of Newton's work came from Kepler & Galileo, & K/& G. While fully sharing Bacon's reverence for the factual & given, had understood, as B. never did, that mere acceptance of the given will never itself give birth to Science but needs to be quickened by Mathematics the very type of rationalistic thought. But national pride will have the precursor who heralded the Conqueror to be also English, hence "Novum Organum" taken as the introduction to "Principia". [Follows a summary of Levi's book.] Leibniz recognised B. with generous appreciation.

Knowing & Believing: Perception affords knowledge though a knowledge which is inarticulate & incommunicable.

*cf Ewing: "Idealism": a Collingwood on Scale of Forms

Belief is a sub-species of judgement which is mediate. The ideal of knowledge is that it should be at once immediate & articulated. How does knowing differ from Opining & believing? The answer is: by ~~by~~ ~~by~~ ~~by~~

*Cf. B. Bosanquet, Logic, 2nd ed., I. pp. 315-8 on "real possibility"

The goodness of a poem is not the same thing as the complex of characters on the strength of which it is judged to be good. When I go on from saying "The poem has these characters" to say "The poem is good" I am not in any way credit. The poem with additional characters & fortiori conferring such an additional character upon it; I am recognise that it is good, & good because it has the characters already indicated, & the goodness would nonetheless be there if I did not recognise it. What is added is a valuation by reference to a teleological standard, a recognition that the poem is what it ought to be and means to be. It is the presence of this teleological element which distinguishes "x is good" from "x is white".

A possibility which is never actualised may nonetheless be a real possibility*. If Shakespeare had been carried off by plague in 1590, it would be still true that S. had the possibility of writing "Hamlet" in him & that Bacon had not, which is not a mere guess about the future

*or that I have not,

"I shall never write Hamlet." But if unactualised possibility is not; how do I know that I shall never write such a play?

Tennyson by Humbert Wolfe

In the middle forties and already Poet Laureate, he was master of his most various, technically perfect & sustained lyric note. His was wiser than the thrush. His intellect was, if not static, at least stabilised very early but his lyrical powers continued their development into his middle years.

Hallam fought steadily to reduce the temperature by advising that in a man of 30 would have been a trifle preciousness the singing value of the monosyllable — the best conquest for the rich poet.

Any poet who seeks to add to the vocabulary of the thrush the note of humanity, must address his mind to the thoughts and aspirations of his time: ... If at this distance we connect the maelstrom into the placid waters of a

a world // plunder & prey

tarn it is because distance lends spurious tranquillity to the view. Here was a moral typhoon blown & Tennyson was at the heart of it. The Christian creed, no less, was on its trial, & nobody, unless a shrugger or a fool, could be indifferent. There is nothing fundamentally more poetic in the doctrine of despair (our panacea) than in hope to which the Victorians clung. And if Tennyson dared to hope & succeeded in believing we may envy, but we need not jeer. He expressed his age, because he was in sentiment and faith a Victorian as Shakespeare was an Elizabethan. We may prefer the earlier to the later Queen but we are not entitled to abuse T. for serving Victoria while we exalt S's representation of Gloriana.

T. stands for the 1st time in the "Maud" that it was enough for the poet to do a series of apparently disconnected pastels & to leave the silences between to weave the complete tapestry in the reader's mind. Mr T. S. Eliot was merely carrying the "Maud" scheme to an almost painfully logical conclusion.

The metre is the glove of the thought

T. is the poet of passion in a way that Swinburne never achieved. And by passion I don't mean desire, oaths, & blood. .. S. found that sacrifice too easy. There was no conflict in his soul of that savage kind which alone by friction of opposites strikes out the final spark of passion. It is precisely because there were 2 natures, violently at grips in T. that he wrote in his great moments with such heat. The force of "Maud" is derived from the internecine struggle between the man of his time who strove to make order out of spiritual chaos & the poet & lover for whom chaos had its own lovely and irredeemable laws.

T., so far from being the muffled poet of domestic hearths was as lonely & as wild as his own eagle: "And like a thunderbolt he falls."

Satires & Personal Writings, ed. W. A. Eddy, (Oxford)

The Journal to Stella, by Jonathan Swift.

Jack Howe told Harley that if there were a lower place in hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely & with so civil a manner.

326 I tell you this because I find all rich fellows have that humor of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes .... Lord Halifax is always teasing me to go down to his county house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, & 12 shillings Coach hire. & he shall be hanged 1st. 329 I will write plainer if I can remember it; for Stella 330 must not spoil her eyes .... 331 Don't read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes.

I love the expectation of it [letter] & when it does not come, I comfort myself that I have it yet to be happy with.

My breakfast is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith I hate it, but 'tis cheap & wholesome; & I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for any[thing].

I have been gaining enemies by the scores, & friends by the couples.

I hate life, when I think it exposed to such accidents. To see so many thousand wretches burdening the earth while such as you die, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing.

There is something of farce in all these mourning, let them be ever so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, & that takes off from their true grief.

Problems of Mind & Matter, by John Wisdom

The answering of analytic questions does not provide us with knowledge of new facts but only with clearer knowledge of facts already known.

Facts are at a time: This is red = This is red now.

While an event occupies a period of time however short. Each fact is a thin slice of an event. A uniform series gives a state rather than an event. "Event" implies change.

Hume: "It is easy for a false hypothesis to maintain some appearance of truth while it keeps wholly in general." (The Principles of Morals, App. I.)

"Association – Whenever A occurs, B occurs also. Correlation = a change in A accompanied by change in B. Either they are joint effects of a common cause, or the one is the effect of the other. thunder, lightning.

The complete explanation of an event or change involves usually both (i) a previous change, & (ii) the presence of certain other circumstances which remain unchanged. The previous change is the "occasion" of the change, & the other circumstances the "conditions" of the change.
The theory of conditioned reflexes has not shown that a new stimulus can come to be effective without the action of consciousness. Con. Ref. have not been set up in an animal without cerebral hemispheres.
Logical necessity vs. Causal necessity. If you stab a man thru the heart, he cannot live. That's causal. If a tri is red, it must be of some size — that's logical.
Truth is not how we come to know the truth — e.g. pragmatist theory
Accordance = (1) the elements in that fact are identical with the objective constituents in my judgment (2) the order of the elements in the judgment reflects the order of the elements in the fact.
Among particulars similarity does not vanish into

numerical ↑ qualitative ↑

identity, diversity does not imply dissimilarity — 2 pennies
in Universals, exact likeness vanishes into identity
— qualitative diversity i.e. the unlikeness between
Universals which implies the fact that there are two
of them. numerical.

Alice Meynell, by Vida Meynell

"If I look inward I find tears; if outward, rain.....
But whatever I write will be melancholy & self-conscious
as are all women's poems." [Self-indictment! at 18
already. How true! especially "self-conscious" & prescience]
"In Autumn": Oh a Summer's fate of rain,
And a woman's fate of tears.
"Renouncement" written on parting from a Catholic priest
who received her into the Church, encouraged her writing, &
sees her not to keep the precautionary rules of his priesthood.
Be angry but hear me.
"I should like never to receive any kisses but those
I shall never part with":

*Heine on Paul Richter

"But Thompson himself was soon to learn that these ceremonies of the imagination have chief ways of approach, & that these are vaster realities beyond & near to the centre of poetry itself." It was when she read certain of the Odes of Patmore that she considered there was this quality in a lyric poet, a transcendent simplicity beyond imagery with imagery's "fervors & splendors put to silence."

Patmore denied to her the highest quality in poetry but praised her prose as the work of genius [true] de Gallienne! "She puts too much into a sentence. The words have no room to breathe in."*

Patmore said (Religio Poetae) she was the only woman of recent times who had achieved distinction of style!

My mother sent him "Sonnets from the Portuguese" & "Wuthering Heights" for a re-read. Which must be followed by a recantation.

The explanation of Patmore's estrangement from her is simply that she was so provided with love for her family, so satisfied with her happy occupation of writing, that she did

glow-worm light

not make those who loved her feel her need of them. There is perhaps always inequality in the love that two people exchange.

"Max" criticised her style: "Between her & Mr Patmore the shuttlecock of praise has flashed incessantly ....

to establish 16th & 17th Cent poets & deposit 18th in "The Flower of the Mind" (an anthology)

"not unseldom" etc. remind her of Miss Martineau pass her prim judgment on the morals of a Charlotte Brontë novel: "I did not consider the bk. a coarse one, though I could not answer for it that there were no parts which, on a second reading, I might not dislike."

Trollope undoubtedly cross swords with Reade: "One suspects a certain intention in the following phrases, published within a few months of each other. A T's heroine objects, as to a novel she is reading, that "the people are always in their tantrums." And slap comes the complaint by a heroine of R's that the novel she has failed to

W. S. Gilbert: Foil, for. Wit, Weapon

finish is "an ignoble[ty], all curates & flirtations".
"The 18th Cent. admired for its measure, moderation, & good sense, should be considered rather an age of extravagance, because, in it, imagination, which needs no exaggeration, failed. When it saw no more clouds & stars, it kindled artificial fires. It invented the art of raving — 'noble rage'."
"Swinburne's thoughts have their source in (1) his own vocabulary & (2) the passion of other men. Mazzini in Italy, Gautier & Baudelaire in France, Shelley in England made for him a base of passionate & intellectual suppli[es]."

Considered G. K. C. the wittiest & most serious of young writers. Proud of being praised by him.

"Every true lover of poetry knows that when he cites great lines it is not the poetry but the lover that is to be judged."

The interest of A. M. is that, somewhat like Virginia Woolf in our day, she is an exquisitely cultured woman who is also slightly creative (not a creative woman also cultured). Self-conscious, precious even in life. Too modest, too irritatingly perfect & calm. More disgustingly decorous, elderly-literary flirtations between her & Thompson (see P.83. lines about "soul clad in your sons' flesh"), Patmore & Meredith. She speaks of her "failure of love" to those who are her friends (P.122). How "curious & disgusting!"

Horace Traubel, With Walt Whitman in Camden, vol. IV, ed. Sculley Bradley. p. 1 W.: "You are my one vital means of connection with the world — the one live wire left!" [W. can't read a word of] G. Sarrazin's article on him in La Nouvelle Revue 1 3." French or Greek, they are one to me

Walt Whitman, by John Bailey "letters come to me all way: even the letters addressed ... to 'Walt Whitman, America'." T.: "some

Genius is much greater than knowledge but it can seldom be a substitute for it. W. himself a genius was always W.: "I am altogether in the dark: don't know what the fellow says."

blundering ludicrously when he pronounced his confident judgments on great writers for judg— whom he possessed no materials at all. He quotes of Goethe that "he passes with the general crowd upon whom the American glance descends with indifference". Neither he nor "the American glance" nor indeed any other glance can see G. He takes a good deal of hard looking at.

All revolutionaries begin by this delusion, & after they have made their revolution, learn, if they are capable of learning anyth: that it is a delusion. There are no new orders of men. Some generations have a little more of the new in them & a little less of the old. But in all of them the old, by whatever name you call it, inheritance, atavism, custom, prejudice, largely outbalances the new. The method of progress is that of all life — change in continuity & continuity in change. It grows daily clearer that what will prove most permanent in his work is what will prove most permanent in

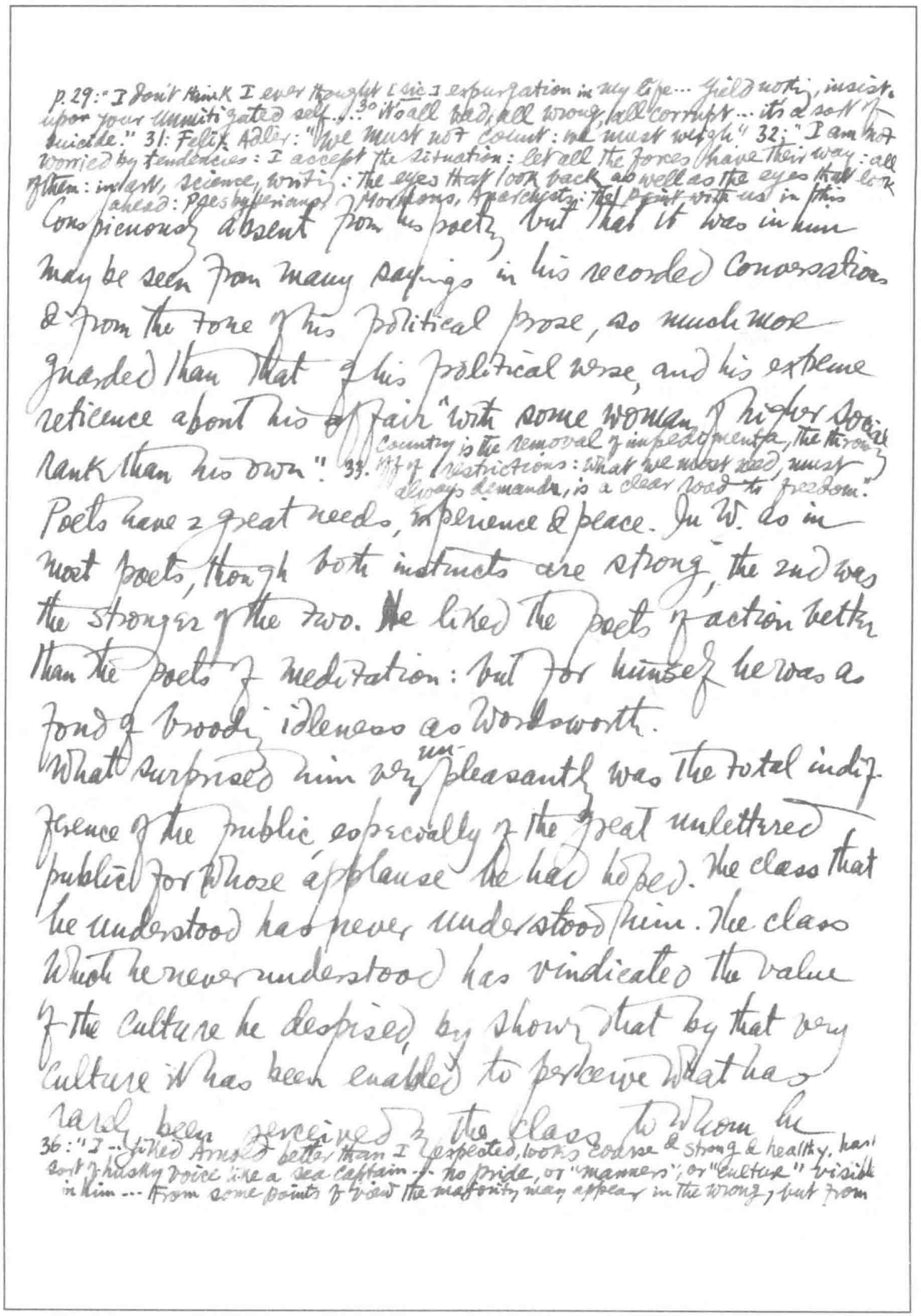
day they'll know where to find you if a letter is just addressed to 'Walt Whitman, U.S.A.'"

4. "I think Art as something to serve the people — the mass: when it fails to do that it's false to its premises." Op. P. 118

p. 5: "I should be humored, like a convict who is to be hung tomorrow." 5: "The dear Emerson: he felt that Jesus lacked humor, for one thing: a man who lacks humor is likely to concentrate on one idea." 19: "I want home rule for everybody — every section: home rule: for races, persons: liberty, freedom: as little politics as possible: as little: as much goodwill, as much fraternity, as possible." 25: "still cribbed his work is what was built on the oldest emotions & experience known to men — love & death, heart & nature & of the body & soul of man, etc. What he brought is not so much or so new as he thought it was. But it is something & it is new. New York as he saw it, the whole American world as he experienced it, was something that had never been before. His embrace was prodigious: there is a prodigality both of observation & interest in some of his poems of which it is not too much to say that it sometimes recalls Shakespeare. No doubt he is much less successful than S. in converting all his base metal into gold. It was one of his curious ignorances that he thought that all it needed for becoming gold was to be called so. Like Wordsworth, who anticipates him in so many ways, he was unaware that poetry cannot be made of any subject or written in any language. Mixture of grandiosity & banality, memories of liberty."

The civil war was the central fact in Whitman's life. He declared the phrenologists were quite right in discovering a strong element of caution in him. It is an element

26: "Whatever happens to me, nothing will happen to my head: ... My head will stand by me to the last" (cf 13: "My physical disabilities don't affect my power to think: no: not at all ... they paralyze my fingers ... but my brain keeps on buzzing all the time").


p. 29: "I don't think I ever thought [sic] expurgation in my life... Yield nothing, insist upon your unmitigated self..." 30: "It all sad, all wrong, all corrupt... it's a sort of suicide." 31: Felix Adler: "We must not count: we must weigh." 32: "I am not worried by tendencies: I accept the situation: let all the forces have their way: all of them: instinct, science, writing: the eyes that look back as well as the eyes that look ahead: Pages by experiences, Horizons, Perspectives: The Spirit with us in this Conspicuous absent from his poetry, but that it was in him may be seen from many sayings in his recorded Conversations & from the tone of his political prose, so much more guarded than that of his political verse, and his extreme reticence about his affair "with some woman of higher social rank than his own". 33. [illegible] Country is the removal of impediments, the throwing off of restrictions: what we most need, must always demand, is a clear road to freedom."

Poets have 2 great needs, experience & peace. In W. as in most poets, though both instincts are strong, the 2nd was the stronger of the two. He liked the poets of action better than the poets of meditation: but for himself he was as fond of broad idleness as Wordsworth.

What surprised him very unpleasantly was the total indifference of the public, especially of the great unlettered public for whose applause he had hoped. The class that he understood has never understood him. The class which he never understood has vindicated the value of the culture he despised by showing that by that very culture it has been enabled to perceive what has rarely been perceived by the class to whom he

36: "I ... liked Arnold better than I expected, looks coarse & strong & healthy, has a sort of hearty voice like a sea Captain ... no pride, or "manners", or "culture" visible in him ... From some points of view the majority may appear in the wrong, but from

1876. 英人 Robert Buchanan, W. M. Rossetti 等 W. 之 subscribe to the centennial ed. of "Leaves". W. in his curious ugly language says: "both the Cash & the emotional cheer" were "deep medicine to him."

especially addressed himself, the essential poetry which lay in his work as often concealed under a surface of absurdity & vulgarity. It was not much, all told, for the production of nearly 20 yrs. He more & more lived surrounded by people who told him that he had made a new epoch in the history of literature & indeed of the human mind. And he had neither the temperament nor the breadth of knowledge needed to resist this sort of flattery. It was in England, the England of the "feudalist" & culture which he suspected, that he won his most remarkable victories. Burroughs wrote that "virility" & "independence" were "more keenly relished in Britain than in America". And W. himself said in 1888, "The fact remains that the English are still ahead. I have made no gains this side to equal my victories across the sea". Tennyson called him "a great big sonnet" & he was not likely to perceive the exact felicity of this apparently vague phrase. At his last birthday he made his friends drink "to the boss of us all, Tennyson".

other very important ones the ear in the right, especially modern majorities. The many times are no longer capable of being guided & duped & overmastered as they were once."

P. 37 "There seems to be a temperamental reason why I can't know Matthew, why he can't know me -- Arnold is as inveterately one thing as I am another: we can't be reconciled: no doubt we both belong in the world: there's no use trying to make out a valid mix."

P. 43: I on Stedman's praise of W. as the poet of the Underside of Nature": "But why say 'generous'? If what he said is true then it is not generous!"

P.48: "Harvard never wanted me... I am like the diplomatists who are non grata. I can't be tolerated by the King's Lords, lackeys of culture: in the verbal Courts of the mighty. I am mostly outlawed — & no wonder... Wagner's Operas I see constructed on my lines — although they stole to the same thrones of art that have been responsible for Leaves of Grass." 54: "Shakespeare stood for the glory of feudalism There was, for good & evil, far more unity, or far less variety in them than in the work of most poets, & he was able to Condense them all in one bk. under one title, the curious & beautiful "Leaves of Grass." Most poets, even poets so short-lived as Keats & Shelley, change considerably both as men & as artists in the course of their lives. There is nothing of this kind in W. He himself & his poems were exactly the same at the end as they were at the beginning, with the single exception that his experiences in the war deepened & ennobled the human tenderness in his character. Otherwise his cheerful temperament, his confident optimism, the bedrock of illiterate Conceit which kept him almost entirely uninfluenced even by the great writers like Homer, Scott, Tennyson whom he was fondest of read. all combined to make him almost unchanged either in character or in opinion, thru a rather long life. This produces an undeniable monotony. He had in fact all thru his life 3 subjects, himself, the average man & the universe. But the three subjects ... S. appears to me "to do much towards effeminacy: towards taking the fiber & the flow out of our civilization: his gospel was of the mediaeval — the gospel of the grand, the luxurious: great lords, ladies..." 55 I can say I am one of the few — in

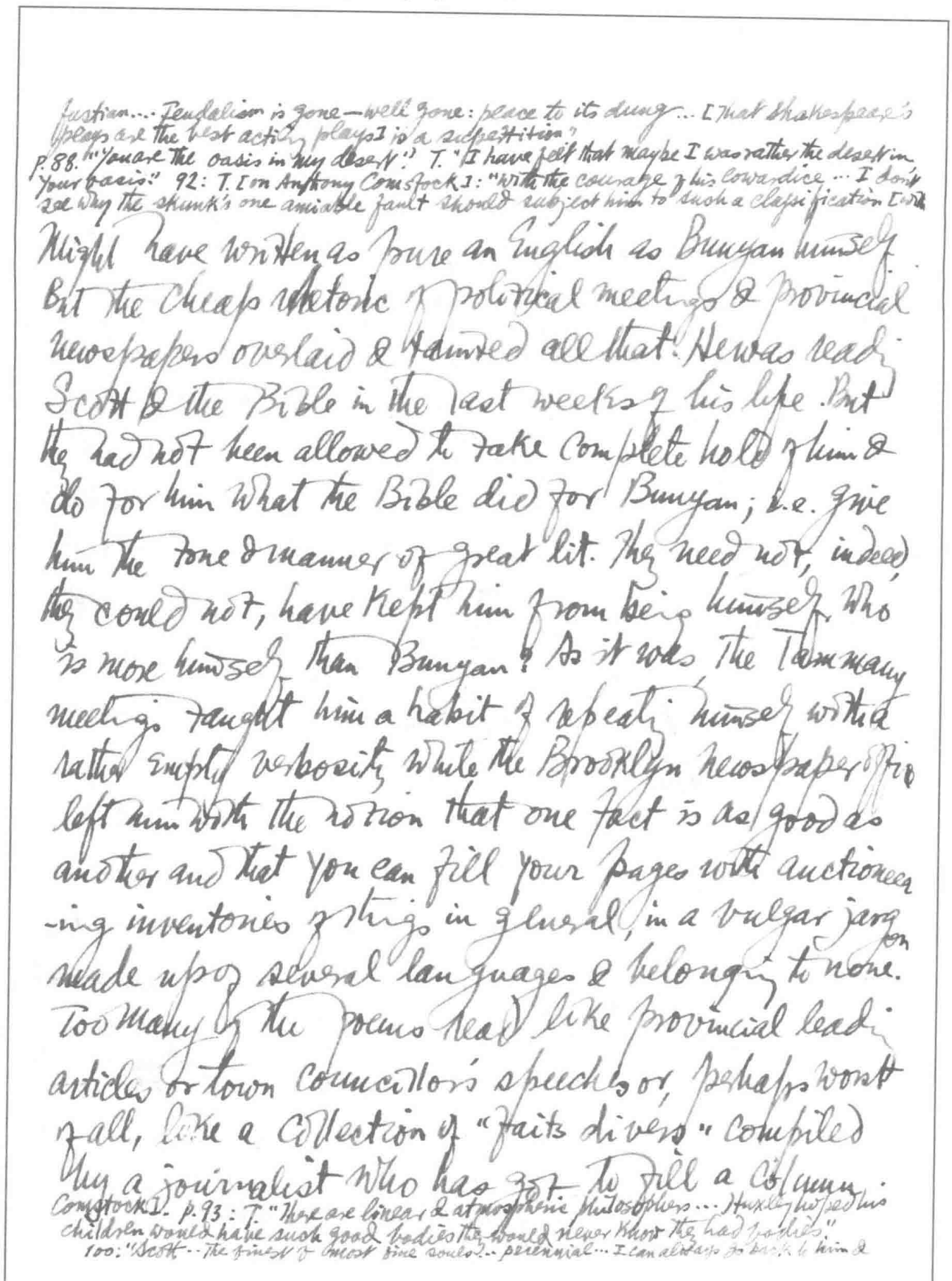
* see "Song of Myself"

** Almost a Testament of Poetry for Dr Leavis!

would prove to be one. W. is not the only poet to project himself into the Universe & then again contract the Universe to fit the measure of his own mind. No imag-ination, feeling itself insignificant in the presence of the vast Whole, feels dead that the Whole is dead except so far as the imagination gives it Life. ... At his worst he makes his faith in the oneness of the universe* almost meaningless by blurring all the differences in the parts which make the richness of the Whole. Here near was a poet, who more passionately than W. found in Nature a lover with whom he constantly enacts the great Mystery of love; Beloved is one with himself, & that both in their oneness with each other discover themselves as partaking of a Unity beyond themselves: "Press close bare-bosom'd night — press close magnetic nourishing night!"

Take the very 157 poems in the "Leaves" as finally arranged "One's-self I sing ..... The Modern Man I sing".** It is not merely the oddness & ugliness of the language; it is the lack of any poetic power. The lines are a statement. We

fortunately for the few who care nothing for all that, who spit all that out ... I am an animal !!! the emphasis on the authors of the Plays places upon these fripperies points an unmistakable finger towards Bacon - Bacon himself loved all this show, this



Austrian.... Feudalism is gone—well gone: peace to its dung... [That Shakespeare's plays are the best acting plays] is a superstition."
P. 88. "You are the oasis in my desert." T. "I have felt that maybe I was rather the desert in your oasis." 92: T. [on Anthony Comstock]: "With the courage of his cowardice... I don't see why the skunk's one amiable fault should subject him to such a classification [with
Might have written as pure an English as Bunyan himself.
But the cheap rhetoric of political meetings & provincial
newspapers overlaid & stained all that. He was read-
Scott & the Bible in the last weeks of his life. But
they had not been allowed to take complete hold of him &
do for him what the Bible did for Bunyan; i.e. give
him the tone & manner of great lit. They need not, indeed,
they could not, have kept him from being himself. Who
is more himself than Bunyan? As it was the Town meeting
meeting taught him a habit of repeating himself with a
rather empty verbosity while the Brooklyn newspaper office
left him with the notion that one fact is as good as
another and that you can fill your pages with auctioneer-
-ing inventories of things in general, in a vulgar jargon
made up of several languages & belonging to none.
Too many of the poems read like provincial leading
articles or town councillor's speeches or, perhaps worst
of all, like a collection of "faits divers" compiled
by a journalist who has got to fill a column.
Comstock I. p. 93: T. "How are liberal & atmospheric Philosophers... Huxley who said his
children would have such good bodies they would never know they had bodies."
100: "Scott... the finest & truest fine souled... perennial... I can always go back to him &

find him afresh." 109: Con Taine's history of Eng. Lit. "one of the greatest books of our time: most genuine, most subtle, most profound ... no Englishman could have done it ... Arnold was superficial compared with Taine ... no interest in Arnold's charge of 'absurdity against French literature. Does he use lubricity in the sense oiliness? — of making things more smoothly — of quicker grace of motion? (I should say in these dull things the French writers excel!" 112: [Barley underscored as "my dear friend & master" by T. W. Rolleston:] "the least somehow. Wh. thought he could write of average persons & ordinary incidents while himself in an average & ordinary state of mind & that the result would be poetry — [late I'd wish for myself anywhere anytime would be to be 'mastered.'" T.: "on the ground that a master always implies a slave?" W. "Good!" (cf P. 152: W. called Emerson "Master")]

When W. brought the average man into poetry he was only advancing in a path first cleared & levelled by Words-worth. So again Wo. like Wh. was determined to bring not merely the truth but the facts into poetry. Why, there is this to be said. Wo. complained of the man to whom the Primrose was a primrose "and nothing more." To him it always is something more — an occasion for pondering some kind of moral. To Wh. it is often an occasion for democratic speechifying; a much less happy because a much less universal use to put it to; for we are all, in all Countries & all ages & all circumstances, essentially concerned with Morals rather than local politics in America. Wh. gets nothing out of facts because he puts not in. Art is a birth & results from the marriage of a Mind & a Fact. Here are here no virgin births.

P. 118: "There seems to be the spree of gambler in all of us: we do anything to get out of the beaten track — even Communist cranks!" 121: "Here has grown up — so to name it I think an apostle of it — the doctrine, art for art's sake ... Let a man really accept that — let

that really be his ruling thought — & he is lost... Instead of regarding literature as only a weapon, an instrument, in the service of something larger than itself, it looks upon itself as an end — as a fact to be finally worshipped & adored. To me that's all a horrible blasphemy — a bad-smelling apostasy." 179: "Symonds is a critic scholar of the first international all-time rank." 165: "Continuing re Emerson" (!)

His lists of cities & countries & human occupations are as unmoved & unmoving as they would be & should be in the index of an atlas or encyclopaedia — even without Wo.'s watery wine of sentimental moralising.

He justly said to Ed. Carpenter that "thought" was "the 1st thing necessary" in poetry: but he knew so little of his art that he fancied it to be the only thing necessary to it. "I take a good deal of trouble with words but what I am after is the content not the music." But poetry is after all the music as well as the content — its own proper & peculiar content can not be uttered except thru music.

So far as it was a promise of the material good things in which he took a pride & pleasure recalling Macaulay, it has been more than justified. So far as it was a promise of the intellectual & spiritual leadership of the world, it has so far been a complete disappointment. Perhaps when America has got tired of making money she will begin to make greater things than money!

218: "Boswell is the champion brayer in literature." 223 "The postal service is a miracle — a marvel... For a cent — one stinky little penny stamp: I can girdle the earth for a nickel."

123: "I'd rather be any kind of a horrid example than a model." 242: "Kennedy has always seemed to feel I had considerable artfulness, calculativeness, along with other qualities: a scheming side--- And indeed I have!" 293 "Emerson said when they killed John Brown: 'Now you have made the gallows as holy as the cross.'"
312-3 Susan Garnet Smith's letter: "Know Walt Whitman that I am a woman! I am not beautiful but I love you! I am 32 yrs old--- Know Walt Whitman that I

Yearly all the modern inventions which do so much for convenience & for amusement do less than nothing for thought, because not for leisure & quiet which the necessary conditions of thought.

Macaulay rendered England a service of immense importance by partially civilizing that triumphant middle class of his day whose ideals he shared. They understood him at once & delighted in him at once: and listening eagerly to him the unconscious imbibed from his writings a little at any rate of things above & beyond their narrow range of interests. W. failed to do for his generation what M. did for his. Both his likeness & his unlikeness to the "divine average" stood in his way. On the one hand the mechanic dismissed him as just a mechanic like himself; on the other hand he can not understand the mystic element in him.

The intensity of his faith and joy in the new world is a clear fire burning out of him all the trivialities & ugliness — e.g. "Pioneers"

Now bear a child for me! A noble beautiful perfect manchild. I charge you my love not to give it to another woman. The world demands it. It is not for you & me, is our child, but for the world. My womb is clean & pure. It is ready for thy

anticipat. T. S. Eliot, cf. the passage quoted in Dobrée's "Prose Style"!

"The poet learns to enjoy the edge & texture of his verse as keenly as the painter appreciates the sharp contours of his canvas. The poet felt that poetry which feeds on poetry becomes feeble that it needs from time to time a strong diet of novelty & often finds a renewal of its youth by submitting to the shock of a plunge into an invigorating bath of prose. At any rate the novelty generally looks like prose to those who see it for the 1st time. He has to make for his generation that "return to Nature" which the poetry of century after cent. supposes itself to have made once for all.*

W. is often a fine artist by divine accident but he was equally pleased with himself when, as happened still oftener, he was not an artist at all. He supposed himself to be producing "something entirely outside lit. as hitherto written", "take hold of muscular, democratic virilities without winding & put them into verse"!

Not only rhythm & "cadence" but rhyme & metre are forces of expression, without which poetry may have to leave unexpressed the most secret & intimate part of

child my love. Angels guard the vestibule until thou comest to deposit over & the world its precious treasure - mine the pleasure my love. Mine the sweet burden & pain. Mine the sacrifice. He must be begotten on the al mountain top, in the open air. Not in

lust, but in holy pure strong deep glorious passionate broad universal love. I love you, I love you, come come!" 313 W! "Isn't it Crazy?" T. "No: it's Leaves of Grass".
447: "He wants to do me justice: Well, in spite of all, Stedman has his peculiar limitations — is like the fellow at the feast, who must have the silver, china, finger bowls napkins, nice company, if the meal's not to go wrong — the other take it. Has stronger type

What he wants to say Goethe: "Art would never have been called art if it had been meant to be the same thing as nature! A manhood which when it had a bit of meat fresh killed & a good fire near & a pinch of salt was satisfied."

The faults of W's language: (1) its ordinariness, its meanness, jocose vulgarities (2) disregard of grammar where not to gained as "in I myself" (3) He did not know that poetry cannot be written in half-a-dozen languages at once, more especially if the poet knows only one of them. No one ever had more than he of that strange propensity of the half-educated to drag continually into their talk or writing scraps of foreign languages, incorrect, misunderstood, misapplied, or at best unnecessary & pointless. "Be imperturbe, stand at ease in Nature!" "Allons! from all formules," etc. W. wrote all languages because he knew none.

He seems to have supposed that the objections to his "free" way of writing verse were due to a "feudal" prejudice. In one of his essays he declares that "if

is one of the chief facts of art & the greatest trick of literary genius to hold the reins firmly ehe a momentary glimpse of the ideal which he does not practise no metrical or formal restraint at all. Even more than bad blank verse "free verse" can & often does go on more or less for ever. The immense "Song of Myself" would have gained immeasurably by the omission of 40 of its 50 pps. Dilation & distention of many poems by absurd lists of names — e.g. the ridiculously named "Salut au monde". It is true that W. sometimes treated what he wrote both as verse & as prose. e.g. the 10th section in "By Blue Ontario's Shore" is repeated as prose in the preface to "Leaves" — a confession of failure.

Where there is there is some sort of repetition by means of line & that repetition creates some sort of expectation Without rime, what was to be the unit which was to be repeated & to give the sense of verse? If you look them W. you find that what is printed as a line is

* cf. Sutton Land: "Medium of Poetry"

always some sort of sentence; there is always a grammatical pause of some sort at the end of the line — no enjambement. The question really is how far these successive sentences can produce the effect of verse.

The simplicity of the lines, their perfect naturalness gets a new charm out of our surprise that such ordinary speech can be fitted into a strictly regulated rime stanza; & in return its ordinariness is enriched by the rime & metre. But the wonder of free verse has no such support. If he is naked there is nothing whatever to clothe his nakedness. So the diction of free verse is ready required to be not less but more beautiful than that of the old verse, because it has renounced the old metrical beauties.*

We are told by those who knew him that though constantly in the habit of reciting or chanting poetry, he never recited his own. That is the 1st proof of the inferiority of his ordinary verse to the old verse.

Cowper: "a clock-work tintinnabulum of line".
* cf Saintsbury: History of Criticism.

He has to obtain what he can both of repetition & of variety the double problem of all verse which free verse cannot escape. His commonest & cheapest way of securing this is to repeat some opening phrase (as "I see", "You" in "Salut au Monde"), or close each section with the same line (as "Be thou my God" in "God's"). He has also apparently a sort of general rule that the sentence which is to be the substitute for a line must not be longer than can be said at one breath.

3 poets of the 19th Cent. have built poems round these words. But now poor & trivial Poe's "never more" seems when put in comparison with the grave sculptured beauty of Tennyson's "Ask me no more", or more dangerous still when we are fresh from listening to the passionate & poignant music of this line of Shelley's — "No More — oh, Never more!" in "O World! O Life! O time!"*

He lived to be over 70. But his whole poetic production can be got into a vol. much smaller than would contain the Whole of Shelley who died before he was 30. And

* Song of Myself.

much of W's whole is rather of autobiographical than of poetic interest.

The title "Leaves of Grass" one of the happiest of the poet's inspirations. The passage in the "Song of Myself," "What is the grass?" Whether he meant to contrast the "leaves" with flowers I do not know; but it is like W. to have identified himself rather with the leaves which are, as it were, the common people of the vegetable world than with the flowers which are its rarer ornaments. So certainly he must have liked "grass" the humblest, the least-noticed, the most down-trodden yet the most universal, pushing their way into all sorts of places & welcome or unwelcome, always shown themselves full of life:

"This is the grass that grows wherever the land is & the water is, / This is the common air that bathes the globe" *

Simplicity, universality, vitality. It expressed his ideal: "Behaviour lawless as snowflakes, words simple as grass"

"I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world"

* That is a result of the abnormal streak in him. Plato who talks grandiosely about love is also abnormal – see Fite's "Platonic Legend". Cf. Brooks: "Symonds" on "Calamus".

As content will not make art, neither will form alone. The most perfect of nonsense rimes cannot be the equal of an ode of Horace.

As Wordsworth always called himself an idler [see "Poet's Epitaph"] so W. proclaims himself an idler and even a loafer. The poet goes everywhere, & identifies himself with every person & every action good or bad. "And whoever walks a furlong without sympath walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud" a fitting motto for W's poems. "All these I feel or am." "Where Cattle stand & shake away flies with the tremulous shudder of their hides".

"Children of Adam" "Calamus" the poems of sex.

Praise of sex — Praise of love a little abnormal.

As Mr Holloway has suggested that W. retained in manhood the sensuality indiscrimination of a child. Love in Whit. is as love in Plato: an energy which & transcends the body, a vital force to be used alike by body & spirit,* not a dangerous enemy —

"I sing the body electric."

to be conceived a modern version of the Lucretian joy of Venus. Some necessary qualifications of lack of modesty, & press the parallel between man & animals too far.

"Salut au Monde" almost as absurdly named as the Paris "Hotel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham" of Henry James's "Reverberator".

"I inhale great draughts of space,
The east & the west are mine, & the north & the south are mine."
("Song of the Open Road").

"Tears" is the most entirely unalloyed piece of imagination that ever came from him.

"The Mystic Trumpeter" a kind of Walt Whitman version of Dryden's "St Cecilia Ode".

Fitzgerald's "Spring" so old to speak of, so new to us.

Mr Basil de Selincourt in his most interesting critical Study of W. regards his formal innovations as far more successful than to me they seem to be. I cannot follow him in his praise of W's endless inventories of

*cf. Mrs Alice Meynell in "Domus Angusta".

things in general. I do not understand his contention that "disciplined language cannot express spontaneous feelings", for that is exactly what it has been doing in poetry since the world began*. He seems to argue that to be "typical" is the most essential merit in poetry. But surely our final concern with poetry is not that it should be typical: the worst of Shakespeare is often that it is so many the worthless verse of worthless writers.

Dr Buckle asserts that W. stands above Aristotle, Newton, Sophocles, Leonardo & Bacon, even if Bacon wrote the plays ascribed to Shakespeare!

To be the voice of a nation is a great achievement not even Shakespeare is so typical of England as W. of America.

He "screams, brags, swears, blusters" as even Symonds admits: he "thumps the pulpit cushion," with the usual result of such thumping; the most crying defect of the leaves is their continual lapses into the forcible

was all hush & awe No prince of the blood

Cash sharp's eyes on pretty actresses

feeble. It is only Culture that can provide us with standards & Without such standards one is liable to fall into follies of W's sort. E.g. "28th inst. Grande" as "a result of faith in humankind" than "American National Election"!

The Romantic '90s, by Richard Le Gallienne

I leave that to men still in love with their own egos that wondrous love affair which is apt to outlive others. "London is now a City of Dreadful Knights."

He may occasionally in cynical moments, wonder how much he is loved for himself — & how much for his reviews.... None listened with kindly attention — his curiously blonde face, very long and solemn & White like a drippy candle — and When I had finished he turned and said: "Charming You, dear Le G. — but Why not in a newspaper?"

The era of the engineered boom was beginning, & one had a feeling that men were getting famous too quickly. The bud was already being taken for the flower.

[Praise of Walter Dunton's genuine affection]

Swan burgundy 味幸 [illegible] 酒 Burgundy 与 a Pickle Wimbledon Common

L. G. 於 之

My bk. did some missionary service for Meredith.
I plod along for a paltry 200 ℔s a year

Wilde: "Whenever a great man dies, Hall Caine & Wm. Sharp go in with the Undertakers" [cf. Stache: "Eminent Victorians" Preface]

It was a scramble: business to follow its drift.
[Tennyson 之 Churton Collins 去函語]

L.G. 用 Meredith 索利語 "Only a little poem," M. 大怒.

inured to ever variety of rudeness.

Spenser 燕人評論必全義耶 Ear-dip 半用, 燕人譯
而去無此. 今先師彈琴以解之

It was an heroic welcome, but we were game.
a glorious girl made out of gold & blue & sky.

Björnson's: "Ibsen is not a man — he is only a pen!"
[B. 燕工. 好水火, 而多女拜客, 二先生有 Bridal procession
乃並肩行] starchily dignified

His heart was anywhere but on his sleeve.

Ibsen 性羞澀, 人皆起立.

We were both pathetically young, almost like 2 babes in the wood [L. 寄燕京家 Locker-Lampson 家, 得 L-L. 燕 Keats Shelley 諸手澤書畫]

Corn so vast an acreage of paper.
mudgrass moustache.
a deadly method in his madness.

R.L.S's autobiographic expansiveness. By his own insouciance on the acquired craftsmanship of his art he ran the risk of belittling the genius without which all his sedulous duty had been in vain.

R.L.S. to L.O.: "the literary prostitute disappeared from view at a phrase of yours—"the essence is not in the pleasure but the sale"....The British pig returns to his true love of the style-less, of the shapeless, of the slapdash & the disorderly."

Patmore: "Like many young poets, you live too much on the Capital, rather than on the interest of passion". He meant that my verse made too much use of the raw material of immediate personal experience, instead of allowing it to mature itself.

The last 10 yrs. of the 19th Cent. properly belong to the 20th Cent. All our present-day developments—including free verse—amount to little (more than exaggerated Copying) of the '90s.

R.B.S. has shocked the world so successfully that he can shock it no more.

nameless infamy.

If only Sharp had been as good a poet as he was good-looking! But it would have been hard for him to live up to such a victorious appearance. [L.B.书一人名叫 Fiona Macleod 为化名写"Pharais"中一句 eerie sound made by the wind blown over ice 出 Sharp's "Romantic Ballads"中没有的，我么这 i. S. 愚书R Q "For God's sake, shut your mouth"]

Charmed into getting the worst of the bargain. We never hear of "minor" poets nowaday. Now, when we are not "great" poets, we are at least "authentic". And the removal of that stigma is largely due to John Lane.

accidentally gathered in by the wide sweep of Lane's net.

Lord de Table's to L.B. on Hazlitt & "Liber Amoris"

praise from the praiseworthy

John Davidson: "To my Enemy":

"Unwilling friend, let not your spite abate
Feed me with scorn, & strengthen me with hate
They have survived their sores.

diaphanously lean

A. C. Benson anticipated the title of the famous magazine in his privately printed vol. of poems called "Le Cahier Jaune"

O. W. to Le. G.: "It is a kind of genius to be 23.

Meredith: "Some flowers have roots deep as oak." Perhaps he sometimes recalled his own phrase that to be in society was a bore but to be outside it tragedy. It was one's suspicion of this attitude which was "De Profundis" of the conversing men.

The Common Reader, 2nd series, by Virginia Woolf.

Elizabethan Prose, for all its beauty & bounty, was a very imperfect medium. It was almost incapable of fulfilling one of the offices of prose which is to make people talk, simply & naturally, about ordinary things. It was scarcely separated off from the body of the poets could speak magnificently, of course, about the great themes. What we ask was the life of an ordinary man or woman in the time of Shakespeare? Even the familiar

letters of the time give us little help. incapable of vulgarity and equally incapable of intimacy.

The 1st quality that attracts us is the explosion with which Donne bursts into speech. All preface all parley have been consumed; he leaps into pack the shortest way. In this power of suddenly surprising & subjugating the reader, Donne excels most poets. The deliberate barenes of those who refuse to avail themselves of the current usage. struggle to express each shock exactly as it impinges upon his tight-stretched senses. He can not see it the rounded, as a whole. He cannot stand apart and survey the large outline so that the description is always of some momentary intensity, seldom of the broader aspect of things. Naturally then he found it difficult to use the drama with its conflict of other characters; he must always speak from his own centre in soliloquy... The typical Elizabethan with his love of eloquence and brave new words, tended to generalise. Dr Genius was precisely the opposite of this. He particularised, determination to

record not the likenesses but the inconsistencies, the desire for nakedness in an age that was timid. The timid fashion of the age might limit a lover to one woman. For his part he envied & admired the ancients "who held plurality of loves no crime": lovers can, if only for a short space, reach a state of unity beyond time, beyond sex, beyond the body. And at last, for one moment, they reach it — "extasie." D. snatches the moment because he is aware of the change that must alter, of the discord that must interrupt. It is the union of so many different desires that gives D's love poetry not only its vitality but also its spirituality who make peace among the warring elements. ... After D. the satirist, the impetuous lover, comes the servile and obsequious figure of D. the devout servant of the great

The wits of later ages when the dew was off the language. There are moments when Sidney stopped and thought what a real man or woman in this particular situation would say; when his own emotions come suddenly to the surface

a brand new idea

& light up the vague pastoral landscape with an ingenious
glow: "their minds grudge not at their bodies comfort,
nor their senses are letted from enjoying their objects;
no have the impediments of honor, & the torments of
Conscience"!... Prose, it seems, is made for slow, noble
& generalised emotions; for the description of wide
landscapes; for the conveyance of long, equable
discourses uninterrupted for pages together by any
other speaker. Verse, on the other hand, had quite a
different office when Sidney wished to sum up,
to strike hard, he turns to verse. Verse in the "Arcadia"
performs sonnets. of the function of dialogue in
the modern novel. It breaks up the monotony.
often the realism & vigorous verse comes with a shock
after the drowsy languor of the prose.

In any highly civilised society disguise plays so
large a part, that to throw off the ceremonies & conventions
& talk a "little language" for one or two to understand,
is as much a necessity as a breath of air in a hot room.

* The same can't be said of your "Conscious stream" stuff. Dear Madam.

"A bad scrawl is so snug" (李白の我手紙、殆ど此の如し)
No writing seems to flow more exactly into the very folds & creases of the individual mind, to express its changing moods, to answer its lightest whim & impulse & yet the result is perfectly precise & composed. While there are writers whose gift is impersonal, so that a Tolstoy, e.g. can create a character & leave us alone with it, Sterne must always be there in person to help us in our intercourse... Did directly a writer sets out to prove himself this or that our suspicions are aroused. For the little extra stress he lays on the quality he desires us to see in him as Sterne does, to that Coarsens it so that instead of humor, we get farce & instead of sentiment, sentimentality... placed, for more emphasis, at the end of the chap. sickens us with its sweetness like the drop of pure sugar at the bottom of a cup.

had as full a run of life as could be wished.
Very little criticism worthy of being called so has been

in English & Prose — our great critics have given the best of their minds to poetry. ... In De Quincey the emotion is never stated; it is suggested & brought slowly by repeated images before us until it stays in all its complexity, complete. His reader was to be put in possession of a means of that complex kind which is larger & sensation not at his best in sudden majesty of phrase, but in suggest large & generalised visions; faces without features, the stillness of midnight or summer; anguish that forever falls & rises & casts its arms upwards in despair. Logicacious & discursive; books as diffuse & shapeless as each sentence is symmetrical & smooth: analyse emotions with a skill surpassing that of Scott, Austen, Byron.
He had plenty of time to smooth out every little crease in daily life to perfection.
Hazlitt has no reticence & no shame "Shoe-Contemplative" (Coleridge on H.) a two-minded man.

lash of her tongue. Geraldine [Jewsbury] & Jane [Carlyle]
an episode never touched by writers upon Carlyle.
a bit Lesbian.

a divided nature: To be a thinker & to express in the plainest & most accurate of terms "the reason of things," & to be a painter, gloating over blues & crimsons. Compared with this athletic progress, Lamb's seems the flight of a butterfly, erratic, capricious among the flowers. He does not use the essayist's licence to circle & meander. Ideas have form in him like stalactites, drop by drop, year by year. His mind stunt hard. One of those rare critics who have thought so much that they can dispense with reading. It is loving & talking the subtleties of a lover.

"Aurora Leigh", the novel-poem, is but a masterpiece in the embryo. Blank verse has proved itself the most remorse-less enemy of lyric speech. Mrs Browning was inspired by a flash of genius when she rushed into the drawing room & said that here is the true place for the poet. The conservatism or the timidity of other poets still leaves the chief spoils of modern life to the novelist. The Villa of An Earl: He overdoes the path & the sofa, the

* Clever. But that's because You, Dear Ma'am, with your Bloomsbury snobbery pays attention to accidentals like class-distinctions rather than to essentials like human nature.

fist-shaking & the thigh-slapping. A bird's-eye view of fiction shows us no gentlemen in Dickens; no working men in Thackeray. It is vain to look for dukes or for dustmen—we doubt that such extremes are to be found anywhere in fiction. What does a King feel? What does a Duke think? But our ignorance of the aristocracy is not compared with our ignorance of the working classes.*

Gissing is one of those imperfect novelists than whose books one sees the life of the author faintly covered by the lives of fictitious people. With such writers we establish a personal rather than an artistic relationship. We know G. thus as we do not know Hardy or George Eliot. Petty & personal. He is one of those sharp lights beyond whose edges all is vapour & phantom!... We owe this peculiar grimness to the fact that the people who suffer most are capable of making their suffering part of a reasoned view of life. The thought endures when the feeling has gone. Hence unhappiness represents something more lasting than a personal

a reach-me-down character.

reversal; it becomes part of a view of life.
The style is extremely uneven. Now he twists himself into iron knots; now he lies flat as a pancake. Meredith is great: the atmosphere from which we shall pass naturally into a highly-pitched state of emotion. His scenes are illuminations, but not discoveries. They do not improve our knowledge of character. Not a poet-novelist who, like Emily Brontë is. He did not steep the world in one mood. His mind was too self-conscious, & too sophisticated to remain lyrical for long. The comic spirit
Hardy can create characters but he cannot control them. —hence the melodramatic use of coincidence. ... The novels are full of inequalities; they are lumpish & dull & unexpressive; but they are never arid; there is always about them a little blur of unconsciousness, that halo of freshness & margin of the unexpressed, which often produce the most profound sense of satisfaction. ... We do not remember how they have moved. Their

relationship is not composed of those intellectual apprehensions & subtleties of perception which seem so slight yet are so profound. In all the bks. love happens suddenly and overwhelmingly.

Much shrewd criticism. but also a good of Commonplace which even H's Wits mincing graces of style can not conceal. Some v. good "portraits in Miniature" à la Strachey, but subtler & more delicate. A lot of irrelevant jibes which don't lead to anything. Still victimised by Bloomsbury mentality & Victoria phobia. In the essay on Robinson Crusoe, she says "However we may wind & wriggle lower & dally in our approach to bks, a lonely battle waits us at the end." She "winds & wriggles" much too much!

Holbrook
Jackson

a Sauve-qui-peut to the Wilderness

Memories & Notes, by Anthony Hope:

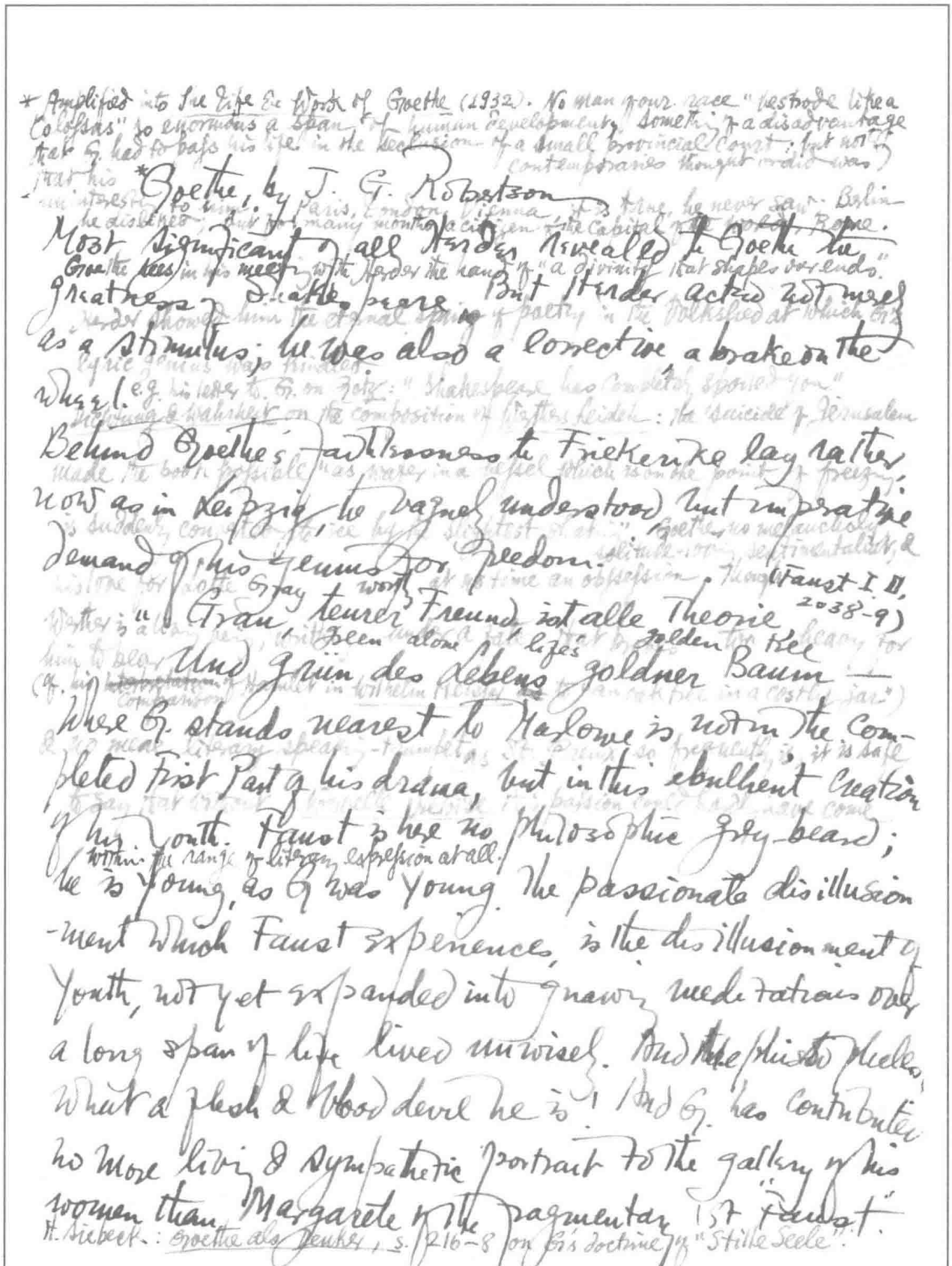
Though we were far from rich, the Curate's children were farther
still. to blow my own trumpet.
Being a "new boy" is always odious & humiliating; & it pursues
a man through life — at school, at the 'varsity, when
he comes to London, saw to a new profession — & perhaps
it overtakes him once again when he dies. It is grievous
to fall from eminence in one sphere to become a raw
recruit who does not even know his drill in another.
More than a reasonable term of purgatory. Last
laborious mediocrity. Kept fast within the letter &
Travelled for new suggestions.
Terrible day he would make my radical orations.
There was not time enough for what I saw to sink in.
They helped to Jowett at his ease, & leavening the lump,
to set the whole past at its ease.
He could turn a blind eye on occasion.
to be in the van of thought old-but fresh
heckled him severely on point of detail.
pounding, pounding, pounding away.
no small place in a man's life.

at ones social best
Scamped work

G. M. Carré: Goethe en Angleterre, 1920; R. Ward: Goethe in England & America: Bibliography, 1909; F. Baldensperger: Goethe en France, 1904-7.

a parent clings to his own child & will not accept even a handsomer changeling!
Though the chances of success were very small, it was time to earn my spurs. I trench on my small capital.
Must wait for the divine afflatus, although what can hereby be expected to synchronise with Big Ben every week day morning a writer shares to the full in a lover's "alternate joy and woe!"
I put that book in my waistcoat pocket & have kept it ever since, a treasured possession.
When one of his enthusiasms or hates came in by the door, his discretion was apt to go out by the window.
written plays off my own bat.
I can not stick the SK at any price.

Free the reins out of his own hands.
a great world of sentiment waiting to be tapped
life was one long round of feuds.
Holy Roman Empire parcelled out in petty states.



* Amplified into The Life & Work of Goethe (1932). No man your race "restored life a Colossus" so enormous a span of human development, something of a disadvantage that G had to base his life in the seclusion of a small provincial Court: but not contemporaries thought that was what his interests lay in. Paris, London, Vienna, it is true he never saw. Berlin he disliked. But for many months of each year the Capital of world Rome.

*Goethe, by J. G. Robertson

Most significant of all Herder revealed to Goethe the Greatness of Shakespeare. But Herder acted not merely as a stimulus; he was also a corrective, a brake on the whirl. (e.g. his letter to G. on Götz: "Shakespeare has completely spoiled you" Goethe sees in his meeting with Herder the realization of "a divinity that shapes our ends." Behind Goethe's fatal proneness to Friederike lay rather, now as in Leipzig, the vaguely understood but imperative demand of his genius for freedom. (Faust I. II, 2038-9)

"Grau, teurer Freund ist alle Theorie,
Und grün des Lebens goldner Baum —"

Where G. stands nearest to Marlowe is not in the completed First Part of his drama, but in this ebullient Creation of his youth. Faust is here no philosophic grey-beard; within the range of literary expression at all. He is young, as G was young. The passionate disillusionment which Faust experiences, is the disillusionment of Youth, not yet expanded into mature meditation over a long span of life lived unwisely. And the philosophic Mephisto, what a flesh & blood devil he is! And G has contributed no more living & sympathetic portrait to the gallery of his women than Margarete in the fragmentary 1st Part of "Faust".

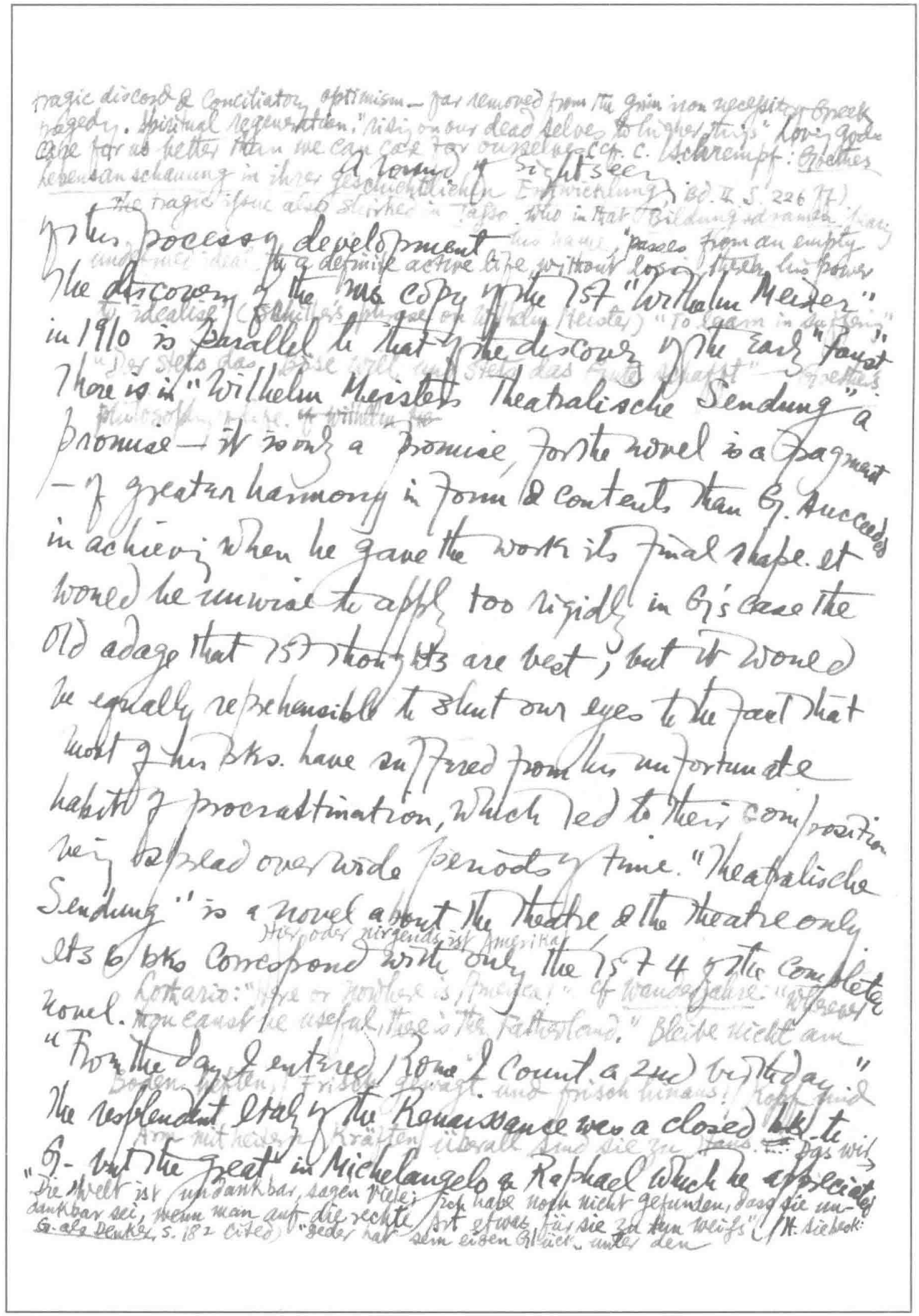
H. Siebeck: Goethe als Denker, I, S. 216–8 on his doctrine of "Stille Seele".

Gesang der Geister über den Wassern: "Des Menschen Seele / Gleicht dem Wasser: / Vom Himmel kommt es, / Zum Himmel steigt es, / Und wieder nieder, / Zur Erde muss es, / Ewig wechselnd."

No wonder that G. fell into bad odour in the better circles of Weimar, was accused of leading the duke astray. When Klopstock felt it incumbent upon him to write G. a serious letter about his doings.

What the young duke of Weimar looked for in Goethe was not poetic genius but companionship — & G. did not disappoint him. Is it not tragic that G. should have had to fritter away his splendid energies playing at statesmanship in this duodecimo state? And the G. moreover, whose Götz & Egmont had died for freedom, nay, who only a few years before had wrecked his own happiness to attain that very freedom which he now so readily renounced!

In 1780, as we read in the letters to Lavater, G. began Briefe, ed. IV, p. 99 ff. Wilhelm Meister, Bk. V, chap. iii (letter XXII, p. 149 in the edition of 1911) to emerge as the self-conscious artist of his own life & "to raise the apex of the pyramid of my existence". He lacked any balance "Schwärmerei" G. said the enemy of all world-flight. His attitude to himself & to his art became reflective and objective henceforth. In the end, Schiller was perhaps right: G. was essentially a great "naïve" poet, not a "sentimental" one. From now on he grew mightier in wisdom but lost all elastic spontaneity. His journey to Italy brought the consummate Guimond Iphigenie auf Tauris (based upon De la Touche's Iphigénie en Tauride & Lagrange Chancel's Oreste et Pilade P. 116 ff.). The Play, an example of G.'s sketchy of



tragic discord & Conciliatory optimism — far removed from the grim inexorable Greek tragedy. Spiritual regeneration." Rid[ing] on our dead selves to higher things." Lovingly Care for us better than we can care for ourselves (Cf. C. Schrempf: Goethes Lebensanschauung in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung, Bd. II S. 226 ff)

A round & sightseer

Goethe's process & development — "passes from an empty ... by a definite active life without loss ... their true power

The discovery of the MS copy of the '57 "Wilhelm Meister" in 1910 is parallel to that of the discovery of the early "Faust"

There is in "Wilhelm Meisters Theatralische Sendung" a promise — it is only a promise, for the novel is a fragment — of greater harmony in form & content than G. succeeds in achieving when he gave the work its final shape. It would be unwise to apply too rigidly in G's case the old adage that '57 thoughts are best; but it would be equally reprehensible to shut our eyes to the fact that most of his MSS. have suffered from his unfortunate habit of procrastination, which led to their composition being spread over wide periods of time. "Theatralische Sendung" is a novel about the theatre & the theatre only. Its 6 bks correspond with only the '57 + 4 of the complete novel. Hier oder nirgends ist Amerika

Lothario: "Here or nowhere is America!" Cf. Wanderjahre "Wherever you cannot be useful, there is the Fatherland." Bleibe nicht am Boden kleben! Frisch gewagt und frisch hinaus! Kopf und Arm mit heitern Kräften überall sind die Leute. ... Was wir

"From the day I entered Rome I count a 2nd birthday"

The resplendent Italy of the Renaissance was a closed book to G. — but the great in Michelangelo & Raphael which he appreciated

"Die Welt ist undankbar, sagen Viele; doch habe noch nicht gefunden, dass sie undankbar sei, wenn man auf die rechte Art etwas für sie zu tun weiss" (H. Siebeck: Goethe als Denker, S. 182 cited) "Jeder hat sein eigen Glück unter den

8 He should have let all tell-tale. said: "I have disciplined myself in objection, repudiated the Gothic." It would have been more to say that Italy had found himself as a many-science: metamorphoses of plants, stone-forms, lava, etc.

Was their fulfilment of the promise of anti-Gothic. It was the same kind of anti-Gothic-ridden appreciation which Lessing had shown for Shakespeare. G. confounded with the riot of color in the Italian painters, was color-blind. And for a poet how little the great poetry of Italy meant to Goethe! For Dante he always had an aversion — a natural consequence of his pagan dislike of the ascetic.*

To the duke G. wrote: "In these 28th months of solitude I have found myself. But in what sense? As an artist." Rather might we say that the G. who believed he had at last entered into the Holy of Holies of the artists' calling ceased from now on to be a creative artist at all.[3]

G.: "What one desires in youth, age brings in abundance." A paralyzing schematism spreads over the last bks of "Wilhelm Meister." G. was encouraged by Schiller in his unfateful quest of "ideas" with the correspondingly neglect of the

Schiller to Körner on G.: "Even towards his nearest friends he has no moments of effusion; one cannot

→ uns in ihr zerstreuen, | Darum ist die Welt so groß"

Händen, wie der Künstler eine rohe Materie, die er zu einer Gestalt umbilden will. Aber es ist mit dieser Kunst wie mit allen; nur die Fähigkeit dazu wird uns angeboren; sie will gelernt und sorgfältig ausgeübt sein" (Sieblick, S. 183).

March 17, 1788 Briefe, VIII, P. 35

Goethe's Unbewusstheit to his Inner Nature, P. 108.

Christiane presented an obstacle. Schiller's wife would not countenance her. Faust's destiny we are assured, lies in God's hands, & He will lead him to victory against all the powers of negation. Thus the tragedy of Faust has become a "Divine Comedy".

For G., personality was always the highest thing in life. "Get hold of him". The correspondence between G. & Sch. is the world: "Volk und Knecht und Überwinder, / Sie gestehn zu jeder Zeit: / Höchstes Glück der Erdenkinder / Sei nur die Persönlichkeit" (Westöstlicher Divan). exclusively literary. a distinctive reluctance on G's part to be communicative. Sch's frankness contrasts pleasantly with G's "buttoned-up" attitude & somewhat condescending tone. They never got beyond the formal "Sie" in their mutual address. But G. was completely won over to Sch's idealistic approach to literature. Generalizing, typifying, ordering were now the serious business of his genius: not, alas, imagining & creating. Sch. quickened & kept alive in G. an interest in poetry which G. in his all too engrossing preoccupation with art & science might otherwise have neglected. But Sch. tempted G. to see more in the "idea" which his work was to express than, in the plastic embodiment of the idea in the real.

chap. VII — G. H. Lewes [?] drew attention to G's scientific achievements. Ernst Haeckel [?] eloquent in proclaiming G. a pioneer [?] of the theory of biological evolution. But G., instead of building up a theory from patiently accumulated facts [illegible] satisfaction for the presence [illegible] idea & imposed the Spinozistic conception upon the phenomena [illegible]. Schiller acutely on G's treatise "Urpflanze": "That's an idea, not an experience." (p. 307)

While in arts & sciences G. saw further & deeper than most of his contemporaries his eyes were strangely blinkered when it was a question of political foresight. He remained to the last a pre-Revolutionary. He never believed in the

A cruel exactness has whittled down this poetic close to a great life (Mehr Licht!) into a request of the dying man that the blinds might be raised. But the symbolical application of the words remains.

strong hand. Much of Carlyle's intransigency came from the support he found for it in G's Conservatism.

"Every man must be an egoist if he will not become one."

Westöstlicher Divan, I. Negire; VIII, Suleika.

Nord und West und Süd zersplittern, up-beating

.....

Fliehe du im reinen Osten

Cf. J.G. Robertson: "Goethe & Byron" (Public. of the English Goethe Society, V.S. ii).

G. took Byron to his heart because he fancied he saw in him a reincarnation of his own far-off Youth. And B's meteoric career afford him a glimpse of a wider, bigger life of the mind & letters — something that had been denied G. in his own youth, hedged round by the narrow provincial middle-class of his own land.

G. 眼光中世界文学, 与歌德相比, 拜伦的4倍.

To him the words of Genesis said all that was to be said: "And God saw every thing & behold it was very good!" The great problem of evil lost all its terrors.

Fatalistic Optimism: accept life & wait ("ab warten") in patience. The best & highest word in the progress of 18th century thought — the ideal of "the education of mankind!"

Rather cumbersome in style: but the attitude is on the whole rightly critical & critically right. Cf. Saintsbury in "History of Criticism" Shanks in "1st Essays of Lit." Santayana in "Egotism" & "Philosophical Pis

An answer, pat & ready. As illustrated

A Story Teller by W. Pett Ridge

arrived in desperate haste on the very edge of time.
Arnold Bennett tells me he has always practised a
habit of burning his boats behind him. To do this
you need to see that the boats are covered by insurance
& to make certain you have a large Shipbuilding Yard
in working order.

I was never counted sufficiently big game to be
stalked by the important lion hunters, but those con-
tent to bring mere cubs to their drawing rooms sent
me a good many invitations.

I am too good to be true

A space of 35 yrs is sufficient to disarm the accus-
ation that we are using the language of the epitaph.
When he died, his butts thought of the retorts they
might have given, & gave them.

Burne Jones once said that the letter "h" was the
greater divider of classes & that until it was dropped
from the English language there could be no equality.

a good chaps. on "London Accent".

rapped out sharply.

"Stand up, speak up, & shut up" – the duty of a Chairman

Public school boys, whatever they know of the dead languages speak quite fluently in those that are alive.

A good chapter on "Cockney Humor." "The London Sunday"

The London has rid himself of the mock-spitting

"Gentlemen who expectorate can not expect to

rate as gentlemen."

The member became so vehement in his opposition

That, towards the end of his speech he split an infinitive.

He likes to grumble: a perfect world, would, for

him, be deplorably imperfect, in that it would give him

no excuse for grumbling; to-morrow is his favo-

rite date for undertaking some important step.

A photographer – under-developed & over-exposed.

We don't gesticulate. Hand-writing is learnt, but not

hand-speaking. If, in arguing with an alien, you could

tie his wrists, he would be speechless.

No tigress escaped from the Zoological Gardens could

show more fury.

* Hegel in readable English. Nothing new. Only the trail is carefully covered up so that Hegel is almost unmentioned.

The 'Kyon system.' 'Kyon', says the newsvendor & 'Kyon' says the purchaser. I once heard a man say it to an automatic machine on receiving the box of matches for which had inserted a penny.

*

On Essay on Philosophic Method, by R. G. Collingwood.

Introduction. There are some things which we can do without understanding what we are doing; not only things which we do with our bodies, like locomotion & digestion, but even things which we do with our minds, like making a poem or recognising a face. It is also possible to raise & solve philosophical problems with no very clear idea what philosophy is.... Philosophy, moreover, has this peculiarity that reflection upon it is part of itself. The theory of poetry may or may not be of service to a poet, but it is no part of poetry. The theory of science & the theory of history are no parts of science & of history; if scientists & historians study these things, they study them not in their capacity as scientists or historians, but in their

Capacity as philosophers. But the theory of philosophy is itself a problem for philosophy.

Since the close of the Middle Ages there have been two great constructive movements in philosophy: the Cartesian following upon the Scepticism that dissolved the medieval systems of thought, & the Kantian following upon the scepticism of the 18th Cent. The Kantian movement had worked itself out within 50 yrs from the publication of the "Critique" & its influence passed into the sphere of historical & humanistic studies, as that of the Cartesian had passed into the sphere of natural science. ... There is a widespread interest in the problem of method; but it has not yet been directly faced as a distinct problem as Descartes faced it in the "Discours" or Kant in the "Critique". Consequently philosophers of all schools are still in varying degrees under the domination of methodological ideas inherited from the 19th Cent. when philosophy was in various ways assimilated to that pattern of empirical science.

Socrates's revolt against the study of Nature was essentially a revolt against observation in favor of thought. Whereas mathematical method, as an example of thought, had already been discovered by his predecessors, his own discovery was that a similar method could be applied to ethical questions. This technique depended on a principle which is of great importance in any theory of philosophical method: the principle that in a philosophical inquiry what we are trying to do is not to discover something of which until now we have been ignorant, but to know better something which in some sense we know already; not to know it better in the sense of coming to know more about it, but to know it better in the sense of coming to know it in a different & better way — actually instead of potentially or explicitly instead of implicitly. But there is an important difference between the method of mathematics & the method of dialectic. The difference is stated at the end of the 6th bk of "Republic" by saying that

in mathematics the mind "goes from hypothesis not to a principle but to a conclusion" whereas in dialectic it "goes from hypothesis to a non-hypothetical principle". In mathematics the hypothesis forms a barrier to all further thought in that direction: the rules of mathematical method do not allow us to ask "Is this assumption true?" Hence mathematics, although intellectual, is not intellectual à outrance; it is a way of thinking but it is also a way of refusing to think. In dialectic we not only draw the consequences of our hypothesis, but we recollect that they are only hypothesis; i.e. we are free to "cancel the hypothesis" (Rep. 533 c: τὰς ὑποθέσεις ἀναιροῦσα) or assume the opposite & see what follows from that. Two defects: (1) it distinguishes philosophy from mathematics only by the removal of a restriction, with the result that philosophy is represented as a form of thought substantially akin to mathematics & differing only in range. (2) It is never made clear how this exhaustive canvassing of every possible hypothesis can lead to the discovery of

"Car ce n'est pas assez d'avoir l'esprit bon, mais le principal est de l'appliquer bien

the metaphysical principle. Thus method & logic split philosophy into 2 parts: one an arid waste of logic-chopping the other an intuitive vision of ultimate reality. That / the 1st is in fact a pathway to the 2nd may be vouched for by the experience of many generations that have taken Plato for their guide.

Each [Descartes & Socrates] closed a period of doubt & initiated one of brilliant constructive progress, by the discovery of a method in the principles of mathematics. The method Descartes claimed to be using was at all points identical with that which he used in mathematics. He admits only one method for all 3 branches of science [metaphysics, mathematics, & the science of nature]; the problem of a special method appropriate to philosophy is one which he has not raised.

The Cartesian mathematics had stood firm had stood firm, & continued to advance; the Cartesian natural science had undergone a good deal of criticism, notably at the hands of Newton; and the Cartesian metaphysics had looked itself into a blind alley.

* Critique of Pure Reason: A727, B755
** A732, B761

Kant initiated a new kind of philosophy, as he thought, which he called transcendental or critical philosophy. On Kant's programme there were in future to be 2 distinct philosophies: a methodology which he conceived himself to have given to the world in a definitive shape & a substantive philosophy which, guided by this methodology, would be able to progress indefinitely. But even K. himself was not clear in his own mind about the relation between the 2 things, for he saw that in one sense critical philosophy was a part of metaphysics, though in another it was an introduction to it. If "Kritik" is a part of philosophy, K's programme collapses; for we can no longer hope to settle the methodological problem once for all & then go on with the substantive philosophy, because any advance in that will react upon & reopen the problems of methodology. Philosophy, K. argues, knows no definitions, or rather, their place in philosophy is not at the beginning of inquiry but at the end;* philosophy knows no axioms & no truths, these are self-evident;** no demonstration

*A 734, B 762.

in the mathematical proof you proceed from point to point in a chain of grounds & consequents, while in the philosophical proof you must always be ready to go back & revise your premises.*

The Overlap of Classes: Historical thought concerns itself with something individual, scientific thought with something universal; in this respect philosophy is more like science than history, for it likewise is concerned with something universal: truth as such, not this or that truth.

The Concept unites in itself 2 distinct kinds of plurality 1st the plurality of its individual instances, & 2ndly the plurality of its specific differentiations — general and generic — class and its members, & genus and its species. The logical doctrine of classification & division implies a definite connexion between these 2 characteristics of the concept: i.e. that if a genus is distinguished into a certain no. of species, the class of its instances can be correspondingly divided into an equal no. of sub-classes. Each sub-class will comprise the

instances of one specific Concept; the totality of the sub-
classes will Comprise those of the generic Concept. From
the fact that a certain generic nature may be realised in
various specific ways, it does not follow that no instance
can realise it in 2 of these ways at once. E.g. a work
of art as such has a generic nature, which is differently
realised in the specific natures of poetry & music. How
then, are we to classify a song? But the concepts of
exact and empirical sciences conform to the rules
of classification & division as laid down by logicians.
A line is either straight or curved: no line can
be both, & there is no 3rd species. An organism is
either an animal or a vegetable, - the 2 great Kingdoms
are in principle & almost wholly in practice also, Mutually
exclusive. Borderland cases are exceptional & limited.

The specific classes of a philosophical genus do
not exclude one another, the overlap one another. This overlap
is not exceptional, it is normal. Mind, for the scientist
is the name of one limited class of things outside which

like things of other kinds; for the spiritualistic philosopher it is a name for all reality. Art, for the critic, is a highly specialised thing; for the aesthetic philosopher, it becomes a thread running all thru the fabric of the mind's activity. When a concept has a dual significance, philosophical & non-philosophical, in its non-philosophical phase it analyses a limited part of reality & observes the rules of classification, whereas in its philosophical concept it tends to color our thought of reality as a whole and overlaps its coordinate species. E.g. Logic. Thought (genus): Judgment (species) is also the result of inference (species). A negative judgment (species) must be also affirmative (species) in order to be significant. "My watch has stopped" both affirmation of my watch at rest & denial of its motion. A singular judgment is also universal etc. Ethics: Goods are traditionally divided into 3 species: jucundum, utile, honestum: the pleasant, the expedient & the right. It does not follow that whatever is pleasant must therefore be both inexpedient & wrong.

* But then, so with color & space.

thought & action, each considered in its essence, may be as distinct as we will; but in their existence in concrete instances they are so connected that an instance of the one may be an instance of the other too.*

(1) The fallacy of precarious margins: it consists in assuming that the overlap which has already affected a certain area of the class in question can be treated as not to spread, & that beyond its limit there lies a marginal region in which the instances exhibit only one of the specific forms, uncontaminated by the presence of the other. (2) The complementary fallacy of identified coincidents: Once it is recognised that the overlap is in principle unlimited & that sound method requires him to proceed as if the two specific classes coincided throughout their extension, a philosopher may conclude that since there is only 1 group of instances, there is only one concept; he therefore declares his 2 specific concepts identical, e.g. utility & truth. The false principle at work is that where there is no difference in the extension

of concepts, there is no distinction between the concepts themselves. Both (1) & (2) are the alternative applications of the fallacy of false disjunction which consists in the disjunctive proposition that any instance of a generic concept must fall either in one or in another of its specific classes; & this is false because since they overlap, it may fall in both. Applied positively, (1) namely that since there is a distinction between 2 concepts, there must be a difference between their instances. Applied negatively (2) namely that since the instances can not be separated, there is no distinguishing the concepts. Aristotle: the 2 concepts "are the same thing" but "their being is not the same" — "a distinction without a difference".

The Scale of Forms: The overlap of classes can't be explained by a mere difference of degree. If all instances of a generic concept had the same attribute in varying degrees, & if the genus were divided into species according to these variations, there could be no overlap, for the

point at which anyone specific class began would be the point at which another ended.

A combination of differences in degree with difference in kind forms a scale of forms. The species into which it is divided are so related that each not only embodies the generic essence in a specific manner, but also embodies some variable attribute in a specific degree. In such a system of specifications, the 2 sets of differences are so connected that whenever the variable increasing or decreasing, reaches certain critical points on the scale [e.g. a breaking strain, a freezing point], one specific form disappears & is replaced by another. It is a conception with a long history in philosophy. Plato has various systems of this kind: Nescience, opinion, knowledge. Aristotle distinguishes the vegetable, animal, & human "souls" as 3 forms of life arranged on a scale so that each includes its predecessor & adds to it something new.

Ice, water & steam make up a scale of forms; they

differ from each other both in degree, as hotter or colder, & in kind, as specifically different states of the same body. But here as in all non-philosophical scales the variable is something extraneous to the generic essence — heat the variable does not appear in the formula of water (H_2O). In a philosophical scale of forms, the variable is identical with the generic essence itself. In Plato's scale of the forms of knowledge the variable is given as "definiteness" or "truth"; in his scale of being, it is reality.

In a non-philosophical scale there are differences of degree & coordinated with them differences of kind; in a philosophical scale there is only one set of differences, having a peculiar double character instead of 2 types of difference such as we find in forms of water, one in degree of heat which is measurable, the other in kind of structure, which gives rise to mutually exclusive specifications coordinated with the degree of heat, in the specification of a philosophical

Concept there must always one single type of difference:
a difference in degree but not measurable, & a
difference in kind, but not susceptible of arrangement
in ~~the~~ graded species.... In its non-philosophical phase,
opposition is a relation subsisting between a positive
term & its own mere negation. Cold, as understood
by the physicist, is the lack of heat. But cold as we
feel it is not mere lack of heat as we feel it, but
another feel with a positive character of its own.
The relation of physical ~~heat~~ cold to physical ~~cold~~ heat of which
it is the mere negation is pure opposition; the relation
of felt cold to felt heat is at once opposition &
distinction, these 2 being fused into a single relation
so with good & bad. In philosophy, distinction &
opposition which in non-philosophical thought are
two mutually exclusive kinds of relation coalesce
into one, so that what seems a mere opposition —
i.e. the relation between a term & its own absence — turns
out to be also a distinction between 2 terms & vice
versa

Each is good in itself, but bad in relation to the one above.

Where one work of art is more beautiful than another it is beautiful in a different way. It does not merely exceed the other, for the other has its own kind of beauty & can only be beaten by one which achieves a higher kind. The fallacy of calculation — assuming that because the species of a philosophical genus differ in degree, they exhibit no differences of kind. The fallacy of indifference — vice versa.

This view of the relation between the terms of a philosophical series, destroys 2 groups of errors: (1) The asserting that because evil, error & the like have actual existence in the world of experience, they are not negative but positive, standing to good, truth truth etc. in a relation not of opposition but of mere distinction, not as privations of good & truth, but as self-sufficient qualities — the fallacy of the false positive (2) that because they are the negation of these positive terms, they are said to have no actuality & that now evil exists the fallacy of null opposition.

The higher negates the lower, & the same time reaffirms it: negates it as a false embodiment of the generic essence, & reaffirms its content that specific form of essence as part & parcel of itself. The relation may be described by the metaphor of promise & performance. The higher of any 2 adjacent forms overlaps the lower because it includes the positive content of the lower as a constituent element within itself. It only fails to include the lower in its entirety because there is also a negative aspect of the lower which is rejected by the higher: the lower, in addition to asserts its own content, denies that the generic essence contains anything more. The lower overlaps the higher in a different sense: it does not include the higher as part of itself it adopts part of the positive content of the higher, while rejecting another part.

Definition & Description: In exact science, definition defines absolutely. A person possessing a definition knows the essence of the concept perfectly, one who does

not possess it does not know that essence at all.
2 conditions: (1) the essence must be someth capable of final & exhaustive statement (2) a sharp line must be drawn between know someth & not know it. But the philosophical concept is the kind of concept in expounding which the later part of the exposition, instead of depending upon the earlier as upon a fixed point, served to qualify or explain the earlier. The philosophical kind of knowledge is a kind of knowledge in which a distinction existed between know better & know worse, but none between know absolutely & not know at all.
The exposition of a philosophical concept has a certain resemblance to the description in empirical science. Both alike aim at completeness & renounce the attempt to select one element & call it essence, leaving the rest to be deduced from it. But they renounce this for opposite reason. An empirical description does so because we do not well enough understand the logical

* weakest chapter.

structure of the concept; a philosophical exposition, because we understand it to deal with content with a separation which must to great extent be arbitrary.

The Philosophical Judgment: Quality & Quantity:

To reject one account of a philosophical matter is to accept the responsibility of giving a better account of it; & hence in philosophy, whatever may be the case elsewhere, every negation implies an affirmation.

Categorical thinking: In order to assert a proposition in mathematics it is not necessary to believe that the subject of discourse has any actual existence. The Universal propositions laid down by empirical science have also a hypothetical character, — about standard or representative cases, but it does not follow that the standard case exists; it may be a mere fiction. In philosophy only Ontological argument possible. By existing, logic constitutes as actually existing subject-matter to itself. Thus, when we say "all squares have their

* so does Epistemology. Boas points out that any theory of truth must itself be true.

diagonals equal" we need not be assert: that any squares exist; When We say "all universal propositions distribute their subject" we are not only discussing universal propositions, we are also enunciating a universal proposition; we are producing an actual instance of the thing under discussion, & cannot discuss it without doing so. Logic, therefore, stands committed to the principle of the Ontological Proof. So does Ethics.*†

Two Sceptical Positions: (1) Critical attitude — to prove that one answer is wrong without claiming to know that another is right.: (a) defect of temper: more interested in picking faults than in the subject-matter itself (b) he has to give his theory of criticism & satisfy us by positive & constructive argument that his principles are sound & that his practice faithfully follows them. a Covert dogmatism. (2) analytic attitude based on Common sense & Science.* But the common sense that is under analysis must

* Moore e.g.

itself be grounded & examined Method implies principle, procedure implies system. The professed scepticism is merely a veiled claim to exempt these principles from criticism or even from explicit statement, while assuming their truth & sufficiency. Construction & destruction, assertion & analysis overlap in practice. Deduction & Induction: 3 things in all inference! (1) the data from which we argue (2) the principles according to which we argue & (3) the conclusions to which we argue. In exact science, (2) axioms: (a) general belong not to the science itself but to logic (b) special. The inference is irreversible. The conclusions are logically dependent on the axioms; there is no reciprocal dependence of the axioms on the conclusions. In philosophy no axioms which are assumed without proof — the reversible proof & no axioms not belong to itself.
The induction begins with data which are empirically certain. The conclusion, at the beginning of the process,

* a valuable principle, but too vague

must already be present in the form of an hypothesis to be tested by bringing it into relation with the data. The business of the induction is to conform with the facts, they in no sense depend upon it, it depends on them. The principles on which induction proceeds are (1) purely logical principles (2) probability or Uniformity of Nature (from Some S is P. to All S is P.) Unless we assume this, we can never argue inductively. hence irreversible. In empirical sciences the initial knowledge consists of individual facts; but in philosophy, the initial knowledge is homogeneous with the conclusions & consists of universal propositions. To say that theory must be checked by appeal to experience which may be any stage in the scale of forms (with theory consciously & deliberately formulated as its adjacent higher form) seems like saying that the more rational must prove its rationality by conforming to the less rational.* At every stage in the scale, there is a datum

* An Introduction to Philosophy through literature, compiled by R. C. Baldwin & J. A. S. McPeek, containing extracts from Sophocles, Shelley, Hardy, T. S. Eliot etc.

or body of experience, the stage that has actually been reached; & there is a problem, the task of explaining this experience by constructing a theory of it which is not but the same experience raised by intenser thought to a higher level of rationality.

The idea of system: Each philosopher must be shaping afresh in his own mind the idea of philosophy as a whole.

Philosophy as a branch of literature*: literature in which thought puts on or seeks expression. Philosophy has never had anything that deserved the name of a technical vocabulary as Science has. Technical terms are terms not used in ordinary speech, but invented ad hoc for a special purpose, or else they are borrowed from ordinary speech but used ad hoc in a special sense. They are needed because it is desired to express a thought for whose expression ordinary speech does not provide. The business of language is to express or explain; if language can not explain itself, not

"The philosopher must go to school with the poets in order to learn the use of language, & must use it in their way... & the philosophical writer (in especial in contrast to the poet) follows the trade not of a jeweller but of a lens-grinder" (pp. 213-4).

else can explain it; & a technical term in so far as it calls for explanation, is to that extent not language but something else which resembles language in being significant, but differs from it in not being expressive or self-explanatory — not a word but a symbol. It presupposes language, for it must be defined in ordinary or non-technical language. Technical terms are needed in science because in the course of scientific thought we encounter concepts which are wholly new to us & for which therefore we must have wholly new names. In philosophy, no concept can ever come to us as an absolute novelty; we can only come to know better what to some extent we knew already. The duty of the philosopher as a writer is therefore to avoid the technical vocabulary proper to science & to choose his words according to the rules of literature. He is writing a flexible language not an artificially fixed symbolism. A confession addressed by the author to himself — like poetry + a content.)

* It seems that Leavis' denunciation of Milton owes its impetus from Pound

Make it New, Essays by Ezra Pound

Date Line: Criticism by discussion, by translation, by exercise in the style of a given period, via music, in new composition.

Let it stand that from 1912 onward for a decade & more I was instrumental in forcing into print, & secondarily in commenting on, certain work now recognised as valid by all competent readers.

A great age of literature is perhaps always a great age of translations; or follows it. . . . We have long since fallen under the blight of the Miltonic or Horse tradition to a stilted dialect in translating the classics, a dialect which imitates the idiom of the ancients rather than seeks their meaning. Milton tried to turn English into Latin, his asinine bigotry, his beastly hebraism, the coarseness of his mentality.*

The nadir of Homeric translation is reached by the Leaf-Lang prose: their alleged prose has neither the concision of verse, nor the virtues of direct motion. Of Homer two qualities remain untranslated: the magnificent

* Define "Content". Define your "perceptiveness".

phonatopoeia, untranslated & untranslatable; the authentic cadence of speech, the actual swing of words spoken, not untranslatable.

The intellectual life of London is dependent on people who understand the French language about as well as their own. America's part in contemporary culture is based chiefly upon two men familiar with Paris: Whistler & Henry James. Foreign criticism may sometimes correct the criticism du cru ... Almost the only technique perceptible to a foreigner is the presentation of content as free as possible from obliteration of dead technicalities.* Mediocre poetry is the same everywhere; there is not the slightest need to import it. ... The critic of a foreign literature must know a reasonable amount of the bad poetry of the nation he studies if he is to attain any sense of proportion. All modern French poets from Gautier. Gautier is intent on being "hard"; is intent on conveying a certain verity of feeling & he ends by being truly poetic. Heredia wants to be

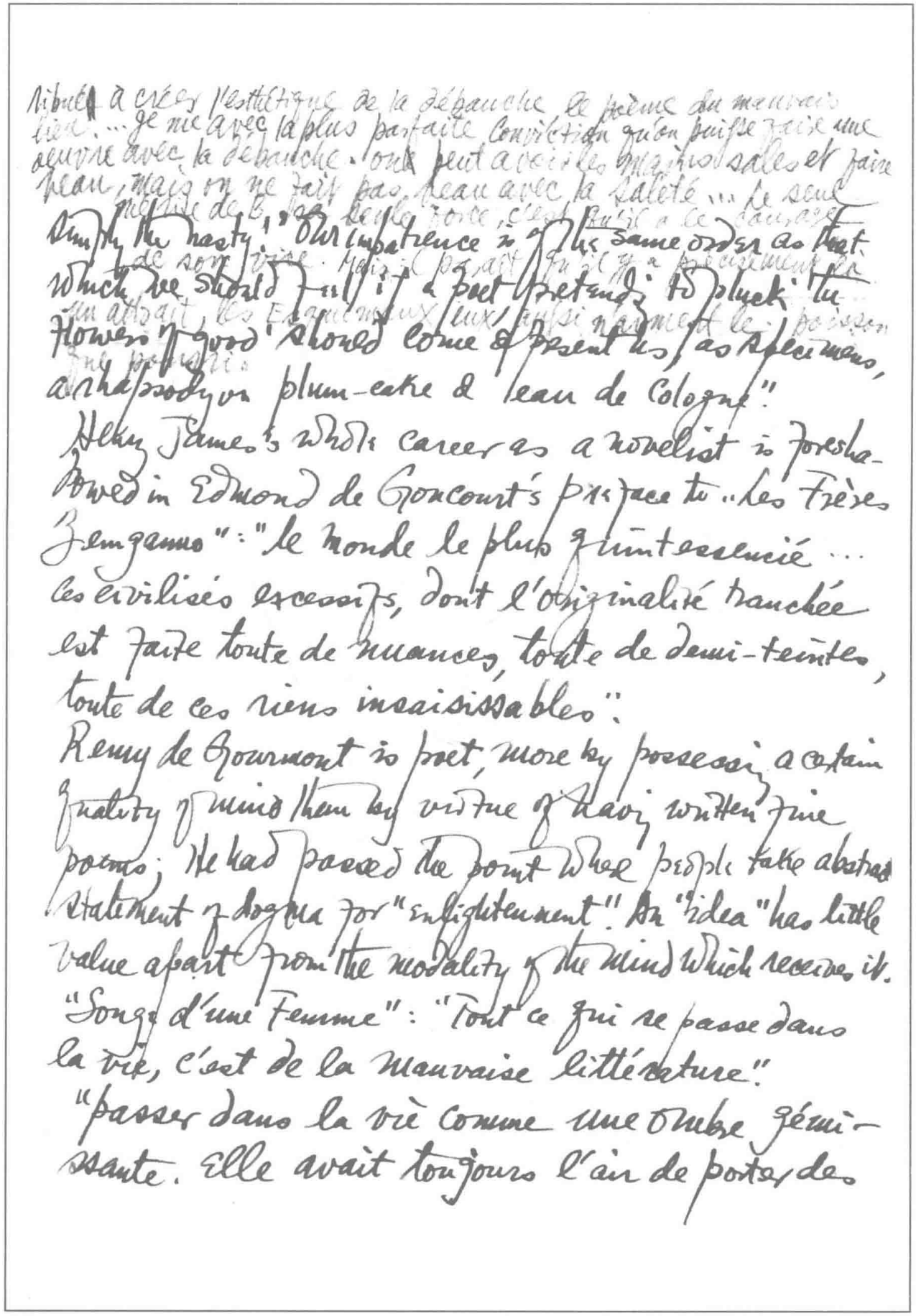
The Mountain vs the Multitude
上册 下册

poetic & hard; the hardness appears to him as a virtue in the poetic. "Suggest" not "present", an impressive indirectness. Gourmont: "Nuptaries des la Rose"

Maeterlinck's poetic machinery consists in so great part of pretending to know less than he do.

Henry James's most egregious slip is in the essay on Baudelaire, the sentence quoted by Huesser: "For a poet to be realist is of course nonsense!" "He was in his treatment of evil, exactly what Hawthorne was not — Hawthorne, who felt the thing at its source, deep in the human consciousness. ... It is the absence of this metaphysical quality .... that exposes B. to that class of accusations of which M. Edmond Scherer's accusation of ferdi upon vomiture is an example. ... We encounter an inextricable confusion of sad emotions & vile things & we are at a loss to know whether the subject pretends to appeal to our conscience or to our olfactories. 'Le Mal?' we exclaim, 'you do yourself too much honor. This is not Evil; it is not the wrong; it is

* "Baudelaire et le Baudelairisme" (Études sur la litt. Cont. VIII): Il est grotesque d'impuissance. Son titre unique, c'est d'avoir fait



Dimly the nasty. Our impatience is of the same order as that which we should have if a poet pretends to pluck the flowers of good shows come & present us, as specimens, archaeodyon plum-cake & Eau de Cologne".

Helen James's whole career as a novelist is foreshadowed in Edmond de Goncourt's preface to "les Frères Zemganno": "le monde le plus quintessencié ... des civilisés excessifs, dont l'originalité tranchée est faite toute de nuances, toute de demi-teintes, toute de ces riens insaisissables".

Remy de Gourmont is poet, more by possession a certain quality of mind than by virtue of having written fine poems. He had passed the point where people take abstract statement of dogma for "enlightenment". An "idea" has little value apart from the modality of the mind which receives it.

"Songe d'une Femme": "Tout ce qui se passe dans la vie, c'est de la mauvaise littérature".

"passer dans la vie comme une ombre gémissante. Elle avait toujours l'air de porter des

of Tom Bennett's parody: "What troubled Poe's raven": "48 ~~years~~ long years I've pondered, 48 long yrs I've wondered, / How a poet ever blundered into a mistake so sore. / How could lamp-light from your table ever in the world be able, / From below to th'row my sable shadow "streaming on the floor," / When I perched up here on Pallas, high above your chamber-door? / Tell me that — if not 'more!'" / ... And in tearful tones helpless he would groan "There's no denying, / Either I was blindly lying, or the world was upside down —" Albert H. Tolman: The Views about Hamlet & Other

Fleurs sur une tombe abandonée.

Apprendre pour apprendre est peut-être aussi grossier que manger pour manger. ... L'art doit être à la mode ou créer la mode. — Des Pas sur le Sable.

Essays (1904): "Was Poe Accurate" (P. 399-403): 毕竟 Good-bug 为证!

La propriété est nécessaire, mais il ne l'est pas qu'elle reste toujours dans les mêmes mains. — ditto.

Rien ne pousse à la conception comme l'abondance des idées.

Bullying, bluffing, polyglottish, jargon of scientific terms (worse than that pointed out by Brudin).

The Opalescent Parrot, by Alfred Vosges.

Longfellow: "While the eternal ages watch and wait".

Whom he recognised as an intellectual by all familiar stigmata — the eye-slant, the nose-twitch.

"la phosphorescence de la pourriture". Gautier, in a rapturous tribute to Poe's tales declared that they caused "une sensation de terreur égale aux

"The Fall of The House of Usher" 中二人眼睛下 vault 的一盏手中的 torches 与何郡 "Raven" 中那支在 [illegible] 鸟上多在门何以里形成的

plus morbides inventions d'Anne Radcliffe, de Lewis, et du révérend père Maturin"; & the context makes it clear that he is unaware of the 10th-rate implications of the comparison. Baudelaire — blissfully unconscious of the meretriciousness of the style in the original — transmutes it into the language of a decadent, but technically impeccable precocity. "The Gold-Bug", for instance into "Le Scarabée d'Or." Much as a Strauss (cf. Léon Bloy: Mon Godme 195; (1894, about 8): Fête dimanche, sainte Zora) swells in words like Sauter, he an entirely ("imbecile christian [this] Denmarck, la tête B. hongrait refuge], le vieux loi different quality. No spiritual depth. reproducteur... Pour échapper à ce vaucan, le scarabée d'or de Poë et de Baudelaire, avec Nor Bridges suggests that it would be trivial to suppose un indicible volupté." A.C. Benson: Poe: that Milton usually varied the stresses of his line for "I cannot read Poe in the original. He is so rough; I read him any other purpose than the surely more trivial one of in B.'s translation" avoiding superficial monotony. This is entirely to misunderstand the methods of the highest poetry — in which the lesser end is implied naturally in the greater. There is not one of the slighted stresses that does not convey a meaning as such as the touch of a musician upon the strings of a violin. It enables one to understand

how the ear of Mr B. allowed to misguide Keats' line:
"O latest-born & loveliest vision far" as
O, latest-born, O etc." Keats was devoted his
ecstacy to the lateness of the birth, but to its
loveliness, ergo, the first phrase is not entitled
to a separate "O."
Prof Saurat proves that Milton's blindness was
the result of syphilis. He asks the opinion of a modern
oculist on a man who has been dead for centuries.
He goes on naively to say that M's daughters could
not have died of tuberculosis, because this would
not simultaneously explain M's blindness. The
reason is that of a lunatic asylum.
Trompological Peripatetics — on philosopher's jargon
from Laird digat Richards.

* Recently this has been gathered on Russell in a BBC talk. Imitations like: "I'm beautiful; you've quite good features; she isn't bad-looking if you like that type". "I have reconsidered it; you've changed your mind; he has gone back on his word".

Straight & Crooked Thinking by R. H. Thouless

There is a well-known saying that the word "time can be sometimes of the haunting eloquence of the Orient; you rather ... it declined as follows: "I am firm, you are obstinate, he is pig-headed". The 3 words have the same objective meaning but the ... emotional meaning ... "I am an epicure, you are a gourmet, he has a good feet in the trough". "I am sumptuous; you are gallous; she must have a touch of the tar-brush." "I am an artist, you are ... he is artsy." "I travel, you tour, he trips" "I am ... you are Cambridge, he is London School of Economics" "I am frank, you are blatant, he is a Buchmanite" "I know what I like, you have no taste, he is a Philistine" "I am unfortunate, you are careless, he is asking for it." "I love her, you become fond of her, he is lead her astray"

A Common Pack

"I have a few ... You are a gold-mine for dealers, he fills his house with junk". (All from the New Statesman & Nation, June 5, 1948).

accepted as the mean between 2 extremes. Liberal ... between the extreme Conservative & the extreme Socialist. But Conservatism between Capitalism & Revolutionary Communism. But Communism between capitalism & anarchism. Every virtue can be represented as the mean between 2 extremes. And the truth is just as likely to lie on one extreme as in the middle position. 2+2=5 which is the mean between 4 & 6.

Tabloid thinking: they feel that they have mastered the matter when they can reduce such a complicated body of knowledge to a simple formula with all the qualifications, distinctions & uncertainties left out. e.g. Psycho-analysis as "Everything is sex", Darwinism: "Men are descended from monkeys".

When we use a concrete illustration in order to deduce new conclusions, it is no longer a mere illustration, it is an argument "by analogy". Analogies are a valuable guide as to the direction in which to look for truth, but are never final evidence as to what we shall discover.

All over human life we find properties which show "Continuous variation", & we think this property obscured by the use of words implying sharp distinctions "good & bad", "intelligent" & "unintelligent"! One may throw doubt on the reality of a beard by asking whether a man with one hair, two hairs, etc. on his chin has a beard.

He backs me up — or rather, goes one better.
reserves her choicest
scorn for him.

The worst danger of all in too great reliance on definitions is that one may be creating conceptions by definitions which correspond to nothing whatever in fact.

More Prejudice, by A. B. Walkley.

Every woman writer keeps one eye on her paper & the other on some man — for choice, the handsomest lusty strapping one in sight. What happens, I inquired, if she have only one eye.

To reopen the subject seems like "Sermons & Soda-Water the day after".

Jane Austen has a prejudice against rank, impatience with the social hierarchy of her day. What a contrast is all this to Balzac's worship of "the Faubourg" & his eternal duchesses! Give any one a handle or title & his name & he goes at once into Miss Austen's black books.

To be thus admired by him strikes me as the finest feather in the hero's cap.

One might perhaps quote Alceste's reply to Oronte who

The freedom of décolletage.

had written a sonnet in a quarter of an hour:

"Voyons, Monsieur; le temps ne fait rien à l'affaire.

For, as business is of the people's money, so criticism seems in popular usage, to be of other people's opinions.

hanging is too good for him.

His pictures are not expressions, but expletives.

Triple Fugue, by Osbert Sitwell.

For as when painters form a matchless face,
They from each fair one catch some different grace;
And shining features in one portrait blend,
To which no single beauty must pretend:
So poets of, do in one piece expose

Which "belles assemblées" of "Coquets" & "beaux" — Congreve

Think out wards unconnected, the design had in it a strange rhythm & logic of its own.

the cheeks of the 2 sisters, both of whom had surely been so shimmers, were a blaze of Babylonish color, succulent scarlet insistent on youth after it has passed

She sent up a shrill spiral of hard laughter into the blue air. Running up hills
She would inaugurate the winter with a cold in her head.
The sound was so cold, it was like touching iron rails in a frost. It almost froze the ears.
The small bunch of faded violets was, in truth, the freshest thing about him.
"Banging of the tins" — trees tinny breeze, etc.
Mr Middleton Moral (Murry), Jack Daw (Squire).
"Posterity Letters" (Z's 书信, 生前 身后).
What very appealing combination — a hero in public, a martyr in private life.
An almost patent leather finish.
a temper infinite & terrible in its variety.
just manages to impress his readers with what he leaves unsaid. / very much in the round.
Matthew Dean (Ed. Marsh) James Crisscross (Gosse)
All 3 have the literary catchwords of the moment — what they are the first to jeer at when uncertain of their success.

no day without [reading] a line.
Nulla dies sine lineâ

the 1st to grasp when successful, the 1st to discard when worn out — perpetually blowing off their tongues, lightly as bubbles. consciously inspired
strawberry-&-cream complexion.
A very old dog Prof. Crisscross seemed with a cat's soul, & a cat's stealthy gait & claws. Smile of exquisite malevolence. a verbal jiu-jitsu.
grope an almost too realistic jump. the sublimation of smiling felinity — the Cheshire Cat in his tree.
a literary clearing of the throat.

Théophile Gautier, par Maxime du Camp.
Il a été le type de ce que les rédacteurs en catalogues de librairie nomment: un polygraphe.
De cette voix blanche, sans inflexion:
Hernani dit à Ruy Gomez: "Vieillard stupide! il l'aime." Une partie des spectateurs, au lieu de "vieillard stupide!" entendit: "Vieil as de pique!"
St. Clément d'Alexandrie: "L'habitude de la

Chasteté endurcit le Cœur"
« Le livre seul a de l'importance et de la durée; le journal disparaît et s'oublie .... Le feuilleton est un arbuste qui perd ses feuilles tous les soirs et qui ne porte jamais de fruits."
"Celui qui n'a pas été disciple ne sera jamais maître et.. la poésie est un art qui s'apprend." Original,
"Quiconque n'a pas commencé par imiter ne sera jamais a le loisir, cette dixième Muse et la plus inspiratrice"
Joubert à M. Molé: "Songez à écrire toujours de sorte qu'un enfant spirituel pût à peu près vous comprendre et qu'un esprit profond trouvât chez vous à méditer."

A Study of Swinburne, by T. Earle Welby

He has been regarded as an intoxicant for adolescence, rapidly outgrown. I take leave to doubt whether any great poet can be made to yield up all his secrets by the use of a ready made key.

The poetry of liberty: It has been thought strange that one so very lavish with imagery should have drawn it from so few sources, Winds & Waves, fire & light & little else. but inevitably he relied on images of the life of liberty. prostrated himself for the sheer luxury of collapse.

Except for the Post Office, he was living mostly at Putney During those last 30 yrs he lived less in Putney than in Athens, in Elizabethan London etc. Even before 1879 he had become somewhat unhospitable to new ideas & experiences; and after that date, he remained highly responsive to all the old stimulations.

John Morley's anonymous review of "Poems & Ballads" in the "Saturday Review" which appeared before copies of the book were readily obtainable, at once fixed the

impressionable, even Chameleonic.

General attitude towards S. It was the more damaging because here & there it showed willingness to leave the artist a reasonable liberty in choice of subject & method.

Also a reversionary — adherence to Greeks & Elizabethans. It was one of the distinctions of Rossetti Morris & Swinburne that they imported so many exotics into English poetry. Of the 3, S. ranged both most widely & farthest back.

"Were my lash stung, a little life shall throb".
"had soul enough to damn".

S. for all his aloofness had in him, hidden away for the most part as Shelley had not, some of the qualities which make the man of the world.

The lyric instinct must have been immensely urgent in him, but with an astonishing self-discipline, almost incredible when the exuberance of his temperament is considered, he was holding it in check. He started out: mimetic dramas modeled on Marlowe & Webster, border ballads, & romantic tales after Boccaccio.

Antinomian aristocrat, not republican. sur."

« Toujours ce Compagnon dont le Coeur n'est pas

The Victorians had agreed to believe, while their pens were in their hands, that the way a man with a maid either left her a maid or converted her into the angel in the house.

Watts restored him to health, to dignity, to as much peace of mind as was possible for such a nature. If there was among S's friends another man capable of doing as much, that potential redeemer never revealed the slightest inclination to undertake the work of rescue. He enabled S. to complete the trilogy on Mary Queen of Scots, to produce a score of lyrics, to round off his criticisms of the Elizabethan drama. Watts of course benefited substantially in the long run by his guardianship of S. & even developed an unbecoming zeal to extract advantage in prestige, & after S's death, in cash from the relationship. More serious was his development

S to Symons on the most indecent line in the whole of Eng. Drama: "Oh this soft anvil all the world was made" a peculiar fatality S so past. He did not relish the idea S. as an aristocrat, a Northumbrian, an Etonian etc.

on the Venus of the Horselberg as "grown diabolic in ages that would not accept her as divine"

"the detestable as well as debatable (and of pseudo-poetic rhapsody in hermaphroditic prose."

the terse & telling phrase that the concisest & most single-purposed writer might envy, in the immense waste of alliterative, antithetical long-winded, elaborate prose Chivalry which takes no heed of propriety, telling us little more than to him Rochester such a bk. seemed above praise or beneath contempt. 1st to insist on the importance of Blake's prophetic books. The sweep of his mind over literature makes most other poets seem dwellers in an intellectual parish. first criticism in "Wm. Blake"*

S. approached almost all his subjects from without & it has been stupidly assumed that therefore his

*cf. Eliot on S's criticism in "Sacred Wood" & Thurston Cole's on S's Critical prose in "Essays & Studies" in "Predecessors of Swinburne"

Experience wore out hand. It does not take into account the distinguishing peculiarity of S's mind, the singularity of his response to life & literature. It is true that when he looked, he looked on a hint from another; but it was from his own eyes. Even when he seems to be writing under dictation from Hugo, he is entirely himself. He needed, & constantly accepted, introduction; he did not need guidance!

It is impossible for anyone to remain in the same frame of mind about Whitman for a lifetime, & not easy to do so for a week. So with the weakening of admiration for Baudelaire. We needn't drag in Watts's influence for explanation. W. certainly discouraged S's interest in the macabre. But S. announced the discovery that he had very little in common with B. The rebelliousness, the brittle & restlessness of S. are indeed far removed from the compression, economy & immovability of B. When Hugo sent B. a 20 fr. with the inscription "Jungam eo

* cf Ernest Boyd: Appreciations & Depreciations for an appreciation of J. E.

dextras., he wrote to Mme Paul Meurice: "Je connais les dessous du Latin de V. H. Cela veut dire: unissons nos mains, pour sauver le genre humain. Mais je me fiche du genre humain." The humanitarian causes which meant so much to Hugo & S. Caused B. to curse his lip

Irish Literary Portraits, by John Eglinton*

Introduction: All the great literatures have seemed in retrospect to have risen like emanations from the life of a whole people, which has shared in a general exaltation: & this was not the case with Ireland. In 1916 it was suddenly demonstrated that the Irish people did not wish to have its name associated with the so-called Irish literary Renaissance.

Lady Gregory in explaining why she had sent her son to Oxford: "Oxford, you know, is much nearer Ireland than Trinity College".

Yeats's defect as a leader became evident. He lived

Yeats 对萧伯纳, 总之也总是 preserve an antagonistic
unsympathetic attitude towards the Sinn Fein mind
* of Ernest Boyd: Appreciations & Depreciations for a sorrowful
Completely in an Ireland of his own imagination, & without
the least perception of the real trend of events....
Speaks generally, it is the man with more interest in
his own Mind Whom is constantly prompted to
action.

Yeats like Shaw shows a dislike of England com-
bined with a preference for the society of the English
people.

Yeats: "Dowden is a man born into the world to
write a life of Southey." Instead of becoming a "father-
figure" in Irish literature, instead of saying a word
for "us", he chose to write about 2nd-rate English
& foreign authors, about Anything in fact rather than
the subject at his doors & by his name Which *
Carried the repute of Trinity College about the world.
此一般基督徒的态度, 时代已经不同, 就, 要比较.

George Moore said that he had always a fear of
being disliked by people & that it was a pleasant
surprise to him to find that he had been mistaken

account of "the lonely Irishman":

Joyce pleased him by saying that to use cliché with distinction is the mark of a good style. An austere lover, no love affairs. At the time of the alleged affair with a lady from Texas, M. was living with me. He avowed to Zola that he returned from Paris to England for women. "Freedom" for English fiction. Ask me to be his biographer: "You could not have a better subject". His favorite principles: (1) There is no moral law. (2) Lit. is entirely without influence on Conduct (3) All education is harmful. (4) No Catholic can produce lit. (4) There was no vulgarity in the world before the 19th Cent. (5) There is no English Novel. (6) The 3rd greatest English man of letters is Landor (7) No actor can be a Dramatist ergo Shakespeare could not have written the plays.

Joyce: "Ireland was of importance because it belonged to him". Yeats on J. "Never have I encountered so much pretension with so little to show for it". / excellent tenor. always

called English in the hollows of Yorkshire.

Conjuring up the grandiose image of his exile by his countrymen. illusion that he is a poet though dismissed by A.E. as ordinary "young verse-writing sentimentalist". I know many modern language not books, but shop talk & slang. In "Ulysses" the interview with the officials of the National Library in John Eglinton dislikes.

Seen in Passing, by Francis Gribble.

In the library I had an uncensored view
The joys which rewarded the pilgrims when they reached
the Celestial City were described by Bunyan as
practically identical with the pleasures which they had
been enjoined to avoid as sinful when they were
passing thru Vanity Fair.

on Exeter emerging from a period of exceptional raggery & rowdiness in 1890. instigated

on students who later become clergymen, proposing the health of the Virgin Mary at a wine-party.

paternal or avuncular.
pince-sans-rire.

Single lines in Newdigate poems: "[takes upon him] the Great World's griefs, & make them all his own" (Canon Alexander: "The Buddha") "the monotone of everlastingness" (MacCall: "Carthage").

Union rejecting Wilde's poems & subscribing to the Sporting paper "The Pink 'Un" as a Counter-blast. Wilde narrowly escaped from being tagged in the Eights. Retrieved old ground.

The lady journalists' common manœuvre to Consolidate their positions on the papers by kissing the editors in their own offices — the locus classicus in W. L. Courtney's memoirs.

"A Hammer's Wife", P. 107

Augustus Moore [G. M.'s brother] and G. M.'s low expression of opinion that she is cheats to be met by the French lady's famous question: "Comment faites-vous pour être si sûr de ces choses-là?"

it does never occur to him to become a paying proposition.

Mass production of sloppy articles technically adequate by hands every man a bag of tricks:

Lord Morley's powers when starting as a journalist
& Parson's Pleasure P 123

She's virgo intacta

The horn of plenty dashed from his lips.
looking as if he had always liked to eat instead
of eating to live.
Moore said he was "the youngest of the old & the
oldest of the young".

Once aboard the lugger, by A.S.M. Hutchinson
We have the acquaintance of none other than Commonplace
persons because none other than Commonplace persons
will have acquaintance with us.
Swallowed his wrath.
No such a surge — welling, Crestless a Clammy enthusiasm
She had no battledore light enough to return an airy
shuttlecock.
Thus pure ennui the Examiners will pass me.
intercede for him.
The skilled detective will see a needle where the amateur
can not discern a haystack.

the slightest willowish character bent down by the slightest impact of accident a blown about

A History of the French Novel, by G. Saintsbury

I might almost say that it is the history of that pleasure sickness as much as the history of the mind itself, that I wish to trace.

The accession of interest in "La Demoiselle Cavaliere" which comes from the naming of the personages. In the earlier fabliaux and nouvelles, by far the larger no. of the actors are simply called by class-names—a "knight" a "priest" etc.

Marianne (in Marivaux) on that peculiar placid plumpness of devout persons (a Prioress's embonpoint) a piquant minx

The Crébillon novel is the handbook, with illustrative examples, of the business, employment, or vocation of Hitting: l'prendre, avoir, goutter.

"Paul et Virginie" the death of Virginie is very nasty... She (like the lady in the coach, at an early part of "Joseph Andrews") won't so much as look at a naked man, clasps her arms round her own garments, & is very deservedly drowned. The sailor to one's great relief, is not.

by the weakest wind of Circumstance Vol II. P. 12

a Pommelette

Chateaubriand seems to be obsessed by the idea of incestuous love — speaks constantly of René as le frère d'Amélie, & the good father in "Atala" envies to the happiness of the more immediate descendants of Adam who were compelled to marry their sisters. The influence on Byron & Mrs Leigh.

When Paul de Kock published "le Cocu", it was set about that a prudbund lady had asked her bookseller for "le dernier de M. Paul de Kock". And this circumlocution became for a time popular, as a new name for the poor creature on the ornaments of whose head our Elizabethans joked so unfeelingly.

The present editor has an unabashed fondness for love-stories.

Hugo's anachronism in « les Travailleurs de la Mer" "Bug-Pipe", "Première de la Quatrième" (First Fourth)

The dryness not of wine but of ashes in Stendhal I should very much very much like to hat shot Julien

* A typical sentence in this history.

Sorel (in proper duel of course; not as he shot his mistress) And I should very much like to have made Mathilde fall in love with me.*

The endless change of the eternal substance make the law, the curse & the blessing of life.

George Sand's method as "holding them the bk. locked the Embraces of her subject".

In Celle-ci et Celle-là" (Gautier) the famous "return of chaos" revu, corrigé et Considerablement augmenté" is recorded. Barbey d'Aurevilly describes two lovers embracing so long that they "must have drunk a whole bottle of Kisses".

Rose-pink & sky-blue

The most ready, garrulous, perfervid, divagatory of all S's bks except "Scraps books". The fact that he wrote this after his retirement from the Edinburgh Chair may have something to do with it — he need no longer be so Sober and Workmanlike. An old roué's fine interest in Kisses etc. Wine of course is there. I have read all S's books — inclusive of posthumous "Essays & Prefaces" ed. by Oliver Elton with a good essay on Dowe.

Gods of Modern Grub Street, by A. St. John Adcock
They went a flight beyond any that had gone before them.
the helpless sport of circumstance, playing out little
Comedies or stumbling into tragedies.
a sort of literary Siamese twins like Beaumont
& Fletcher ran a dazzling career at Oxford
Buchan: "the average Scot is incorrigibly senti-
mental; at least he would rather be unmanly than
"Canny", & his admiration is rather for Burns
who had none of the reputed national characteris
-tics, than for Adam Smith who had them all."
all for dry light, "a hard, gem-like flame."
The adroitest of flirts.
in lusty infancy / roaring success
His spirit puts on flesh
a noble inability
Wilkie Collins: "make him laugh; make him weep;
or make him wait!"
The Prisoner in the Opal, by A. E. W. Mason
Intercept the smile which is meant for you.

The love-letters are like burning charcoal.
So hot. A modest detestably false
Her name stank like an Onion
There would be money to burn.

cf Goethe: Wie einer ist, so ist sein Gott Nature's gentleman & Nature's Cad

Do What You Will, by Aldous Huxley

There are many kinds of Gods. Therefore there are many kinds of men. For men make Gods in their own likeness. Hecaba to Helen in Euripides's "Trojan Women": "When you saw him [Aphrodite] it was your own thought that became Aphrodite. Aphrodite is the name for every human folly." And similarly Jehovah, Allah, Jesus are names for a great variety of human virtues, human compensatory fancies, human terrors etc. Quot homines, tot dei. Even the same man is not consistently the worshipper of one God. Officially an agnostic I feel the presence of devils in a tropical forest. When the weather is fine & I am in propitious emotional circumstances, I know, for the time being, that God's in his heaven and all's right with the world. "I believe in one God." But why not in 64 gods or 217 gods? The human mind is both diverse and simple, simultaneously many & one.

Monotheism, as we know it in the West was invented by the Jews. These unfortunate inhabitants of the desert island found nothing in the surrounding wilderness to make them

Suppose that the world was richly diverse. Renan: "L'extrême simplicité de l'esprit sémitique, sans étendue, sans diversité, sans arts plastiques, sans philosophie, sans mythologie, sans vie politique, sans progrès, n'a pas d'autre cause: il n'y a pas de variété dans le monde théorique." Except for a little lit. the Jews & Arabs produced nothing valuable until they left the deserts, came into contact with the polytheistic races and absorbed their culture. The modern world is still suffering from the native incapacity of the Jews to be political. The art of making and preserving a city which we call by the Greek name "politics" was never an indigenous growth among the Hebrews. Some like Amos, hated it just because it was civilisation & not nomadic barbarism — Back to the Desert! Gandhi & Tolstoy was their war-cry. Others, the Zionites, communists, Marx. clung to civilisation because it was hierarchical, because it made for social inequality. The Jews were also responsible for the doctrine of the all-importance in human life of economic success. Material prosperity was, or ought to be, the reward of virtue was a

Money-grubber.
Grundyism & Podsnappery

a fundamental article of the Jewish creed. Why are the Bad sometimes Rich? That, for the Jews, was the principal Riddle of the Universe. The Bible-reading Protestants, especially Calvin, introduced this idea into Europe. The absolute alienness which no amount of Esperanto & international government will ever completely abolish.

The professional Don Juan destroys his spirit as totally as does the professional ascetic whose looking-glass image he is. Dead souls, like dead bodies, either shrivel up into dry & dusty mummies or else decay & stink. What an unbearable stench arises for example, from the Thebaid. One must hold one's nose when one reads Palladius's history. Calvin's Geneva is another open sewer. The odour of Marie Alacoque's sanctity sanctity is enough to put one to shame. Even in Pascal's neighbourhood there is a bit of a smell. Other dead souls do not damply rot but wither almost aromatically into dessication. About many scholars, e.g. there hangs no worse an odour

than that of dust and old bindings. unveiled portions of babes.
smiles its six-foot smiles, pallid moonrise of the
sea-sickishly undulating melodies, the most nauseating
luscious the most penetrating & vulgar mammy-Rock
that it has ever been my lot to hear.
All Mr Shaw's writing is dry & chilly lifeless for all
its appearance of twitching liveliness.
"The Queen," wrote Swift in one of his letters to Stella,
"has sometimes the gout in her bowels (I hate the word
bowels)." Yes, how he hated it! And not the word only
—the things too, the harmless necessary things. That human
beings should have to get rid of the waste products of meta-
bolism & digestion was for Swift a source of excruciating
suffering. And if the Yahoos were all his personal enemies
that was chiefly because they smelt of sweat & excrement
because they had genital organs and bugs, groins &
hairy armpits; their moral shortcomings were of 2nd-ary
importance. Read "The Lady's Dressing Room," "Cassinus
and Peter," "A Beautiful young Nymph going to Bed."

I cannot refrain from mentioning that time which Swift made the Culmination of two scatological poems: "O, Celia, Celia, Celia shits!" Both Rabelais & Swift use scatological matters. Mass for mass, there is probably more dung & foul piled up in Rabelais' work than in Swift's. But in R. the muck is transfigured by love; for R. loved the bowels which S. so malignantly hated. In public a ferocious Puritanical hater, in private the other side of the medal, a sentimentalist who wrote baby-language to Stella and mimics the attitudes of childhood — Both point to the fact that some physical or psychological impediment debarred him from making love in the ordinary, the all too human manner.

Wordsworth in the Tropics: For good Wordsworthians a walk in the country is the equivalent of going to Church. The Wordsworthian who exports this pantheistic worship of Nature to the tropics is liable to have his religious convictions somewhat rudely disturbed. Nature, under a vertical sun, & nourished by the

equatorial rains, is not at all like that chaste, mild deity who presides over the Gemütlichkeit, the prettiness, the cosy respectabilities of the dark District. The jungle is marvellous but also sinister.

Grand Passion was produced by the restraints that opposed themselves to the sexual impulse.

Baudelaire was a Christian inside out, the photographic image in negative of a Father of the Church! an austere, self-denying mystic, satanist. His path is not strewn with seduced girls, adulterous wives. Torture to him is essential in passion. Between mind & body he had fixed an impassable gulf. Body was wholly bad. Therefore, according to the logic of Satanism, it had to be indulged as much & as sordidly as possible. A bored satanist — hence the poet of ennui!

Time & Western Man, by Wyndham Lewis.

An eternal mongrel itch to mix, in undirected concupiscence with Space that walks or crawls.

Spengler in "Decline of the West", on homology principle: "I designate as contemporary two historical facts that occur in exactly the same – relative – position in their respective Cultures .... We might describe Pythagoras as the contemporary of Descartes etc"!

Bergsonian durée, or physiological time, is essentially the "time" of the romantic, the traditional enemy of the present.

Adventure (in a grotesque & inflated form) is a pure expression of the romantic mind – the apotheosis of the Marvellous & the unusual; likewise of the scientifically untrue – hyperbole & hyperbrism.. Time-for-Time's-sake. the glorification of the life-of-the-moment, with no reference beyond itself – an infinitely fluid time. The world of Superlative is a monotonous horizontal drumming on the top-note from which an insistent, intoxicating time can be extracted, but nothing else.

the Godsely action is a form of that Time-for-Time's sake
Philosophy — pure action must leave a man virtually a
child, plunged from one discontinuous, self-sufficing unit
experience to another; always living in the moment, in mood
undaunted Sensationalism; the ideal slave & instrument
of any clever & far-seeing person — who, of course, is the real
Man-of-action.

Art Movements & the Race Idea: the effect of that form
of organisation is inevitably to advertise the inferior
artist at the expense of the better.

The Revolutionary Simpleton: He opens all doors, as it were
— whether there is anything inside or not & romantic stock for
things he has never experienced, or which he is incapable of
experiencing. The portentous vociferous flunkey of any small
crowd whatever, the richer the more afraid he is of them.
believes endlessly in any "Minority" however large &
flabby, provided it can satisfy him it is not a "majority"
& who is always with the majority without being aware of
it. Very truculent but very sweet & obedient in fact.

+ the third chapter a subtle diagnosis of what is now the Bloomsbury circle, but when it is written, is dipicted by Ezra Pound & co.

+ ideal fool

High Bohemia or "rebel" riches.

However "revolutions" or "futurisms" may begin, they always end in what Marinetti named "passéisms". There is nothing so "new" & so startling as the past for most people.

Pound's pre-early propagandist utterance were not accompanied by any very experimental efforts in his particular medium. His poetry was a series of pastiches. Its novelty consisted largely in the distance it went back, not forward. He so terribly dependent upon people & atmosphere, never happy if he is not sniffing the dust & glitter of action kicked up by other men. A public he despises, is a paid for, & serves. profuse & meaningless word-bath

Miss Stein is not simple at all, although she writes so like a stammering child. The cult of the Child is connected with the cult of the primitive. Only the Heaven of Childhood is inside Oneself (a time-paradise); whereas Gauguin had to go a long way to reach Samoa

Next is the advantage that time-travel has over space-travel. Compare Miss Stein with Miss Anita Loos in "Gentlemen prefer Blondes." The tricks are the same: (1) the person who is supposed to be writing is illiterate & (2) she or he is engagingly naïf & childish — the breathless babbler, the wide-eyed child telling Mummie all about what has happened to her. Miss Stein's heavy, clumsy temperament. Loos a small mercenary practitioner of the School of Stein.

Gertrude Stein's prose is a cold suet-colored fabulous reptilian length. Cut it at any point, it is the same thing: the same heavy, sticky, opaque mass all thru & all along, all fat, without nerve. The child with her is always overshadowed by the imbecile, as unreal as and personal as the chocolate-cream richness of Conrad.

Pound batters upon creation, but the most gentlemanly and discriminating parasite. He sees people & things as other people would see them; there is no direct

contact between Ezra & an individual personality. A great time-trotter. a kind of mock-bitter, self-centred loseness characterises most of P's semi-original verse. e.g. such violent expressions as "blunk, junk sprog, muck, slush, bosh, tosh" are favourite with him; & he remains convinced that such over-specific manly epithets are universally effective. the becoming of strong silent man. a real child obscured by affectations, puffin look terribly known.

In "Ulysses", if you strip away the technical complexities that envelop it, the figures underneath are of the most orthodoxly comic and fine — walking clichés a stage Jew (Bloom), a stage Irishman (Mulligan) or a stage Anglo-Saxon (Haines). Stephen Dedalus is even a more wooden figure. He is "the poet" to an uncomfortable, a ridiculous degree. He does almost everything "wearily", "quietly" etc. Nash + Rabelais + Stein = Joyce.

What Schopenhauer said of Goethe's jingo, that "if a man

is proud of being a 'German' a 'Frenchman' or a 'Jew', he must have very little else to be proud of" can equally will be applied to class.

Pattern, with its temporal multiplicity & its chronologic depth, is to be substituted for the thing with its one time, & its spatial depth. In place of a "form", you have a "formation". The snobbery of scale, e.g. "All recorded human history is merely a ripple on the immense ocean of being etc.

Prof. Alexander goes to the sculpture of Rodin for support & illustration of his realist philosophy & Prof. Whitehead makes his way to the Romantic reaction. Bergson's war upon clear ideas is a result of Bergson's anti-intellectualist analysis... Poetry is for M. Bremond "this confused, massive experience inaccessible to distinct consciousness". For all that is distinct or clear, he has the same implacable aversion as has Prof. Whitehead. M. Bremond says that M. Tancrède de Visan "has shown us to what an extent the philosophy of Bergson helps us to

Spengler: "In the Indian Culture we have the perfectly ahistoric soul. Its decisive expression is the Brahman Nirvana: identity, pure poetry." e.g. "The Object of art is to send to sleep the active or rather the recalcitrant forces of our personality" etc in "Essai sur les données immédiates de la Conscience".

Spengler's fatalism is the most marked thing about him, next to his Congenital Stupidity: because things are so & not otherwise, they must, without Criticism or Mitigation, remain as they are until the Change of their own accord. The historical Mind is passive. What a paradoxical result from the theory of "Creative Evolution"!

Maritain seems to be saturated with the lyrical & shoddy impulses of his master Bergson, some of his tracts are so effusive that it is impossible to read them without feeling sea-sick.

"Dithyrambic Spectator" — Lepois's phrase — sinking into the picture emotional, musical, intellectual, Plastic. — What Spengler approves as the "Faustian" in Contradistinction to the "classical" attitude.

Croce's History (the present reality) = Bergson's "durée" of Carr: "Time & History".

Anton Chekov, by Wm. Gerhardi.

I am indebted to Mr J. M. Murry for permission to use his method of construction as outlined in "Countries of Mind".

You become aware of the diversity of life & of your hopeless handicap in keeping pace with it.

It is impossible to credit that the inner, private life your ancestors was quite as smooth & simple & direct as it was handed down to us in the fiction of their day, with its somewhat formal, as if "dressed up" emotion.

"'Why are thy songs so short?' a bird was once asked. 'Is it because thou art short of breath?' 'I have so many songs, & I should like to sing them all'".

This fragment from Daudet is jotted down in one of Chekov's note-books.

When they die, they may congratulate themselves on having lived a hundred lives — but paid for one.

It is better to dream of a paradise than to go there. Happiness is when we feel we have a heaven in reserve.

"It is essential in this world to be indifferent. Only those who are indifferent are able to see things clearly, to

be just, & to work". But such "indifference" exacts proportionately heavy dues in return for its seeming aloofness. "Of course, I am only speaking of intelligent people of fine natures; the empty & selfish are indifferent any way." Well may Suvorin write to complain that C's work lacked "alcohol," was, indeed, "lemonade."

[Compare Chekov to Wells for their common belief in the "Spirit of God in Man"!]

Truth made Tolstoy see the lie in everything: Chekov saw the truth behind the lie.

Singularly lacking in what people call the artistic temperament — wit nevertheless. his letter to his brother written at 26 on the 7 qualifications of cultured people the 3rd of which is "they respect the property of others & therefore pay their debts."

The realist is he who has succeeded in presenting within the orbit of artistic form that which eludes form, is formless, in capturing that wild beast of the jungle-

reality – & presents him to us, not caged up in a zoo, but at large in his native wilds. Real life has plots innumerable; but they are subtle – never so crude-cut as the rounded-off symmetrical plots of Henry James. Chekov, pursuing the realism of Tolstoy to its logical conclusion, raised his plots to the standard of his context: blended them into one subtle whole. While the old realists were making the details of their stories characteristic of real life, they forgot to make the plot characteristic of real life. To Chekov, lit. is life made intelligible by the discovery of form – the form that is invisible in life but which is seen when, mentally, you step aside to get a better view of life. Chekov has managed to express subtle things simply. Henry James has succeeded in expressing simple things subtly. But it is the both that matters, not the act of stewing it, which both James seems to take pleasure in public.

The Number of Reasoning.

The philosophy of Hegel, by W. T. Stace

There are 2 ways in which the simplification of difficult thought may be attempted. The 1st is to think out clearly & to the bottom, & then set it down in lucid language. The 2nd is to avoid & leave out difficult conceptions, or to slur them over, "to rob them of their profundity, making them shallow on the pretext of making them easy.

Eleaticism & Hegel: The Eleatics denied the reality of change & of multiplicity. The sole reality, they said, is Being. Which is One. Only the One is. True being is apprehended only by the eye of reason. It is not known to the senses. From this clearly marked distinction between sensation & reason, & this assertion that reality is apprehended by the latter & not by the former, is a characteristic of all idealism of the Greek type. It is part of the one universal philosophy. It is just as much Hegelian as Eleatic. If the Eleatic philosophy does not mean that the external world does not exist, it does mean that the external world is not the true being, is not real. There is implied in this philosophy a distinction between reality & existence: (1) Existence

is not real (2) What is real does not exist.
According to Plato, not merely some knowledge, but all knowledge, is conceptual. Hence from bare sensation as such, no knowledge can arise. The entire nature of this piece of paper lies in the fact that it belongs to various classes. The classes alone are real. The paper is simply a Complex of Concepts or Universals. The real is the Universal. The existent is the individual and has only a dependent being. But Plato apparently believed that the Ideas, the Universals, had a separate existence of their own in another world beyond space & time. The souls of the righteous may visit these abodes after death, & actually see the Ideas there. This implies that the Ideas exist; they exist, that is, in a world of their own. But it is essential to the Universal philosophy that Universals, though they are real, do not exist.
Aristotle denied that Ideas have a special existence of their own in a separate world. They only exist <u>in</u> things. The Universal is not in fact separable from things. But it is separable in thought. It is logically separate, independent.

Another Aristotelian doctrine which profoundly influenced Hegel is the distinction between potentiality & actuality. These reappear in Hegel under the names of the "implicit" & the "explicit" or that which is "in itself" & that which is "in & for itself". The matter is actually nothing, but it is potentially everything. But it only gains actuality by the acquisition of form.... Development and change, conceived as impossible by Parmenides, are thus conceived as the coming to light of what was latent & hidden. What a thing already is inwardly, that it becomes outwardly also. The acorn is the oak, but in the state of inwardness "in itself" it is the oak. It is only the oak for us, for us whose thought can penetrate down to what is latent in it. It is thus the oak for us, but not yet for itself. It only becomes the oak for itself when it has actually grown into the oak.

Spinoza formulated the profoundly important principle that all determination is negation. To determine a thing is to cut it off from some sphere of being & so to limit it. To

define is to set boundaries. With Hegel it takes the converse form that all negation is determination. To deny that a thing belongs to one class is to affirm that it belongs to some other class — though we may not know what that class is. Hegel talks about "the portentous power of the negative."

Either the chain of causes extends back in an infinite series or there is somewhere a first cause which is not the effect of any prior cause. Causation explains nothing. The genuine explanation of the universe would consist in showing that the universe is rational, in finding for the universe, not a cause, but a reason. The 1st principle of the world is not a cause of which the world is the effect but it is a reason of which the world is a consequent. The reason itself gives the reason and does not wait for a further reason to explain itself. And the reason is always an abstraction, a Universal.

Hegel took from Kant the distinction between sensuous & non-sensuous universals or categories. Non-sensuous universals are universal & necessary & are therefore the

the conditions of experience, but sensuous universals are not so. It is quite easy to imagine a world in which there such concepts as "chair", "horse" have no application. But this is not the case with such concepts as "unity" "existence" etc..... Hegel never supposed that the unity can exist apart from that of which it is the unity. The separation between them is only a logical separation. The quantity in butter can not be separated in fact. We cannot put the quantity in one pocket & the butter in another. But they can be separated in thought. The category is quite independent of any images. A thought of quantity is logically separate & distinct from the thought of any sensuous object. It is quite irrelevant whether the two thoughts are psychologically separate or not.

Plato's higher Ideas do not contain the lower in themselves, therefore the lower cannot be extricated from them, logically or otherwise. On the contrary, the higher Ideas expressly exclude the lower.

* cf Collingwood: Philosophical Method.

thesis antithesis
immediate mediate
Being e.g. Non-being.

Hegel found that a concept may contain its opposite hidden away within itself & that this opposite may be extricated or deduced from it & made to do the work of the dialectic thus converting genus into species. Becoming. The identity of opposites does not exclude the opposition of those opposites. A & not-A are identical. But they are also opposite. It is not only an identity of opposites; it is also an identity of opposites. The synthesis of a triad both abolishes & preserves the differences of the thesis & antithesis. This two-fold activity is expressed by Hegel by the word "aufheben" (to sublate). The dialectical Method stands in contrast to what Hegel calls raisonnement & mathematical method of Descartes & Spinoza because they "have presuppositions" & "proceed under the canon of formal identity." (Wallace "Logic" § 231), hence unserviceable for philosophical Cognition.

Higher categories contain lower categories explicitly
lower " " " higher " " implicitly
The 1st term an sich, implicit, the 3rd term an und für sich, explicit.

thesis = terms in formal logic, the stage of simple apprehension, antithesis = judgment, synthesis = syllogism.
(1) Art: ⓐ The spiritual content & ⓑ the material embodiment
(b) predominates over ⓐ spirit = Symbolic art (oriental) suggestive without expression, hence separation between the 2 elements. fable, didactic poem etc.
(2) balance & union of (a) in (b) = classical art
immanent anthropomorphic because human form alone is spirit perfectly embodied in material shape. Sculpture.
3) (a) over (b) = romantic art, the material element gets whittled away. spirit passes beyond matter transcends the limits of art altogether. Which are realized in classical art a transitional stage between art & religion. Spirit finds no adequate embodiment to its infinite wealth of personality. Painting, Music & Poetry.

A Bill of Divorcement by Clemence Dane

Who keeps a grievance as he might keep a pet dog — as soon as it dies he replace it by another

Ride rough-shod over you

Who never has room in his head for more than one idea at a time mention her & he behaves exactly like a fire being poked.

Legend. by Clemence Dane

She looked. The marriage an emergency exit

a grief without shape, without sound, without expression

drown out her thoughts.

a row of beads when the string's been pulled out

a great pleasure in beating about the bush that

clears the air

puts me on the qui vive. Here I hang fire.

Give you another day's grace.

"The Writer's Partner" — All these minds rush into partnership with the writer, all their varying forms of expression clamour for expression.

The Magician, by W. S. Maugham.
Their wan decay served not to give a touch of
Nature to the artifice of all besides.
to make a brave show of despair

The Sapphire by A. E. W. Mason
The affair grows from its trumpery beginnings
He had meant to be the big noise - he was not
even the baby's gurgle. He had planned to cut the
skies; he had not even flapped up off the earth.
He swung between the extremes but never hung
between them.
I gave myself a present
The pertinacity of a man with a single end in view
would twist the stars from their courses.

Poetic Diction, A Study in Meaning, by Owen Barfield

When words are selected & arranged in such a way that their meaning either arouses, or is obviously intended to arouse, aesthetic imagination, the result may be described as poetic diction.

Language itself only springs into being as it is uttered by men, or heard by men, or thought by men. Whatever poetry may be, it is something more than the signs or sounds by which it is conveyed. Poetry exists primarily in the world of consciousness. So decisive is this rule that the same sounds & signs may rarely be vehicles of poetry at this place & not in that, at this time & not at that, to this person & not to the other. ... It may be well to point out here that to start from personal experience does not necessarily mean to finish with it.

This piece of pidgin English is not "poetic" to the South Islanders themselves. On the contrary, we may safely suppose it to be felt there as part of the business jargon of every day. One of the aspects of poetic diction is: it may be unpoetic to the consciousness which originates it

but partly to the consciousness which receives or contemplates it.
This percentage of meaning can never rise to a hundred, because even the most original poet is obliged to work with words, & words, unlike marble or pigment or vibrations in the air, owe their very substance ("meaning") to the generations of human beings who have previously used them. No poet, therefore, can be the creator of all the meaning in his poem.

If I wish to be especially critical, I can divide my enjoyment of a ballad into two parts: I enjoy it as ballad, & I enjoy it as poem. This fact comes out very clearly if I read a great no. of ballads one after the other. For then, in time, the "ballad" quality ceases to arouse my aesthetic imagination at all & I depend wholly on the individual quality of the one particular example I am reading at the moment. So, too, in the lyric from Campion — part of my aesthetic experience I owe to the individual genius of the poet Campion; part to the

other hand is due to something which I will call its "Elizabeth-an-ness": so of the poetry of the Greek Anthology, French Pléiade, English metaphysical — "joint-stock" poetry. If I read too much & saturate my imagination with poetry of the same genre, I lose my power to appreciate it as genre, and am thrown back on the enjoyment of the individual poet. In such cases, then, we distinguish two separate causes of poetic pleasure; & we are enabled to do this because the realisation & contemplation of this "joint-stock" element is itself a third pleasure. Further, our enjoyment of this "joint-stock" element is something in which the producers of the diction in question can have had no share. This was a part of their work, of which they were unconscious, for they never actually lived it.

Appreciation of poetic mood is a "felt change of consciousness". Appreciation takes place at the actual moment of change. The poetic mood is kindled by the passage from one plane of consciousness to another. It lives during

that moment of transaction and then dies, & if it is to be retained some means must be found of renewing the transaction itself. Poetry, as a possession, as our own souls enriched, is another matter. But when it has entered as deeply as that into our being we no longer concern ourselves with its diction. At this stage the diction has served its end & may be forgotten.

Everlasting day can no more freshen the earth with dew than everlasting night, but the change from night to day & from day back again to night. Mr Santayana has expressed with great beauty this sometimes overlooked fact of the rareness of real aesthetic experience: "Tomes of aesthetic criticism hang on a few moments of real delight & intuition."

Poetry as the cause of immediate pleasure is, I find, a possession. I find that, in addition to the moment or moments of aesthetic pleasure in appreciation, I gain from them a more permanent boon. It is as though my own consciousness had actually been expanded. While this expansion (knowledge) may

Lass mich schlafen.
to avoid entering deeper into the question than necessary
remain as ~~some~~thing of a permanent possession (wisdom) my
aesthetic pleasure would still only accompany the actual mo-
ment of expansion, as it before accompanied the moment of
change.

The emphasis was still, till recently, on the external forms
of words. (philology) No really profound study has yet been made
of meaning (semantics). We philosopher waves aside the
study of meaning & still maintains a desperate faith in the
ancient system of definitions. The original thrust was given
by the Father of Logic himself, when he included in his Organon
a brief treatise "De Interpretatione" & since then the concep-
tion of language as the prime material of logical const-
ructions has been developed many times with infinite
delicacy — language as it is grasped by logical mind
but language as it is grasped by poetic mind.
The most conspicuous point of contact between mean-
& poetry is metaphor. For one of the things that a student
of etymology discovers for himself is that every modern language
worth its thousands of abstract terms, & its nuances of meaning.

* cf Anatole France: Jardin d'épicure

and association is apparently not, but an unconscionable
trasure of dead, or petrified, metaphors. "Nihil in intellectu
nisi Locke," quod non prius fuerit in sensu." * Shorn
the feeling & idea which Shelley's line — "My soul is
an enchanted boat" — embodies ever become sufficiently
well-known and wide-spread, one can easily perceive that
in a few hundred, or a few thousands years, the word
"boat" might lose its present meaning & call up to the
minds of our posterity not a vessel, but the concept
"soul" as enriched by Shelley's imagination. It
would seem to follow that, as language grows older, it
must necessarily become richer & richer as poetic
material; it must become intrinsically more & more
poetic. From the primitive meanings assumed by the
etymologists, we imagine metaphor after metaphor springing
forth & solidifying into new meanings — vague, indeed yet
evocative & more & more subtle echoes & reactions.
From being mere labels for material objects, words gradually
turn into magical charms.

*Cf. Herbert Read: "Forms in English Poetry."

Shelley: "Metaphorical language makes the before unapprehended relations of things & perpetuates their apprehension until words, which represent them, become, like mere signs for portions or classes of thought, instead of pictures of integral thoughts."

Macaulay: "As civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines." Peacock's "Four Ages of Poetry," notwithstanding its irony at the expense of "Progress," is a genuine dirge on the gradual murder of the Muse by that very Reason whose "divine light" the philologist was constrained to hymn. Mr Courthope in his "Liberal Movement in English Lit" qualifies a similar opinion by the subtle distinction: "As civilisation advances, the matter for poetic creation diminishes, while the powers of poetic expression are multiplied"* And even Shelley who wrote with the express purpose of refuting Peacock if is in "this infancy" of society that "every writer is a poet because language itself is poetry"! But if our view is the true one, how is it then that in actual fact we find

The experience is aesthetic when, as in the case of metaphor, it is the pure Content of the image, & not the reference, which delights.

this almost Universal Consciousness that the golden age of poetry is in the infancy of society? Why is it that this best ancient language when it is compared with the best modern language so often appears, not simply as naïve, but, on the contrary, as endued with an extraordinary vehemence & splendor? Where is the fallacy in that broad Conception of the Evolution of language from simplicity & darkness to complexity & light? Hugh Blair in his Lectures on Rhetoric v.: "Mankind never employed so many Figures of Speech, as when they had hardly any words for expressing their meaning. For, 1st, the want of proper names for every Object, obliged them to use one name for many; &, of Course to express themselves by Comparisons, metaphors, allusions, & all those substituted forms of Speech, which render language figurative. Next, as the Objects with which they were most conversant, were the Sensible, Material Objects around them, Name would be given to these Objects long before Words were invented for signifying the dispositions of the mind, or

† Cf. Locke: ("Human Understanding" III .i.5) "Spirit in its primary signification is breath" etc. France — the etymologist translates the metaphysician's statement: "L'âme possède Dieu dans la mesure où elle participe de l'absolu" into "le souffle est assis sur any Portion of Moral & intellectual ideas." How is this theory arrived at? In this way: (i) the theorist beholds metaphors being invented by poets & others in his own time (ii) Examining the more recent history of language he finds many examples of such metaphors having actually become a part of language i.e. having become meaning. (Cf. Bréal: "Semantics" on tropes of language vs. metaphors of poets) (iii) Delving deeper still into etymology he discovers that all our words were at one time the names of sensible objects." (iv) he jumps to the conclusion that they therefore at that time, had no other meaning: †(v) that the application of these names of sensible objects to what we now call insensible objects was deliberately metaphorical. Thus Max Müller in his "Science of Language" speaks with confidence of the "metaphorical period" seated so firmly on the saddle of etymology, with his face set so earnestly towards the tail of the beast. He, like his predecessors, had only been able to look at "meaning" & the history of meaning from one imperfect point of view — that of abstraction. The full meaning of words as Celui qui brille au boisseau du don qu'il reçoit en ce qui est tout délié Cf. Diderot: "Prenez un mot, prenez le plus abstrait, décomposez-le: et il le restera

en dernier lieu en une représentation sensible" Rêve de d'Alembert, Mémoires etc. Paris 1931 P.122

Fleeting, iridescent shapes, like flames – ever flickering vestiges of the slowly evolving consciousness beneath them. To the Locke-Müller-France way of thinking, on the contrary, they appear as solid chunks with definite boundaries and limits, to which other chunks may be added as occasion arises.

Müller draws a novel distinction between radical & poetical: "I call it a radical metaphor when a root which means to shine is applied to form the names not only of the fire or the sun, but of the spring of the year etc. From this we must distinguish poetical metaphor, namely, when a noun or verb, ready made and assigned to one definite object or action, is transferred poetically to another object or action." The definition of the radical metaphor is based on the old philologist's hypothesis of "roots of speech" – the theory that every language started with a group of monosyllabic sounds, each of which expressed a simple, general notion. Prof. Jespersen in "Progress in Language" has put an overwhelmingly strong case for the opposite

view according to which the flexional form of language (e.g. Latin) is the earliest, while the isolating or root language (e.g. Chinese) represent final stages of a long speech evolution in which English is already far advanced. It is necessary to point out that a meaning may be perceptual (i.e. the word's whole reference may be to some sensible object or process) & at the same time "general" or "abstract". Anatole France's antithesis is, in fact, erroneous. It is just those meanings which attempt to be most exclusively material ("sensual") which are also the most generalised & abstract. Take the word "cut" for example. Its reference is perfectly material; yet its meaning is at the same time more general and less particular than some single word which should comprise in itself all that we have to express today by the sentence: "I cut the flesh". Even as recently as the date of the composition of the 4th Gospel, we can hear in the Greek πνεῦμα an echo of just such an undivided, concrete, undivided meaning. This meaning is lost in the incontrovertibly double

English renders "spirit" (John, ch. 3, v.) and "wind" (viii). Such a purely material content as "wind" and such a purely abstract content as "the principle of life" are both late arrivals in human consciousness. The old concrete meaning "spiritus" contained within itself the germs of both later significations. We must imagine a time when "spiritus" or πνεῦμα or older words from which these had descended, meant neither "breath nor "wind" nor "spirit", nor yet all 3 of these things, but when the sounds had their own old peculiar meaning which has since, in the course of evolution of consciousness crystallised into the 3 meanings specified. "Roots" for sounds, the germs of speech, are the product of age-long intellectual abstraction carried on, first instinctively by ordinary speakers & afterwards deliberately by grammarians & philologists. J. M. Baldwin has pointed out how the adult observer constantly misreads his own logical processes into the child's mind. He shows how a child's apparent "generalizations" are in reality single meanings

* e.g. When German says "papa", this does not mean that the child uses the word "papa" to express a general idea "Man". cf. "holophrase" among primitives. Also "palm-trees" etc. but no word for "tree"!
Which it has not yet learnt to split up into 2 or more.*

These poetic & apparently "metaphorical" values were latent in meaning from the beginning. You may imply with Blair that the earliest words in use were "the names of sensible material objects" & nothing more — only, in that case, you must suppose the "sensible objects" themselves to have been something more; you must suppose that they were not, as they appear to be at present, isolated, or detached from their setting & feeling. As Shelley quotes from Bacon: "Neither are these only similitudes .... but the same footsteps of nature, treading or printing upon several subjects or matters" ("advancement of learning" II., V. 3.) According to whether the footsteps are echoed in primitive language or, later on, in the made metaphors of poets, we hear them after a different fashion & for different reasons. The language of primitive man reports them as direct perceptual experience. The speaker has perceived a unity & is not therefore himself conscious of relation. The individual poets have to intuit relationships which their

* cf Emerson: Nature, chap. IV.

fellows have forgotten — relationships which they must now express as metaphor. Reality, once self-evident, & therefore not consciously experienced, but which can now only be reached by an effort of the individual mind. Mythology is the ghost of concrete meaning. Connexions between discriminate phenomena, connexions which are now apprehended as metaphor, were once perceived as immediate realities. As such the poet strives, by his own efforts, to see them, & to make others see them, again.* Müller's view of Myth as "a disease of language" is non-sense. On the other hand the naturalist theory of myths leans as heavily on the same wonderful metaphorical period. My only difference is this, that for an extinct race of mighty poets it substitutes an extinct race of mighty philosophers. Mythology is the world's first poetic diction.

the content (subjective) vs. the reference (objective) of a word.

There is a certain half-spurious element in the appreciation of poetry with which everyone will be familiar, when one

takes delight, not only in what is said & in the way it is said but in a sense of difficulties overcome — of an obstreperous medium have been masterfully subdued. It is a kind of architectural pleasure. One feels that the poet is working in solid masses, not in something fluid — e.g. Milton. It is demonstrable that this architectural element in poetic diction only arises at a certain stage in the development of language. It is there in the iambics of the Attic dramatists, but not in Homer's hexameters; yet it is not entirely foreign to the spirit of the hexameter, for it is conspicuous in Virgil. There is a strong tendency in the Greek language with its reckless profusion of double epithets, its looser word-order, and its verbose restless twitchings of grammatical particles to make itself felt as a living, muscular organism rather than as a structure — Fluid type of poetry vs. architectural type. In the architectural type, elisions tend to become less frequent, whilst (in verse) the no. of syllables in a single foot or time-interval grows less easily variable. Also it is much harder to convey

the full effects of poetry of the architectural type with the voice. The eye seems to be necessary as well, so that the shape of a whole line or period can be taken in instantaneously.

Not man was creating, but gods — or, in psychological jargon, his "unconscious". But with the development of consciousness, as this "given" poetic meaning decreases more & more, the individual poet gradually steps into his own. In place of the given meaning, we find the metaphor. Inasmuch as man is living the poetry of which he is the maker, & as long as he is so doing, it cannot be poetry to him. In order to appreciate it, he must insist, consciously outside it; for otherwise the "felt change of consciousness" cannot come about. Not work but the rational or logical principle can endow him with this subjective — self-consciousness. The absolute rational principle is that which makes conscious of poetry but cannot make it; the absolute poetic principle is that which creates poetry but cannot make conscious of it. Shelley: "In the infancy of the world neither poets themselves nor their auditors are fully aware

inspiration go a kind of divine wind which blew
where it listed & might fill his sails at some
odd moment after he had whistled for it all day in vain.
of his excellences poetry: for it acts in a divine & unappre-
hended manner, beyond & above consciousness!"...
One need only refer to Wordsworth's theory & practice alike
for a full statement of the way in which the child's experience
can acquire poetic value as remembered by the conscious
full-grown man. In this respect our human consciousness
is something like a man who should try, by turning round, to
see the back of his head in a mirror. For the impulse to
record & to remember can only come into it along with
the very change that begins to obscure perception of what
is most worth remembering.
The modern poet is in the position of having to fight against
words, whereas the primitive bard was carried forward
on their meanings like Arion on the dolphin's back... There
is a mood of creation & a mood of appreciation: a poet
can not be in both moods simultaneously. This was
no doubt at the back of the critic's mind who said that
"to write well of love a man must be in love, but to
correct his writing he must be out of it a jam!"

Hegel: "The poetry of ages in which the prosaic spirit is already developed is essentially distinct from that of primitive epochs among peoples whose imagination is still wholly poetic." A modern poet who has to make up the poetic deficit out of his private balance, is the creator or re-creator of meaning itself. Any specifically new use of a word or phrase is really a metaphor, since it attempts to arouse cognition of the unknown by suggestion from the known - Shakespeare calls "sleep" "the balm of hurt minds". It contains implicitly the judgment that "sleep : hurt minds :: balm : hurt bodies". But to say that it contains this judgment implicitly is not to say that it is equivalent to this judgment! On the contrary; for logical judgments, by their nature can only render more explicit some one part of a truth already implicit in their terms. But the poet makes the terms themselves. He only makes their judgments possible.

Maupassant: "Les mots ont une âme; la plupart des lecteurs, et même des écrivains, ne leur demandent jamais

lens. Il faut trouver cette âme qui apparaît au contact d'autres mots." This "soul" latent in words & waiting only to be discovered, is for the most part a kind of buried survival of the old "given" meaning under later accretions. Like sleeping beauties, it lies there prone & rigid in the walls of Castle Logic, waiting only for the kiss of Metaphor to awaken it into fresh life. This "contact" with other words is the precise point at which the potential new meaning originally enters language. The new meaning must be strange, not incomprehensible; otherwise the poetry is killed, & the fresh meaning itself will be stillborn. Examples; the use of "ruin" by poets; cf Goldsmith: "Poetry as distinguished from other writing" (the 1st & last of its kind in English) on "pendere" Bonamy D'Obrée in "Literary Biographies" on Addison's use of "secret."

One can read Plato and Aristotle from end to end, he can even write books expounding their philosophy, & all without understanding a single sentence. Unless he has enough imagination and power of detachment from the established

meanings or thought-forms of his own civilisation, to enable him to grasp the meanings of the fundamental terms, but could simply re-interpret them & they say in terms of subsequent thought. Spengler is excellent on the untranslatable-ness of these "root-words", as he calls them, & in insisting on the consequent unbridgeable gap between the souls of any two great literatures. The meaning of such "root-words", like all strange meaning, while not expressable in definitions is indirectly expressible in metaphors & similes. The authors of "The Meaning of Meaning" who wrote that "it is impossible to handle a scientific matter in metaphorical terms", have never grasped the essential feature of meaning — its relation to metaphor. They have not started their theory of meaning from the only possible start-point — the meaningless. Instead of this, they are absolutely tied under the spell of those verbal ghosts of the physical sciences, which to-day make up practically the whole meaning-system of so many minds, without realising that scientific terms

Rudolf Eucken: Geschichte der philosophischen Terminologie.

Too have a figurative Origin. & that the who profess to eschew figurative expressions, are really confining themselves to one very old kind of figure. A careful study of O.E.D. will show that Shakespeare is the author of a great part of the modern meanings of several words which are key-terms to whole areas of modern scientific thought — e.g. function, inherit, verse etc. There is a very real sense in Wilde's that men are made by bks rather than bks. by men, in which what we generally venture to call our feelings are really Shakespeare's meanings.

The progress is from Meaning, thro inspiration to imagination & from imagination, thro metaphor, to meaning.

For the epistemological significance of metaphor, see Aristotle: "Poetics" ~~III, XVII. 10~~ Bacon: Advancement of Learning II. XVII. 10. J. M. Baldwin: "Thought & Things" II. P. 146.

The earliest verse-rhythms were "given" by Nature in the same way as the earliest "meanings". Nature herself is perpetually rhythmic. It is only at a later stage that prose (not-verse)

Raleigh on Wordsworth's flat passages: have observed the prose choice of words without keeping to the prose order of them. Comes into being out of the growth of that rational principle which with its sense-bound, abstract thought, divorces man's consciousness from the life of Nature.

The natural progress of language if left to itself, is a progress from poetic towards prosaic. It is not surprising therefore to find that the most characteristic phenomena of poetic diction can be grouped under the heading of Archaism. Gray: "The language of the Age is never the language of poetry except among the French." W. Raleigh: "The language of poetry always has a certain archaic flavor. Choice of archaic words & archaic grammar.

Henry Bradley: "Much of our poetry is obscure on a 1st reading, not because the diction is affected or allusive but because the structure of the language has compelled the poet to choose between the claims of lucidity & those of emphasis or grace [poetic meaning]" (The Making of English, P. 73). "The increased precision of modern English, though it is a great gain for the purposes of matter-of-fact statement, is sometimes the reverse of an

advantage for the language of Emotion or Contemplation. Hence we find that our poetry, & other higher lit. in general, often returns to the less developed grammar of the Elizabethan age." (Ibid P. 73) Perhaps the most important element of all in this grammatical archaism is the extra liberty which the poet retains as to the order in which he shall arrange his words. Bréal: "Poetry has kept the habit of inversions which are nothing but a licence of ancient days" — inversions which would be unthinkable in prosaic writing & yet hardly strike the ear at all in poetry.

For a certain kind of pupil — as though more concerned to please his master than to digest his lesson — insists as it were, on learning the lesson off by heart. This is the minor poet who imitates because he must have his idiom established acknowledged, labelled in his own consciousness as poetic" before he can feel that he is really poetic. He is always trying to give himself the sensations which he has received from reading the works of greater poets. A poetic meaning is already in the words & mannerisms which

If they are poets, they do not require to wear their hair long or to neglect their accounts in order to remind themselves of the fact.

the minor poet is instinctively drawn to imitate. The great poet, on the contrary, is himself the fire — of knowledge to other men, of means to language.

Nearly every poetic fashion begins as a return to Nature. True archaism does imply, not a standing still, but a return to something older, to language at an earlier stage of its own development. ⓐ Literary archaism which resuscitates words & forms which have fallen out of use altogether — Spenser, & the Romantic Revival with its double passion for minute observation of nature & for grubbing up medieval words — words whose meanings had never been thru the 18th cent. mill of abstraction. ⓑ Colloquial archaism which employs words & forms in spoken, but not in literary use during its own day. The writer of prose, whose material is prosaic, need never diverge very far from the spoken language. But since poets, unlike prose-writers, are ~~loose~~ conservative When they are not great, they are apt to lose touch with the language spoken by their fellow-men. This

language, especially among the simple & unsophisticated part of a population, which is kept "close to Nature" by the very necessities of livelihood, is usually representative in some degree of the literary language itself at an earlier stage, & therefore its meanings have been there that abstract-ing process which is both cause & effect of the increased intellectual development that now differentiates it from "Vulgar Speech". Where that is not so, & the vulgarisms to which a poet flies for life have a late origin — slang e.g., it is still not unreasonable to use the word "archaism", since this part of the language is clearly younger than the other, i.e. nearer to its common source. — Dante. French Pléiades combine the two. The pure prosaic can apprehend nothing but results. It knows nothing of the thing coming into being, only of the thing become. It cannot realise shape. It sees nature & art as a series of mechanical rearrangements of Objects. The Non-creative Critic can never be the interpreter proper; he can only be the collector who classifies & invents epithets like "Dickensian", "Shavian"

the more perfectly balanced are the rational & the poetic principle in the poet himself, the more control he has of his inspiration, the less necessary an interpreter becomes. The perfect poet would express himself perfectly. It is for those writers in whom the rational is too weak for the poetic, whose critical consciousness is dimmed therefore by their inspiration, that we need an interpreter. Thus Plato points out in the "Timaeus" that the seers need "προφῆται" to interpret their meaning.

Where strangeness is, there will be some aesthetic pleasure. Aristotle in "Poetics" showed that he knew the aesthetic value of "unfamiliar" words among which he included "foreign expressions" (τὰ ξενικά) in keeping diction above the "ordinary" level. — of Chaucer's use of French words! It is important to note that this is not, in so far as it is aesthetic, the pleasure of comparing different ways of saying the same thing but the pleasure of realising the slightly different thing that is said. For outside the purest abstraction,

& technicalities, no two languages can ever say quite the same thing. The Metaphysicals' use of technical names is also a case in point. to give the feeling of "strangeness".
The aesthetic value of strangeness is not synonymous with wonder. for wonder is our reaction to things which we are conscious of not quite understanding; or at any rate of understanding less than we had thought it. On the contrary strangeness in beauty arises from contact with a different kind of consciousness from our own, different; yet not so remote that we cannot partly share it.
Poetry differs from all her sisters in this one important respect that (excluding the sound values) Consciousness is also the actual material in which she works. Consciousness is to her what Marble, pigments etc. are to the other arts; for words themselves are but τῶν ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ παθημάτων σύμβολα — Symbols of consciousness.
Just as Locke identified "percept" with "idea", so Kant identifies "idea" with "concept." Whereas the

is as Rudolf Steiner points out in "Philosophy of Spiritual activity" a result which the concept brings about in uniting itself to the percept.
The distinction between true & false metaphor corresponds to that between Myth & allegory, allegory being a conscious hypostatisation of ideas, followed by a synthesis of them, & Myth the true child of meaning begotten on imagination.
A subjective or self-consciousness is inseparable as Kant has shown, from rational thought operating in abstract ideas. Consequently in pre-logical times it could not have existed at all. Any "projecting" is done by the modern theorist mirroring, not in space but in time. The only way of avoiding the traps laid for us by logomorphism is to accustom ourselves to the thought that dualism "Subjective vs. Objective" is fundamental neither psychologically, historically nor philosophically. Cf. J. M. Baldwin: "Thought & Thing" i. V, & VII. The distinction did not rise to the level

*S. 3: Hier zuerst finden wir den Gegensatz von "subjectiv" und "objectiv" technisch fixirt.

Philosophic consciousness until the rise of the Stoic set (cf. Eucken's "Geschichte der Philosophischen Terminologie" 1879*). In order to form a Conception of primitive Consciousness, we have to rethink not merely our now half-instinctive logical processes but even the seemingly fundamental distinction between self & world. (And with this the distinction between thinking & perceiving begins to vanish too. For Locke's picture of Adam at work on the synthetic Manufacture of Language (Human Understand. III, VI, 46.) we have to substitute a picture-thinking a kind of thinking which is at once perceiving, a figurative Consciousness which we cannot grasp today by the true analogy with the imagery of our poets & with our own dreams.

If we examine the thinking activity carefully, we'll find that in the act of thinking, no such distinction of Consciousness exists. We are not conscious ~~of~~ ourselves thinking about something, but simply of something. The

8 no, it's Canto XXXIII, 55-60: Dante sees God: Da quinci innan
zi il mio ~~veder~~ veder fu maggio / che 'l parlar nostro ch'a
tal vista cede, / e cede la memoria a tanto oltraggio. // Qual
è colui che sognando vede, / che dopo il sogno la passione
dualism only arises later when the particular thought
has been associated with some some part of my
perceptual word & taken on the form of an idea.
The case is quite different with Jacobi. Steiner: "Think
transcends the distinction of subject & object. ... When
I say 'thinking subject' refers a concept than object
we mustn't regard this reference as something purely
subjective. It is not the subject, but thought which
makes the reference. The subject does not think because
it is a subject, rather it conceives itself to be
a subject because it can think." (PP. 51-52) So
also in inspiration. In the real moment of poetic
creation, the knower ceases to exist as subject
and conversely, when he comes fully to himself as subject,
at all, like dreams, not like memory. Hence,
the ceases to be inspired. difficult therefore to retain this
Aristotle on poetic (ποιητικός) mind that we don't
consequence in memory.
remember (De Anima III. 5) Mystics' sense of war between
Memory & Inspiration, Dante: Paradiso XXXIII, 91. of
Wordsworth "Prelude" on the impossibility of remem-
bering that so/lass moment when "the light of sense goes out."
impressa / rimane, e l'altro alla mente non ripete (Mena to mind was my
discourse, which faileth at such light, & faileth memory at so great outrage. IL
vision brighter than our

*e.g. Words of happiness and sound belong to different categories of existence, yet a Composer make the notes "gay".

The Death of Yesterdays, by Stephen Graham

grubbed in archives. Withy men must have their butts.
They are curious women. If you are ready to take them
they are as over-ripe fruit. You do not need to shake,
they are in your hands.

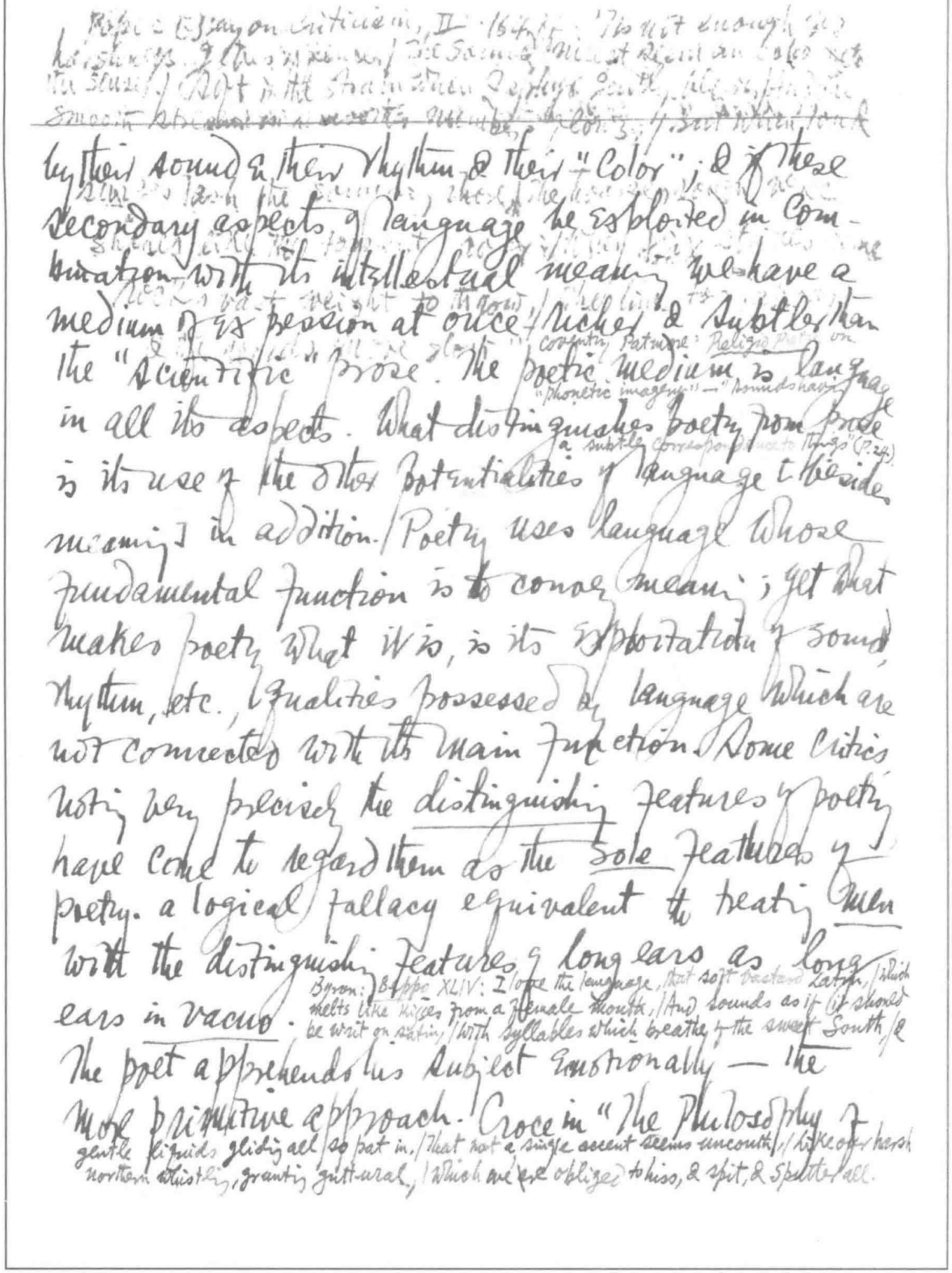
The Place of Meaning in Poetry, by David Daiches

The artist is from one point of view essentially a translator. He translates a thought, emotion, experience, or whatever it is, into a medium which intrinsically has no connection whatever with the thought, emotion, or experience with which he starts.* **

Neither color nor sound has any other aspects apart from the emotional and aesthetic properties. A note, e.g. means what it sounds; language means both what it sounds & what it says. ... We can either judge the thought it conveys thereon, or we can try to estimate the degree of success with which the author has put his ideas into words.

We can combine words so that they affect us emotionally

* Cf. Bozanquet: "History of Aesthetic" on Homer
As is he who dreaming sleeps & when the dream is gone the passion stamped remaineth,
& nought else cometh to the mind again)



by their sound & their rhythm & their "color"; & if these secondary aspects of language be exploited in combination with its intellectual meaning we have a medium of expression at once richer & subtler than the "scientific" prose. The poetic medium is language in all its aspects. What distinguishes poetry from prose is its use of the other potentialities of language besides meaning in addition. Poetry uses language whose fundamental function is to convey meaning; yet what makes poetry what it is, is its exploitation of sound, rhythm, etc., qualities possessed by language which are not connected with its main function. Some critics noting very precisely the distinguishing features of poetry have come to regard them as the sole features of poetry. a logical fallacy equivalent to treating asses with the distinguishing features of long ears as long ears in vacuo. The poet apprehends his subject emotionally — the most primitive approach. Croce in "The Philosophy of

Byron: Beppo XLIV: I love the language, that soft bastard Latin, / which melts like kisses from a female mouth, / And sounds as if it should be writ on satin, / With syllables which breathe of the sweet South, / & gentle liquids gliding all so pat in. / That not a single accent seems uncouth, / / like our harsh northern whistling, grunting gutturals, / Which are for ever obliged to hiss, & spit, & splutter all.

* a partial truth. Cf Bespeld on "Poetic Diction": At present, the scientific approach seems the most spontaneous & primitive one.

Giambattista Vico" (chap. 3): "Poets & philosophers may be called respectively the senses & intellect of mankind: & in this sense we may retain as true the old scholastic saying there is nothing in the intellect which was not first in the senses." *

Granted that intensity (emotional) rather than clarity (logical) is the characteristic of the poetic approach yet the fact remains that the fusion of the intellectual & emotional aspects of language into an organic whole demands an attention to the finer points of meaning which the prose writer rarely finds necessary. In nearly every case where sound is effective in poetry it is because it blends with the sense to increase the total effect. Sound can only "echo sense" if there is sense to echo. Take Tennyson's lines:

myriad of rivulets hurrying through the lawn — see I.C.T. after 20 C.V.

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms
And murmur of innumerable bees." The Princess Pt. VII. p. 205-7

Why is the sound here effective? The actual buzz of bees may be pleasant but it is not poetry & neither

* cf a masterly refutation in C. M. Lewis: The Principles of Eng. Verse, p. 131: "When you say Titan, you mean something big, & when you say little you mean something

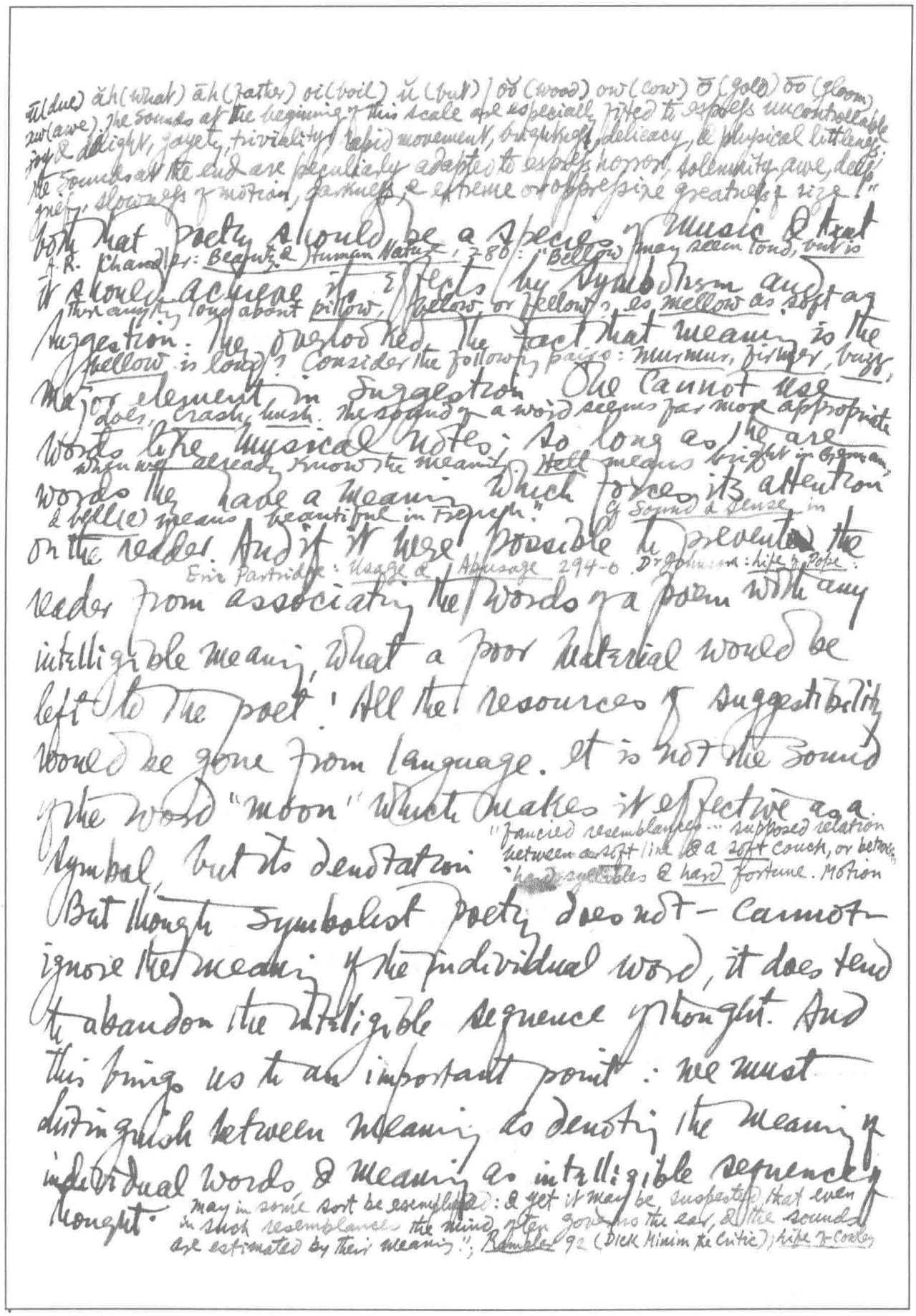
small; but it is not the sound of other words that means either bigness or littleness it is the sense... whether the words are 'a team of little atomies" or 'a triumphant terrible Titan' it is not the sound of the consonants that makes the significance" Bliss Perry daily comments: "This is refreshing, & yet it is to be noted that 'Titan' & 'little' are by no means identical in sound: they have many certain consonants in common" (Study of Poetry, P. 126) A.H. Rotman in "The Symbolist"

would a buzzing or murmuring sound made by Alfred Lord Tennyson be poetry. No sound is effective because it combines with the sense to make a unified whole. Cf. J. M. Murry's Criticism of Brémond in "Countries of Mind" 2nd series.

Finding himself unable to account for the appeal of great poetry by rational analysis, M. Brémond throws up the sponge & declares that it has no connection with rational meaning & that it must be of the same nature as religious mysticism. As Mr Murry has so well put it: "There is plenty of mystery in poetry without making it mystical": a confession of critical failure.

That the Symbolists, whatever their theory, did not succeed in eliminating from their poetry "tous ces éléments intellectuels" is shown by the fact that they continued to use language as their medium & did not employ mere sound. Further their critical confusion was shown by the fact that they demanded at the same time

values of sounds" in Hamlet & other Essays: "Let us arrange the English vowel sounds in the following scale: ĭ (little) ĕ (met) ă (mat) ē (mete) ai (pair) ā (mate) ī (I)



ăh (what) āh (father) oi (boil) ŭ (but) / o͝o (wood) ow (cow) ō (gold) o͞o (gloom) aw (awe). The sounds at the beginning of this scale are especially fitted to express uncontrollable joy & delight, gayety, triviality, rapid movement, brightness, delicacy, & physical littleness; the sounds at the end are peculiarly adapted to express horror, solemnity, awe, deep grief, slowness of motion, darkness, & extreme or oppressive greatness of size."

Both that poetry should be a species of music & that it should achieve its effects by symbolism are

A. R. Chandler: Beauty & Human Nature, 280: "Bellow may seem loud, but is there anything loud about pillow, fellow, or yellow? Is mellow as soft as suggestion. The overlooked fact that meaning is the major element in suggestion. One cannot use words like musical notes; so long as we are aware of what they already know the meaning of, they will mean what they have a meaning which forces its attention on the reader. And if it were possible to prevent the reader from associating the words of a poem with any intelligible meaning, what a poor material would be left to the poet! All the resources of suggestibility would be gone from language. It is not the sound of the word "moon" which makes it effective as a symbol, but its denotation.

(belle) means beautiful in French."

Eric Partridge: Usage & Abusage 294-6. Dr Johnson: Life of Pope: "fanciful resemblances ... supposed relation between a soft line & a soft couch, or between hard syllables & hard fortune. Motion may in some sort be resembled: & yet it may be suspected that even in such resemblances the mind rests more on the sense than the ear, & the sounds are estimated by their meaning."; Rambler 92 (Dick Minim the Critic); Life of Cowley

But though symbolist poetry does not – cannot – ignore the meaning of the individual word, it does tend to abandon the intelligible sequence of thought. And this brings us to an important point: we must distinguish between meaning to denote the meaning of individual words & meaning as intelligible sequence of thought.

Homer: Autis epeita pesdonde Kulindeto lagos anoiōn
Voss's (autmalerisch tr "Hurtig mit Donnergepolter entrollt
der tückische Felsblock." Virgil: Quadrupedante putrem sonitu
quatit ungula campum (and galloping with heavy tread the
the Symbolist in Confining his attention to individual
chargers shake & pound the dry plain) Dante: E cadde, come
phrases he shirked the problem Whether a true
Corpo morto cade (then fell to ground like a corpse & lay)
poet can strive, by unique logical structure & party
his material without in any way interfering with
the immediacy & the emotional effect
the "greatness" of poetry depends on the matter more
than the Content — Alexander follows Pater in "style"
If a poet uses Symbols whose intellectual meaning
is irrelevant & whose connection, by association,
with significant experience is hidden, then he can
not be said to be creating real poetry Eliot's "The
Waste Land" is packed with a Symbolism taken
from a very arbitrary selection of bks. He tries
to replace the immediate association of the Symbol
in the mind of the reader by notes at the end of the
poem. a bare faced admission of his method e.g. "
associated in my mind", "I associate, quite
arbitrarily." Symbolism which needs careful
logical explanation is a positive not Symbolism.
P. 163
Wellek & Warren: Theory of literature: It can be easily shown that identical sound
combinations may have completely different meanings in different languages:

Rock in German means "jacket", in Eng. "a large stone", roc in Russian means "fat" in Czech, "fear". J. C. Ransom has cleverly shown that the sound-effect of "the murmuring of innumerable bees" really depends on the meaning. If we make only a slight phonetic change to "murdering of innumerable beeves" we destroy the imitative effect completely (The World's Body, pp. 95-7). p. 104 The work of Carl

in the real sense the true symbol reaches the meaning across immediately & is the most direct method of communication possible to the poet. It is not a compressed logical argument; it is a direct emotional statement.

Poetry as a special treatment of language distinct from prose is becoming less popular; much of what is written as poetry today uses language prosaically, depending for effect on the meaning only. Yet at the same time these works have no intelligible meaning because the phrases are not united in any logical sequence.

3 types of obscurity * * cf. Sparrow.

If you want to say anything poetically or in any other way you must be perfectly clear about the difference between the thing & the thing said. Thus an actual blow on the head is an essentially different thing from the idea of a blow on the head translated into language. In the same way an emotion or subjective feeling of any kind is in a completely different category of being.

Stumpf, Wolfgang Köhler shows that consonants, like vowels in Maurice Grammont's *Le Vers français*, can be divided into dark (labials & velars, corresponding to [u] & [i]) &

* much indebted to Sparrow. Less brilliant but more fundamental.

& bright (dentals & palatals, = e & i) & that there indubitable similarities between sound & color — clear vowels for rapidity, grace, slanet etc.

from a statement about or embodiment of that feeling in an objective medium. In the expression of any kind of idea in a given medium, the nature of that expression is determined more by the medium than by what is expressed in it. It is this aim at a specious directness that vitiates so much contemporary poetry. The poetic Medium is quite capable of conveying the idea of chaos but it shows a carious confusion of thought to imagine that this is done by making the medium itself chaotic & disorganised.

Pater's dictum that all art constantly aspires towards the condition of Music must be treated with Caution. Why should the poet find it a drawback that words are used in everyday speech? Does not this give them a richness of content & implication lacking in the medium of the musician? There is form & matter in music as in any other art — cf Tovey's Philip Maurice Deneke lecture on "Musical Form & Matter". Music is not a more ideal art because its medium is simpler.

dislike so stone cold.

Set Down in Malice, by Gerald Cumberland

Bernard Shaw (very interesting) Frank Harris (on Hattin on his generosity)
The truth is not for everybody. Mucky. It falls on stony ground.
a Many books are rather dusty books.
Each succeeding sentence leaped beyond & above its prede-cessor
He must, for his soul's peace, have his teeth in the flesh of an
enemy. Modesty is the fig leaf of mediocrity.
And he pulled strings — oh! ever so gently, but he
pulled them! on Bennett (Satirical & new)
He had on all his heavy armour & it banged & clanged
as he moved. Kept at it from dawn to dusk.
It made a wound & then poured acid into the wound.
— not a scolding, but a thrashing.
Surely not even Balzac went one better than this.
Chesterton roaring "damned good!" at his own articles.
his eyes would seek mine with a rapid dart & turn
away instantly
Cultured without being educated. Credulous but without faith,
Voltairish but without learning, argumentative but without
logic.

diarrhoea of emotional
He knocks off a cool five thousand words
a day
without resentment, without anger, without even a momentary impulse to break away from their surroundings.
They marry & in their torpid, unconscious way love the sheds in which they live form the boundaries of their imagination.
out he goes – neck & crop.
Europe was behaving in her old mad way without having previously consulted him.
Since those days, Marriott has gone on refining himself until there is very little Marriott left. Even the longest & the thickest pencil may be sharpened too frequently.
On the spur of the moment, "Max" has little / verbal readiness; his mind is purely literary.
tingle with shame to the tips of his toes.
by devious & subterranean ways
loved me for my own sweet sake.
handshakes, smiles & other insincerities.
Written in friendship, by Gerald Cumberland.
the timid eyes of a fairy beholding a faun for the first time.

the gentlest of gentle melancholies.
I saw him bridle
"The Amazing Dubliners" (good) Arthur Symons (good)
a little laugh clears the ear like the tapping of calico.
think myself the smallest of small beer
the man in the street, in the back-street.
scrapping for a living.
Caught him on the rebound of his enthusiasm.
heart-rending, hair-raising, flesh-creeping story.
I was amazed that should have allowed himself
to be annoyed by the stings of so small a gnat.
never catch him off color even for 5 minutes
working against time he was glum.
just a streak of the gamin in him; to half the world
he assumed a thumb-to-nose attitude
It is sickled o'er with the pale cast of scrupulosity
It looks a thousand times before it leaps ... & so.
then it does not leap.
bends with much creaking of joints.
His mind is sharp & thin. It works like a stiletto,
probingly.

Cocktail Snooks — fraction of an hour stolen from the clasp of Time.
speed debauch

T. S. Eliot speaks in his criticism like a disembodied ~~spo~~ voice. an extraordinary brittleness.

Return to Philosophy, by C. E. M. Joad.

Reason is not, they say, a free activity of the mind, reaching Conclusions under no Compulsion save that of evidence; it is the tool of instinct & handmaid of desire.

There is perceptible today a salutary reaction against the extreme libertarianism of the "New Education". Shaw had said: "The worst abortionist is he who attempts to mould a child's character". Today many have seen that this procedure imposes upon the child's mind a strain which it is incapable of bearing. To require a young mind to decide each question for itself upon merits is unfair. It has neither the data nor the equipment for such decision. If I give the answer that I do not desire these things in & for themselves, I shall always find myself

Foreheads v. Hammonds low
Mental jump.

Committed to some farther object of desire as an end to which these things are regarded as conducive.
I must stop somewhere

Lawrence found the perfect type of humanity in men in whom the intellect was demonstrably subordinate to the stomach, the genitals & the solar plexus. Lawrence raves over a ducky "abdomen where the great blood stream surges in the dark". What for the mystics was a painful & humiliating prerequisite of union, is for Lawrence the goal itself. While they looked upwards for the divine finds the unity thread in the ecstasies of the developed spirit Lawrence looks downwards & finds it in the orgasms of the excited genitals. He is the Mark Rampion in "Point Counter Point", Huxley in "Do What You will" or "Pascal" sings the praise of a balanced living in which every side of man's nature gets a square deal. What he calls the "fullest" life & a life denied to intuitable intellectuals — denotes the completest development

to plough them the works

of all our faculties. Can such a life be described as instinctive. Obviously not. It can only be pursued by virtue of the continuous & unremitting vigilance of the practical reason. Plato likens the human personality to a chariot drawn by a number of unruly horses. But in addition to the horses, there is the charioteer who holds the reins & guides them. If you are to have a full life, you must put the much maligned reason in control — What Bishop Butler calls "Cool self-love" in contradistinction to particular, momentary passions. [Good point. But cf. Taylor in "Problem of Conduct" on the Ethical paradox

zoöerotism 人獸交

Scatophilia

Remy de Gourmont: The Natural Philosophy of Love

spider 蜘蛛 交尾 生殖 行為

truistically, tautologically, platitudinously.

The Mansions of Philosophy, by Will Durant.

We fear the experts in every field & keep ourselves, for safety's sake, lashed to our narrow specialties. Everyone knows his part, but is ignorant of its meaning in the play.

Every vice was once a virtue, & may become respectable again, as hatred becomes respectable in war.

The invention & spread of Contraceptives is the proximate cause of our changed morals—the dissociation of sex from reproduction which involves marriage & parentage. The city offers every discouragement to marriage, while it provides every stimulus & facility for sex. .... It is promiscuous middle age, rather than romantic youth that sets the tone of the day.

Marriage is long & beauty is fleeting, a thing of beauty is not a joy forever to one who marries it.

The best government is that which governs least.

Primitive peoples seem to have known very little of love; they hardly had a word for it; when they married they were actuated by nothing more than a desire for children & regular meals. Nietzsche thought that

"romantic love" was an invention of the Provençal troubadours.

Man, said Beaumarchais, differs from the animals in that he drinks without being thirsty & makes love at all seasons.

Tolstoi: "But I will tell the truth about women only when I have one foot in the grave. I shall tell it, jump into my coffin, pull the lid over me, & say 'Do what you like with me now'!" (Gorki: Reminiscences of Tolstoi, P.65)

He lacks the imagination to see his wife as a stranger sees her. fact-grubbing, Gradgrindish.

from a post to routine, from the vertical to the horizontal life

Life at the Mermaid, by J. C. Squire.

an ingenious dog.

Unless you are cleverer than I am or more impudent than I dare to be.

They resemble Virgil's Hell in that they are easy things to

(Ironie, en souriant, nous rend la vie aimable; la pitié qui pleure, nous la rend sacrée. all malice small compared to that of woman
* Brevis omnis malitia super malitiam Mulieris. Quand le pauvre St. Antoine luttait: "Va-t-en, bête!" cet effroi la flatte. Elle est savoir cette plus dangereuse qu'elle ne l'eût soupçonné. La civilisation vous donna des voiles et la religion nous donna des scrupules. Vous êtes un secret et vous êtes un péché. On rêve de vous et l'on se damne pour vous!
Jet into de vie difficult to escape from.
keep a tem upon one's tongue
blush all down her back.

Le Jardin d'Épicure, par Anatole France

les Dieux ne connaissent d'éternel que l'éternel écoulement des choses

Le Christianisme a beaucoup fait pour l'amour en en faisant un péché. Il exclut la femme du sacerdoce. Il la redoute. Il montre combien elle est dangereuse. Par la crainte qu'il en fait paraître il la rend puissante et redoutable. (8 ff)*

Le livre laisse tout à faire à l'imagination... Le théâtre au contraire fait tout voir et dispense de rien imaginer. C'est pourquoi il contente le plus grand nombre. Il en résulte que les impressions reçues par les spectateurs sont aussi peu dissemblables que possible. (33 ff)

Gerhard d'Augustes: L'éternel retour de la question

Chateaux de Cartes (on the relativity of truth & apology for Judas (P. 76) (cf Cainites dans Taste) Tentation Critique of positivism of Comte (P. 91) Taste-Artistic Pilgrim

« Que faut-il faire cuire aujourd'hui ? ». (... Sur l'autel fameux où mijote le pot-au-feu sont sacrifiées jeunesse, liberté, beauté, joie. (37)

Il y a toujours un moment où la curiosité devient un péché, et le diable s'est toujours mis du côté des savants. (P. 52

Dans la nuit où nous sommes tous le savant se cogne au mur, tandis que l'ignorant reste tranquillement au milieu de la chambre

Un bon style est comme ce rayon de lumière qui doit sa clarté pure à l'union intime des sept couleurs dont il est composé. Il est complexe mais il n'y paraît pas. (P. 83)

Il ne faut pas tomber dans le travers de ces femmes qui, parce qu'elles sont maigres, veulent passer pour de purs esprits

fine-des familiarity with the subject.

queerly matched fore-fellows

take his misfortune en philosophe carry the motion with a majority of ?

La vie en pantoufles a Collection of serviceable "tags" to tickle to
Horace Walpole, by Dorothy Margaret Stuart
About West, delicate, sensitive, unusually gifted, there was more than a touch of the "intellectual angel", though, happily for his friends and for himself, he had not Shelley's sustained and disconcerting seriousness of mind.
To West: "You must not wonder if all my letters resemble dictionaries with English on one side & French on t'other. I deal in nothing else at present, & talk a couple of words alternately in each language from morning till night."
his jeu d'esprit a heart pricked for a moment
expected him to approach draped in metaphorical sackcloth, and ingenuously Mea culpa!
to George Montagu: "Don't commend me, you don't know what harm it will do me: you will make me a painstaking man, & I had rather be dull without any trouble. From partiality to me you will not allow my letters to be letters."
Taste — that sort of taste with which heaven was wont to visit wealthy fools.
no real love for mediaeval things — witness his

the height & scored him black & blue It is pleasant
point of his offense a fast-fading beauty ce qu'il me
tricked out with borrowed phrases faut
astonish: description of the "Canterbury Tales" as "a
lump of Mineral from which Dryden has extracted all
the gold".
Early in his career as an author did Walpole assume
that pose which annoyed Macaulay so much — the
light and airy pose of a mere amateur who amuses
himself with first one literary pursuit and then
another, but is willing to devote time, care, &
labor to none. a sort of kind-let loose among
"Gout is going off in minuet-step".
Walpole, as Charles de Rémusat has well said,
aima Mme du Deffand comme on pouvait l'aimer
et comme il pouvait aimer.
The thought of "Strawberry" in lilac-time which
"Contains more verdure than the Whole of France" began
to tug at his heartstrings.
Just lap their coins & fell upon the books

Humanism, by F. C. S. Schiller

Humanism, therefore, will still remain opposed to Barbarism But Bm. may show itself in philosophy in a double guise, as barbarism of temper & as bm. of style.

Scholasticism is a spirit of sterilising pedantry that avoids beauty, dreads clearness & detests life and grace The scholastic temper is one which their mode of life induces in professors as easily as indigestion, & pregnant it renders them the worst enemies of their subjects

(xxiii. also by James, see Times Literary Supplement Oct. 15 1936.

Pragmatism vindicates the rationality of irrationalism without becoming itself irrational; it restrains the extravagance of intellectualism, without losing faith in intellect.

It is possible to condemn life, not because it has too little pleasure but because it has too little of the other ends which are recognised as good in themselves — virtue, beauty, Truth etc. It is possible to argue that the unhappiness — pessimism, is the effect rather than the cause of the worthlessness of life. But what

as futile as to appoint a dyspeptic King
of Cocagne. With a hard heart & a good digestion
enables man thus to apply to life the standards by which
it is itself condemned? Worthy surely but the fact that
he is capable of framing an ideal of worth & of holding
it up to reality as a mirror in which to behold
its deficiencies.

"Concerning Mephistopheles" clever advocacy of Duré
Faust proposes to consider himself damned
when he shall consider himself satisfied & to
demand the continuation of the present moment:

Werd' ich zum Augenblicke sagen,
Verweile doch, du bist so schön!

The absurdity of this is plain: A man who is capable
of declaring himself satisfied is not damned: he is
happy. And if Heaven be the satisfaction of desire,
he has ipso facto attained Heaven.... Mephisto. is
F's real redeemer. He it is who rescues F. from
the fatal listlessness into which he had fallen &
revives his interest in life. F. is never nearer
damnation than before Mephisto. appears.

take an annual guinea's worth of scientific interest.
会券

reprinted

Thorstein Veblen: The Place of Science in Modern Civilisation, "The Economics of Marx":
"What Hegel pronounces, Das Denken ist das Sein, Marx & Engels instead say Das Sein macht das Denken. But in both cases some sort of creative
Heaven is not on the celestial side alone, the rich man
primacy is assigned to one or the other member of the complex, & in neither,
for his part is not in a hurry to get there. They are
case is the relation between the 2 members a causal relation. ~~Hegel believes that~~
for, work at home in this world.
~~man's spiritual life is~~ The conception of movement, process, self-conditioned
& self-acting, unfolding by inner necessity, toward the realisation in explicit
form of all that is implicit. 'Material' = economic (p. 414).

From Hegel to Marx, by Sidney Hook.

Marx was evidently not born a marxist. He reached his position only after the most serious wrestling with alternative social, economic and philosophic views. There is hardly a doctrine urged against the Marxian position which does not have its precursory expression during the years when M. fought his way to dialectical materialism. The apparent contradictions in M's thought e.g. between his social determinism and class teleology, could be interpreted as relative emphases arising in the course of opponents whose positions were antithetical to each other. His rejection of any theory is primarily based upon his contention that it is false, not upon its social origin or import.

Some like, Ueberweg in "Grundriss der Geschichte der Philosophie

According to the Hegel Lecture of Andrew Seth Pringle-Pattison on "the Philosophy of History". H. was anticipated by Clement of Alexandria (Stromata, I. ii.) which took a hint from St Paul & argued that Christ is the Synthesis of the Greeks & the antithesis Cant see an historical sequence between Hegel & Marx but not a logical Connection (IV. 228) Some like Croce in "Historical Materialism & the Economics of K. M" have even gone so far as to deny any actual influence of H. upon M. save a psychological one (P. 82). Even some of M's disciples have discreetly sought to suppress the traces of his Hegelian origin. Critics like T. Masaryk (Die Philosophischen und Sociologischen Grundlagen des Marxismus P. 45) and Bernstein (Die Voraussetzungen des Sozialismus P. 59) are very sarcastic about the dialectic method M. took over from H.*

Hegel admitted that the spirit of his Philosophy was primarily religious and its systematic logic is rational theology. (cf. "Science of Logic" Eng. trans. I. P. 60) If there was any creation in the Hegelian system, it was an immanent creation — a development of ideas in terms of a logical and timeless order of necessity, not in terms of the succession of temporal structures. The process is the method by which a Cosmic subject attains self-consciousness.

* "Gesamtausgabe," ed. by Riazanov, 1927—Abt. I. Bd. I, P. 10
** Ibid Bd. I. P. 250.

The sensuous object, the contingent and undeniable, the material world in space & time — all dissolve into appearance in & behind the Hegelian system. M. saw the God of Western Christendom. A red thread of Promethean atheism runs thru all M's philosophical writings. Already in his doctorate dissertation "Differenz der demokritischen und epikureischen Naturphilosophie" he uses as a motto the avowal of Aeschylus' Prometheus, "In one word — I hate all the Gods."* The emphasis on the Will in M. made it difficult to reform existence. As a student M. had already written in the spirit of Hegel's method, "Without parties no development without division, no progress".** A class struggle which gives victory to one group under certain conditions will more readily abolish classes than will class collaboration which by negotiating class interests tends to perpetuate them. M. is activistic.

It is true enough that the main features of M's political philosophy are compatible with his underlying metaphysics

Henry de Man: The Psychology of Socialism (Zur Psychologie des Sozialismus)
The Golden Cleavage between Marxist theory & the practice of those labor parties
which claim to embody it. The leaders do their utmost to demonstrate the continuity
of motive by reiterated avowals of faith in time-honored doctrines. Whereas it used
to be the motive force of action, it has now become nothing more than an
But that doesn't mean that they are therefore deducible from
his metaphysics; but for the ambiguity which facil-
itated the conversion of the Prussian state into the
Absolute. In H's system "reason" (Vernunft)
was identified with "reality" (Wirklichkeit). Consequently
When H. proclaimed) "Whatever is real is reasonable;
etc", he was expressing a tautology. It was not until
the third ed. of the "Encyclopädie" (1830) that H. emphatically
distinguishes "reality" from "existence". He protested
that the maxim was not a defence of political
reaction for not all existence was real. The real
was the perfectly ideal, the logically complete, the norm
— e.g. the "real" man. " H. converts all the attributes of
Constitutional monarchy into the absolute self-determination
of the will. He does not say "With the will of the Monarch
lies the final decision" but "The final decision of will
is — the Monarch". The 1st proposition is empirical; the 2nd
transforms the empirical fact into a metaphysical axiom
(Gesamtausgabe I, 1 428). For H. the state is the
auxiliary & means of propaganda (p. 70) Socialism existed (as an objective) before there
was a Labor Movement, & even before there was a working class. Socialist teaching

are products not of the cultural poverty of the proletariat but of the cultural wealth of its former members of the bourgeoisie & the aristocracy. They spread from above downwards, not from below upwards, among the ardent pioneers in the field of socialist theory hardly the proletarian cause named. Not so much a doctrine of the proletariat as a doctrine for the proletariat. Marxism tells us that every social ideology is the expression of the outlook of some particular class; thus socialism including Marxism, is

realization of moral principles & Concrete freedom (Rechts Philosophie, secs. 257 ff.) It is logically primary to Society the condition of all social life. For Marx the state is a product of social life, not its condition. It is an historic outgrowth of society. There are societies without state. The State does not come to bring reconciliation between classes but to reconcile subject classes to their lot.

For H. philosophy is Nachdenken, self-enclosed & Self-Sufficient. It is an activity of thought; literally a thinking-after — after things have been done, clarification of what has happened and explanation of it in terms of logical necessity. It does not reform, but understands. In the preface to "Rechtsphilosophie": "Philosophy comes too late to teach the world what it should be. The owl of Minerva begins its flight when the shades of twilight have already fallen" (Lasson Ausgabe P. 17). On the one hand, H. sucks the world from his finger-tips and on the other, apologizes for the brute given. For Marx the subject-matter of philosophy is a bourgeois growth. Marx, an academic, Owen, a factory owner, St-Simon an aristocrat (P. 26-27). The working class fought before it knew. Class war was not

from our proletarian consciousness, but vice versa. The workers do not fight as a class because they know themselves to be exploited; but they come to think themselves exploited when & because they are engaged in the fight. The bourgeois idolatry & the proletarian a divine class-hatred, like Rousseauistic worship of the peasant. (P.31-2) The social inferiority complex is the driving force of the labour movement. It is a

not "the whole universe indivisible," but specific problems of man. Activity is an integral part of thinking. To theorise about the nature of the good society without trying to make the existing society good is in effect to accept the existing society. In this way, a theory proved of its impracticality is in reality vicious & practical. Pretending to be indifferent to the effects of thought it has very definite effects of its own. Contemplation is not removed from life but is a way of life. Philosophy is not retrospective insight into the past; it is prospective anticipation of the future. Practice may or may not be the goal of thought but it always enters as some form of activity into the very process of testing our ideas. Philosophy is a "normative inquiry." In Hegel this is disguised in the form of a rational theology; in Marx philosophy means always ethical, political or social philosophy. Metaphysics & epistemology being relegated to the ~~social~~ science of logic. Normative — sociology of desire not axiology of objective values. & interest (P.57). Marxist doctrinaire question of dignity & pride as much as a question of ignorant of any deep & close contact with the actualities of life, fail to see that the world

M's Criticism of H. derived from Feuerbach's "Zur Kritik der hegelschen Philosophie" & "Vorläufige Thesen zur Reform der Philosophie".

M's naturalism is only the beginning of his philosophy not the end of it; for he was interested in taking the world as he found it in order to change it more effectively. M. Criticizes H. that the last fruits of what has developed in time are illegitimately converted into the 1st principles of what subsists in logic — the attempt to deduce the historical succession of things in time from the immanent development of ideas out of time. Marx holds that from logic we can never get to Existence and thought transforms but does not Create. (Cf. "Die heilige Familie"). Marx's realism can also be seen in his Objective theory of value. Given Social Conditions, values are discovered to be involved in the exchange of commodities without anyone's intending that it be so. If M's Method was Hegelian, his starting point, as Engels admits, was Aristotelian. (Marx-Engels Archiv, Bd. 2, P. 15)

According to H. there is an objective meaning in history. To explain away the depressing record of the historically real in which only by chance does any reasonable emerge discontents due quite as much to the loss of pleasure in work as to the loss of concrete acquisitions. Capitalism has divorced the producer from production, the worker from the work (P. 65) — "joyless labor". The reason why the bourgeoisie is the upper

classes today, is that everyone would like to be a bourgeois. Prestige is the cause of power, not vice versa (P. 103). The desire for equality & the longing for inequality, far from being mutually exclusive conditions one another. In view of the actual human instinctive dispositions, no society is possible without an aristocracy which, of course, can take various forms. Social hatred is too often a confirmation of social envy.

Hegel invokes "the cunning of Reason" (die List der Vernunft). All serve its ends. Reaction and reaction help. It dangles the bait of personal interest before men & thereby gets its work done. Nothing is altogether meaningless in history. (Encyclopädie. Sec. 209. Quoted also by Marx in "Capital" I. 199 n). M. objects to the Hegelian philosophy of history that as a philosophy it has nothing to do with history; & that as actual history it disproves his philosophy. There is an order to be found in history but not a teleological order; there is determinism, but not predeterminism or fatalism; there is a direction, but not necessarily linear. History is made by men. It may be a chance event that a great man appears when & where he does. classes don't make any man "great", but they give him both the opportunity and the means to be great.

Plunge in "Hegel und Marx", Croce and Lindsay patronizingly into sets Marx as an erring variety of Hegel. But because socialism will not be realizable as long as snobbery is supreme. The Marxist intellectual, secluded in his study, may fancy that the working class forms its ideal by the reading

of capital; but the unprejudiced observer knows that this ideal is nourished upon the eager
adoption of the manners of the upper ten thousand (P. 105), the struggle ends by always making
the workers more like their bourgeois adversaries in proportion as they tend to get the
better of them (109). The "gilet flatteur" of St. Simon, a garment buttoned behind instead

Him & Marx fought against the same opponents, they share
certain positive doctrines. Because they fought against
each other with the same weapons they share a common
method: (1) Opposition to Social Atomism. H. regarded
the social Whole as both logically and historically prior to
the individual. Individuality is the outcome, not the
presupposition of society. The higher the system the truer
the individual. Reality is spiritual, rational & systematic.
M. conducts his analysis of social activity on an
empirical plane. Men need one another in order to live
before they need one another in order to converse. M.
formulates the behaviorist doctrine that man's consciousness is his speech which arises out of the concrete
needs of social exchange. Consciousness is social
before it is individual. (Deutsche Ideologie, Marx-Engels
Archiv. 1926-7, I. 247) (2) Rejection of Abstract Ethical
Idealism. He condemned the theory of Natural Rights because
it endangered the stability of the State. Social ties exist
before ethical Commands. "A State that made the
in front: the need for assistance in public work was a daily reminder to the wearers
of the great principle of human solidarity (P. 150). It is hardly an exaggeration

to say that Marxism owes a great deal to Marx's beard. The hirsute appearance of the author of Capital gave him the aspect of a patriarch & a Prophet (P. 152) A comparative study of the socialist fashions in dress tells us more of the currents feeling in the labor movement than the formal resolutions voted at the Congresses. In the attempt to live up to the Commandments of Christ would go to pieces (Theologische Jugendschriften P. 41). If every right is based on some interest, why should the State whose interest lies in self-preservation be regarded as immoral in enforcing its right? The conflict between H.'s natural Real politik (urged against natural-rightists who desire political power) and his supernatural metaphysics of history (Consolation for their not getting it because all's well) Marx too Criticises the Utopians from the standpoint of naturalistic ethics, — not merely a demand for social justice but a specific kind of justice dependent upon the objective possibilities created by Capitalism. (3) The Centrality of process. H's system is evolutionary, not in the biological sense (which H. repudiated in Encyclopädie Sec. 249) but in the historical sense. H. dissolved all things into their relations and Continued these relations as logical categories and [illegible] present the inter-relationships

the earlier days in Germany, as a relic of the romanticism of 1848, Wide awakes & Volunteers cloaks were in vogue, suggesting a combination of the conspiratorial &

the professional type. In the latter part of the century when trade-union bureaucracy was firmly installed as a growth of "respectability", the labour leader was a workman in Sunday best. After the Revolution, the type was the official in morning coat & white linen collar. Now, once more, a rebel note is sounded. The garb of the Wandervogel, the devotee of an open-air life. The French socialist of a few decades back, a Bohemian with long hair &

of the logical categories as a process. For M. too, Every fact had a place in a material continuum of directed movement. Nothing could be understood except in terms of the logical relations of this continuum. Every thing which is given has at some time been produced.

(4) Teleology: It is human need expressed as purpose which splits the one absolute whole of Hegel into pieces. The earth, e.g. is a whole for the geologist, and a different whole — though related to the 1st — for a man in search of nourishment. The kind of whole we have depends upon the kind of purpose we have. (5) Dialectical Method. The "triadic" phases are the least significant aspect of the method. The necessary condition of a dialectical situation is at least 2 phases, distinct but not separate, which present a relation of opposition & interaction such that the result (1) Exhibits something qualitatively new (2) preserves some of the structural elements of the interacting phases & (3) eliminates others.

Marx finds it's method "Mystical" as he says in a letter to Lassalle. Dealt hat & luxuriant necktie. The British Keir Hardie type: a truly fellow in loose tweeds, wearing a broad, red tie, smoking a short clay pipe.

a grizzled patriarch who quoted Biblical texts — a fusion of work-class traits & pre-raphaelite Bohemianism. The American Eugene Debs type: jovial-looking an engine-driver on holiday, a flavor of Quakers & Puritans. Just as the leader moulds his appearance to suit the feelings of the masses, so these on their side imitate the symbolism of the leaders (51-2). Socialism as a religion with its

to Dietzgen because (a) it seems to generate out of its own ghostly action the very subject-matter to which it is applied (b) used to establish the logical structure of one all-inclusive whole, hence piecemeal knowledge is impossible, for if anything to be known before anything can be known, nothing can be known (3) It offers no clue to empirical approach or control. The dialectic assures us that the spirit of freedom will realise itself. But it does not tell us when, where or how. The nature of Whole is such that it cannot be studied as a whole. We must begin with a tentatively isolated part. In order to understand the part, however, we must go on to other parts. As we extend our investigations, we are compelled to modify our original conclusions about the nature of the part when it was considered in relative isolation — from the abstract (part) to the concrete (whole). So far dialectic as applied to a system at rest — the logic of Coordination

Bible, Calendar & Symbolism (ch. V). The Marxism of the Crowd is a living error; the Marxism of the elect is a dead truth (p. 419)

expropriation of the expropriators" ~~"Stal~~ "steal the stolen goods" (a slogan among German Communists). The "pure" Marxists who repudiate Communism make books; the "vulgar" Marxists or Communists, guide parties. Eng. tr. by E. & C. Paul.

but system in movement – logic of succession. At any given moment the structural disposition of a whole must be such that its mutually supporting elements are not of equal strength. The equilibrium is threatened, then a qualitative change, then the equilibrium is again restored. The extent, the strength & the rate of interaction between the polar elements within any situation depend upon the specific factors involved. The nature of a thing is disclosed in its relation to other things. Any relation may be viewed from 2 opposite aspects, i.e. from the viewpoint of its 2 relata. Each term regards the relation as internal to itself & the other term as external to itself. An antinomy results which can be solved only by reinterpreting the situation & by looking at both terms & their relation from the viewpoint of a wider relation (whole or system) and so. A genuine synthesis is more than a destructive process which removes the possibility of further development and conflict, not an additive process which by fusing

opposing elements produces a new situation — one in which the original elements can still be discerned (e.g. White + black = Gray); a transformative process in which the original elements are no longer discernible (H2O); a repetitive process in which the elements remain unchanged. It is all these & more. Thesis & antithesis are resolved in such a way that the pretensions of each to constitute the whole of a relation are denied; yet aspects of each are retained or conserved in the new whole; and are reinterpreted or elevated (aufgehoben) as subordinate moments in a more inclusive whole. Hegel alleges this process to be purely logical Marx, primarily historical & social. All determination is negation; every thing has character because it is not its other. A meadow that had no bounds (a flat that had no shore) would be neither meadow nor sea.

worthless, fearless heir
* Dr Peschel as quoted by Moltke: "Der Preussische Schulmeister hat die Schlacht bei Sadowa gewonnen!" Tirades & Panegyrics, by a Stoic
Penny Foolish, A Book of
I am prepared to think that the long, the endless years which were wasted in a horrible, deplorable and pointless struggle, might perhaps have been the best of my life; but since I was a soldier, and not a politician or an Army Contractor, they were certainly the worst.
A man of three score yrs and ten can advise & interfere when he wishes, without the least dread of retaliation: he is too old to be worried, but not too old to worry other people. Everyone will laugh at anything serious the Grand Old Man says (since there is his reputation for wit to be considered), and will be serious when he says anything funny (because deference must be paid to sagacity & may lose his voice altogether a month at the assembled) school after the manner of a rebellious goldfish.
Public schools are to private schools as lunatic asylums to mental homes; larger & less comfortable. The remark, attributed to Wellington, that Waterloo was won upon the playing-fields of Eton,* in the end became more responsible for the loss of the Boer War & the length of the Great War than any other hypothetical epigram [redacted] any other great man. Compulsory games. Given good luck there was a chance of catching a severe cold from getting

slacker
dropsical unwieldiness of phrase

wet, & the comfortable prospect of being able to spend a day or two quietly in bed. lifting life out of its ordinary rut.
From the class-conscious point of view of those who dread government by the workers, the most desirable thing in the world would be democratization of the public schools. If miners and millhands could only be educated at Eton, there would never be any strikes, or if there were, there would be unsuccessful; would mean no more than an Eton & Harrow match.
My fear & detestation of games is founded in the love of my country. Almost the first mention of organised games in our history is the unchallenged fact that Drake nearly missed destroying the Armada thru untimely indulgence in a game of bowls. The very names of our cricketeering politicians have become a by-word for platitude, banal blatant blather & incompetence. England was built up with the brain rather than the foot (although it is this member which every schoolboy from the age of 8 to 18 is now taught to regard as all-important. Games remain merely so many

devices for wasting what is, so far as we know, the only span allotted to mankind in a world full of wonders.
Close your mind & shut your eyes, & you may be happy, & not only happy but great; for most really great men, that is to say, men of action as opposed to men of thought, have been narrow minded, & lacked vision. What man not blinded by a single purpose would have dared, like Clive, to conquer India, and (with broad-minded eyes enable us to keep it?
The pleasure you will obtain from scouting foreign countries out of hand without seeing them is quite equal to any you might derive from a more broad-minded appreciation of them. I was afforded every advantage in narrowing mind; I was sent to Eton & taught Cricket & Latin — but in vain!
"Satan finds some Mischief still for idle hands to do"
But the word "idle" should be rendered "restless" or "busy"!
The idle man is usually a good-natured one; at worst, harmless. Whereas the men who do the harm the Napoleons and Lenins & Hitlers and rabid newspaper-peers, are obliged by their nature to be for ever frantically striving: Beware of the Soft Old

people who subsequently, in their obituary notices, are said to have "remained active until the end". Effort is of no avail in itself; nor should it be necessarily awarded admiration. It requires as much effort to lose a battle as to win it; because the stupid Commander, aware of his inferiority, has to be even busier than the Clever one, & tends to fussiness in detail. Nearly every great invention panders to laziness.

Those possessed of wit naturally like to use it, & can use it best on those whom they best know. If you must have faithfulness, be content to rely on dogs or on those human beings who most resemble them.

Treachery appears at any rate to be a vice of those swift in race, & not of the slow and halting. Alcibiades was treacherous but one cannot say that he is stupid. Moreover, we must remember that the possibility of being treacherous is only given to a friend. Never forgive your enemies – it only makes them more bitter. (John Davidson: "To My Enemy" (R. L. Stevenson) The Romantic '90's)

Wherever you look in England, the Old bar the way and muddle the path in front of us. This is a natural sequel to War – it

innocent & round-eyed snobbishness.

at any rate, in a war where the young & strong fight & perish, while the old govern and survive ... Young men who look out old ideas in the old, familiar way, impart to them merely a new veneer of cheap smartness.

The standardisation of faces — there was a time, not so long ago, when every individual boasted an individual face; but now each set, each profession, each class presents a face in common. And what faces they are, smooth, smug and unimaginative, indecisively prim; inoffensive to an offensive degree! All the wealthier "cultured" classes, who have no need to do so, betray the urge toward standardisation in as full measure. At the universities there were formerly the "swells" & the esthetes; now, a general level of pale refinement, slightly tinged by Communist opinion, prevails. The latest delicious, anonymous class of "promising Oxford novelists" or "distinguished young Cambridge poets." Their work will be described by their fellows as "integral" or "austere" or "authentic."

I have met many authors & many critics, but I have seldom met an author — i.e. a creative writer — who was a prig.

The 2 leading prigs of the day I used to imagine to be female 2 literary ladies; the gifted sisters-in-law Lewis of Cambridge... To a poet, every sound is suggestive & about the names of these 2 literary ladies — for such, whatever their sex, they will ever remain to me — lingers something both dictatorial & aloof: Lewis — a sort of take it or leave it attitude. Moreover, the initials of one of them, P. D. suggests again P. E. D. & carry with them an air of a problem clearly demonstrated — it it comes therefore as somewhat of a shock to be informed that the lady in reality bears the slightly frivolous name of Queenie!

We English excel in the offering of advice; & because of our talent in this direction have been dubbed the Greeks of Europe. lose loneliness & achieve solitude.

The chief of the enemies to privacy stands modern science. Formerly if a man wished to disturb a friend he was put to the trouble of walking or driving to his house & doing it himself. Now, on the other hand, he can motor or "just ring up". And soon television will place you

the all-in Charge
her hair seems to have been touched by Hides
女仆的嘉然 S. 请安未遂时，素未谋缘. S. kissed her: "Albinia
altogether in his power. Even your bath will no longer be your own.
from here!"

Do not Strong Silent Englishmen" merely a myth, surviving in the imaginative minds of foreigners? And is not the origin of this myth entirely due to our public schools, whose languages are badly taught that, in after life, the Englishman must perforce for ever keep his silence in front of all foreigners who do not talk English? Wellington has been taken as a supreme example of "S. S. E." but in really he was Irish, witty, garrulous, like other great generals, Cromwell, Marlborough, chatter boxes. Many lesser generals have been silent (thank goodness!); but were they strong? There is no country in the world where after-dinner speaker is so popular. Sets his heavy chin — "American prosperity chin".

All round are tables at which people sit silently remorse-fully chewing with the ox-eyed. Solidity peculiar to this race when enjoying its grub. a glass of water flavored with dish-cloth.

Words, thanks to journalism, are drained of their vitality, become pale and anaemic; sometimes, on the contrary

* The Jews ought to be responsible.

inflated & unnatural. In the past "tragedy" was applied to the work of the Greek dramatists; but now it is used indiscriminately of any death as the result of common orgy (in itself a debitalised word) etc. So "literature" is applied to the accumulated rubbish sold on railway bookstalls.* The methods of posthumous belittlement of the great are numerous & diverse. One of the most successful is the adoption of a spurious familiarity, by which the writer puts himself on every reader, on Christian-names terms with the subject of his book — a kind of tutoyer-ing thru the centuries. King Henry VIII as "Hal", the Roi Soleil as "Lulu", Queen Victoria as "Vicky". Indeed, this type of writer deserves the classic rebuke which I once heard delivered by a worldly old lady to a young man inclined to this same sort of misleading reference: "Mr Marsh, how different we are in our outlook. I notice you always address the Duchess of St Dodo as "Duchess", but refer to her in her absence as "Muriel"; whereas I always call her

English Mental fog as dense as material fog of London
"Oblique reference" 你得时请甲急 sketch 了云间时
数千里外已在你的手笔特点
"Muriel" in her face, but when she is not there refer to her
in front of other people as "the Duchess of St. Dodo!"
"The Delights of Foreign Colonies" very good
ladies old, but very spry and never-say-die.
Lawrence less great in his novels than in his "Studies of
Classic American lit."
On Thackeray's drawing of character he uses a vulgar exag-
geration — never the superb, the magnificent distortion of Dickens.
never can portray love life. squirts ink.
"Elements of Literary Corruption" interesting
No one has ever accused Mr Alfred Noyes of not "singing". But
alas! the effect of all the "singing" is but to make us
prefer prose. Mr Noyes argues: "Tennyson was a great
poet! He was also occasionally a great bore. I am
sometimes a bore .... Therefore I am a great poet!"

thoroughly sifted evidence.

Sterne, by A. D. Traill.

A husband condemned to be the Ulysses-like plaything of adverse gods at the War Office; an indefatigably prolific wife; a succession of weakly ailing children — Joram, Anne, Devijber
Under all this combination of hostile chances & conditions was the struggle to be carried on, incessantly bearing their journey marked by a long succession of and burying children. little tombstones.

"&c."—that indolent symbol of which S. makes such irritating use.

The upset of a coach containing a clerical pluralist—

When struggling on the ground was seen
A Rector, Vicar, Canon, Dean;
You might have thought the Coach was full.
But no! 'twas only Dr Bull.

Dr Sterne might have been thrown out of one of the more capacious vehicles of the London General Omnibus Co. with the same misleading effect upon those who only heard of the mishap.

Philandering is a matter almost as impossible to omit from any biography of S. as it would be to omit it from

acquainted with everybody who was anybody
Mrs Draper
journal to Eliza, the wife of an elderly Indian official. Philandering to call up
any biography of Goethe. The English humourist, it is true,
[illegible] in writing to [illegible] the [illegible] of the day, imagined or
did not engage in the pastime in the Heroics not to
say Teutonic spirit of the German poet. From the artistic
point of view, S. lost rather than gained by the generally
Platonic character of his amours. The restraint of one
instinct of his nature in which the over-indulgence of another
which stood in at least as much need of chastisement.
If his love-affairs stopped short of the gratification of the
senses, they involved a perpetual fondling and caressing of the
effeminate sensibilities of his into that condition of hyper-
aesthesia which was the weakness of his art.
Mr Shandy is designed to personify not "crack-brained
learning" so much as "theory run mad." His crotchets
were by no means those of a weak receptive mind but
rather those of an over-active intelligence.
Literary spinners into silkworms who spin because they
are full & those who do so because they are empty — not
exhaustive — there are silkworms who become gradually
transformed into spiders.

a "grass widow".

Elizabeth Hunley his wife their lives
Husband them both worthy an inch of
Their estrangement had grown apace, & had already
brought them to that stage of mutual indifference which
is at once so comfortable & so hopeless — secure
alike against the risk of scenes" & the hope of recon-
ciliation, shut fast in its exemption from amantium
irae against all possibility of redintegratio amoris.

"Crébillon fils & S. agreed to borrow each other's indecencies."
one of Sterne's most singular thefts, considering the tenor of the passage
Dr. John Ferriar. Was a great admirer of S. & his
stolen, is his declamation against plagiarists & depredators of his own class:
the dedicatory sonnet to his "Illustrations" he solicits
shall live for ever, make new books, as apothecaries make new
Pardon for this too minute investigation from Sterne's
"Shade" [illegible] Burton's "Anatomy
Melancholy" When Tully has bereft of his daughter at
same pack & for ever at the same pace?" Cf Burton: "As apothecaries, we
157 he laugh his heart ..." But as soon as he began
make new mixtures every day pour out of one vessel into another ..." we
to look into the Stoics & Philosophers & consider how
weave the same web, still turn the same rope again & again.
Many excellent things might be said upon the occasion
why cannot help wondering at the coolness with which Sterne could
— No body on earth can conceive, say he, how happy
transfer to his own work so eloquent a tirade against the plagiarists
how joyful it made me". Webb supplemented S's "light
Whether was practising?" — Scott.
from Bentley. Sidney Lee, in D. N. B. & Wilbur Cross in his & Times of
The "Style" of S. is as though we should say "The form
(in Sec. Ch. VII)

all that need be insisted on
talking
Made a third in the lachrymose his servant.
group.
of Proteus". He was determined to be uniformly eccentric
regularly irregular. a perfect marvel of slipshod. His truly
hideous French— Flench at which even Stratford-atte-Bowe
would have stood aghast. Chaotic as it is in Syntactical
sense, it is a perfectly clear vehicle for the conveyance of
thought. a talking style. Jatrous benevolence.

The Talking Horse, by F. Anstey.

he was hardly to be treated astride anything more spirited than a
gold-headed Cane. pretty impenetrable.
to play gooseberry "Be good, sweet maid & let who will be clever"
What would I not give to have the advantage.
At last the worm turned.
The poet was a strong athletic young man, in spite of his
long hair — or might that have been, as in Samson's case,
a contributory Cause?

résolue au mariage, coûte que coûte.

Déboire Elle s'est toquée d'un acteur

tous les degrés de l'échelle sociale

Voilà monsieur à cheval sur son dada

le désir d'apprendre et la peur de savoir.

Autrefois, le mari était proprement l'initiateur; actuellement, grâce à le déflorateur professionel, la jeune fille ménage des surprises à son mari dans l'alcove nuptiale.

point de mire de 20 lorgnettes de femme.

Mi-sérieuse, mi-rieuse.

On prend goût aux jeunes filles, aux fruits verts.

Vous les avez croisés. Il se fit rare

qui a soupé, couché, fêté avec tout Paris.

Noctambules, nous ferons notre petit 89.

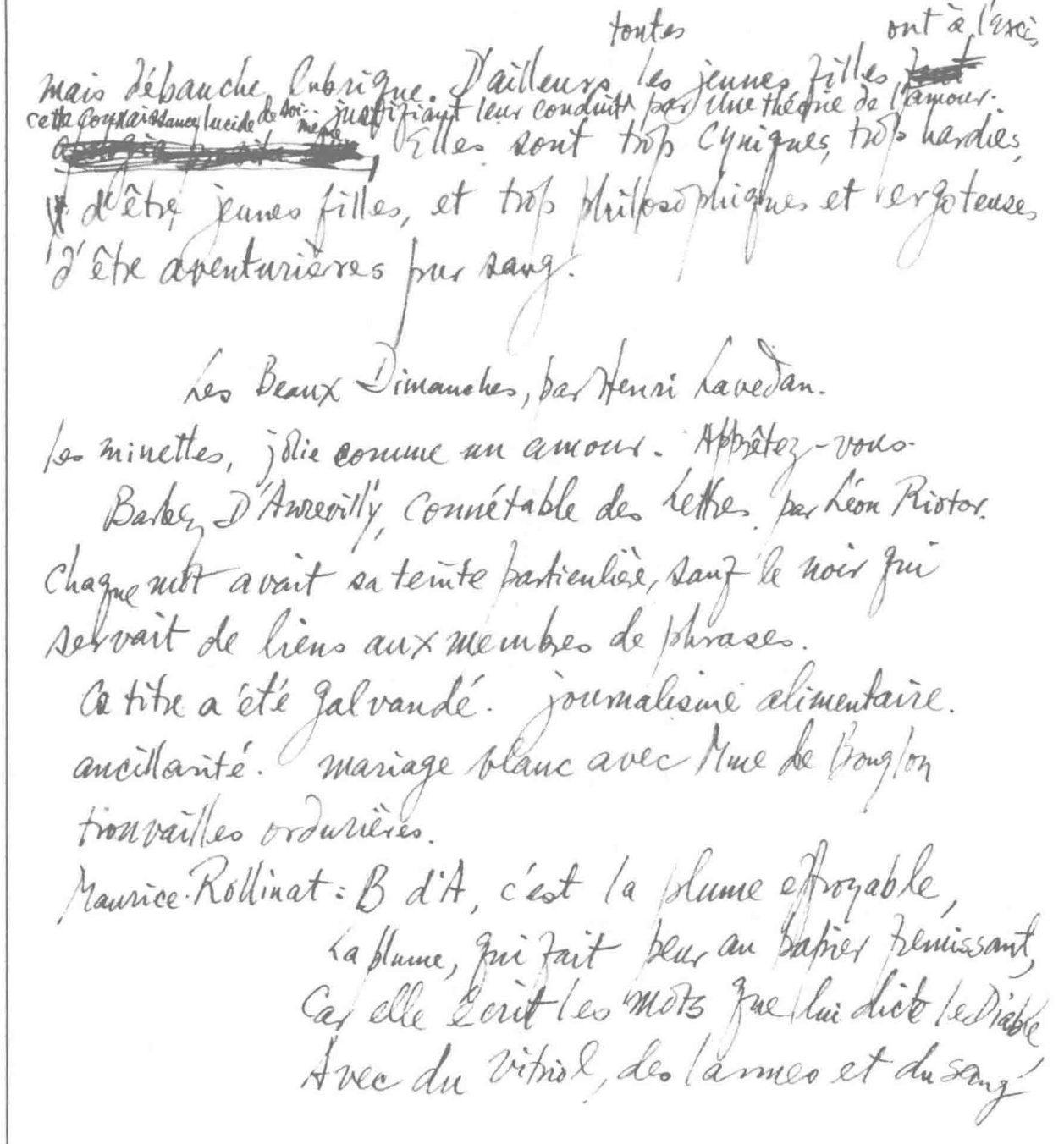
Le train-train des jours sans événements.

Laissons faire le temps. Tout s'oublie.

Hector dilettante, spectateur critique qui invente le terme et fait des commentaires. Les Demi-Vierges, par Marcel Prévost. Maud contraste de la haute société mais vaut" Etiennette d'une famille des Cocottes Mais chaste et qui ne veut pas être maîtresse

Chacune y avait son chez-soi indépendant. La 20e année à peine franchie.
Seule, la bouche rompait un peu l'harmonie des traits.
pondait outrageusement son visage plissé. Il faut tout ou rien.
ce n'est pas ça qui impressionera des gens de vieille roche
prêta avec une extrême recherche. Les domestiques sont dressés.
elle s'est affichée avec lui. aussi bien que n'importe quel artiste.
Nous traînons le boulet de ce passé-là, même après la mort.
je ne demande pas mieux. je m'en vais toute heureuse.
je l'ai en horreur. le sondait du regard
une puérilité voulue de geste, de toilette et de parole.

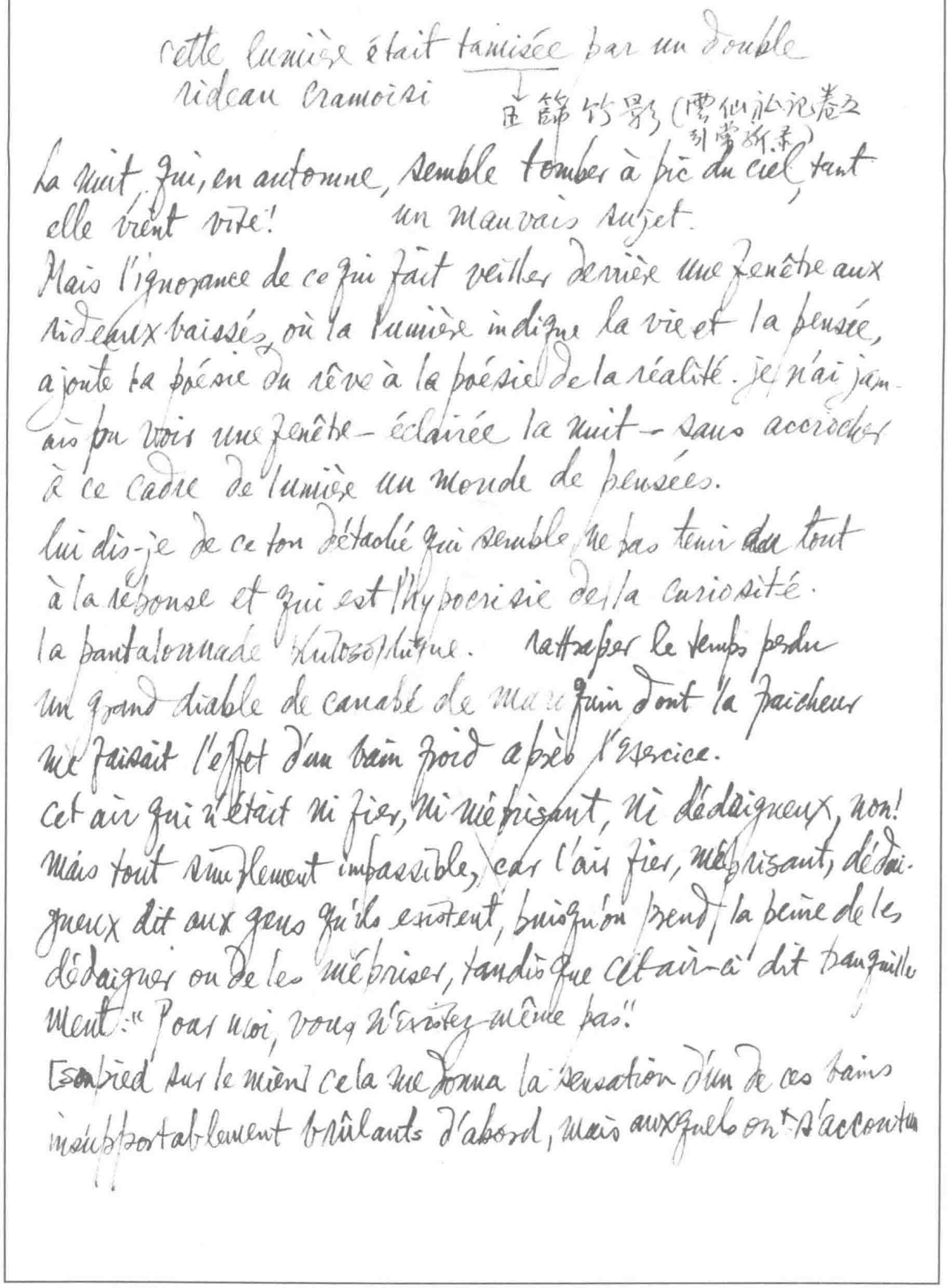
Un portrait amusant du libertinage parisien, mais le conflit acharné entre les volontés des divers personnages frise le melodrame. Le titre de ce roman est devenu une locution établie. Cassell's Dictionary donne la définition suivante: "Flirts who just keeps within the limit," une définition fausse. Toutes les "demi-vierges" dans ce livre ont vu le loup et n'ont pas arrêté devant l'époque décisive. Le mot anglais "flirt" si libéralement employé par Prévost a acquis un sens qui lui est étranger dans l'usage originaire, pas plus plaque amoureuse et frivole,



toutes ont à l'exc
mais débauche cubrique. D'ailleurs les jeunes filles
cette Compagnie lucide de soi- justifiant leur conduite par une théorie de l'amour.
Elles sont trop cyniques, trop hardies,
d'être jeunes filles, et trop philosophiques et ergoteuses
d'être aventurières pur sang.

Les Beaux Dimanches, par Henri Lavedan.
les minettes, jolie comme un amour. Apprêtez-vous.
Barbey D'Aurevilly, Connétable des Lettres par Léon Riotor.
Chaque mot avait sa teinte particulière, sauf le noir qui
servait de liens aux membres de phrases.
Ce titre a été galvaudé. journalisme alimentaire.
ancillarité. mariage blanc avec Mme de Bonglon
tionvailles ordurières.
Maurice Rollinat: B d'A, c'est la plume effroyable,
la plume, qui fait peur au papier jaunissant,
Car elle écrit les mots que lui dicte le Diable
Avec du vitriol, des larmes et du sang!

J. Barbey D'Aurevilly : Les Diaboliques (chez Six Premières).
"A qui dédier cela ?" Elles ont pourtant été écrites par un moraliste chrétien, mais qui se pique d'observation vraie, parfois très hardie, et qui croit que les peintres brissants peuvent tout peindre et que leur peinture est toujours assez morale quand elle est tragique et qu'elle donne l'horreur des choses qu'elle retrace. Il n'y a d'immoral que les Impassible et les Ricaneurs. Or, l'auteur qui croit au Diable et à ses influence dans le monde, n'en rit pas et il ne les raconte aux âmes dures que pour les épouvanter. Les diaboliques ne sont pas des diableries. Malebranche disait que Dieu se reconnaissait à l'emploi des moyens les plus simples. Le Diable aussi. Il n'y a pas une seule de ces femmes diaboliques à qui on puisse dire sérieusement le mot de : "Mon Ange !" sans exagérer. Après les diboliques, les Célestes. Mais y en a-t-il ?
Le Rideau cramoisi : il poitrinait au feu, comme une belle femme au bal, qui veut mettre sa gorge en valeur.
Un des avantages de la Causerie en voiture, c'est qu'elle peut cesser quand on n'a plus rien à se dire, et cela sans embarras pour personne.



cette lumière était tamisée par un double
rideau cramoisi ↓ 疋節竹影 (譬仙私說卷之別當所錄)

La nuit, qui, en automne, semble tomber à pic du ciel, tant
elle vient vite! un mauvais sujet.
Mais l'ignorance de ce qui fait veiller derrière une fenêtre aux
rideaux baissés, où la lumière indigne la vie et la pensée,
ajoute la poésie du rêve à la poésie de la réalité. Je n'ai jam-
ais pu voir une fenêtre – éclairée la nuit – sans accrocher
à ce cadre de lumière un monde de pensées.
lui dis-je de ce ton détaché qui semble ne pas tenir du tout
à la réponse et qui est l'hypocrisie de la curiosité.
la pantalonnade Kultosophique. rattraper le temps perdu
un grand diable de canapé de maroquin dont la fraîcheur
me faisait l'effet d'un bain froid après l'exercice.
cet air qui n'était ni fier, ni méprisant, ni dédaigneux, non!
mais tout simplement impassible, car l'air fier, méprisant, dédai-
gneux dit aux gens qu'ils existent, puisqu'on prend la peine de les
dédaigner ou de les mépriser, tandis que cet air-là dit tranquille
ment: "Pour moi, vous n'existez même pas."
Ecarlate sur le mien cela me donna la sensation d'un de ces bains
insupportablement brûlants d'abord, mais auxquels on s'accoutu

"Si on savait le moment", disait Vinon. Le moment de Vinon était-il déja passé?

Un Clou chasse l'autre: prenez une autre maîtresse. et dans les Enfers on finit par se trouver si bien qu'on croisait volontiers qu'un jour les damnés pourraient se trouver fraîchement et suavement dans les basiers de leur enfer, comme les poissons dans leur eau! Mais son visage resta aussi calme que si son pied n'avait pas dit et fait toutes les folies que peut dire et faire un pied! Il y avait vingt-cinq points d'interrogation dans mes yeux. Je plantai sur ces belles lèvres le robuste et fondroyant baiser du désir triomphant et roi.

Une curiosité dévorante. — 二、女子堂 Le Comte de Ravila de Ravilès 方堂三, le plus bel amour de Don Juan: le plus fort de tous nos amours n'est ni le premier, ni le dernier, mais le second. 椅，伴角火燒，即思容，燕古人墨笑迫出門先行果. cet amour platonique, utopique qui efface le cœur plus qu'il ne le remplit, et qui en prépare les forces pour un autre amour qui doit toujours bientôt le suivre.

Il faut tirer un tire-bouchon d'interrogations répétées.

Le Bonheur dans le Crime. Sa [panthère] fourrure de velours noir, d'un noir si profond et si mat que la lumière, en y glissant, ne la lustrait même pas, mais s'y absorbait, comme l'eau s'absorbe dans l'éponge qui la boit.... Quand on se retournait

Le profil, c'est l'écueil de la beauté.

Le médecin est le confesseur des temps modernes.

de cette forme idéale de beauté souple, de force terrible au repos, de dédain impassible et royal, vers les créatures humaines qui la regardaient timidement, qui la contemplaient, yeux ronds et bouche béante, ce n'était pas l'humanité qui avait le beau rôle, c'était la bête.

Ah, il ne faut pas regarder aux origines, pas plus pour les femmes que pour les nations. Une félicité à faire envie.

Sur la gazelle le silence, fils des langues fatiguées, commençait de s'étendre. une lune de miel indéfiniment prolongée.

C'était à couper la respiration qu'une telle vue.

la faculté ratiocinante, le bâton d'aveugle du savant

le point de mire de mes observations. Pas de velours

Comte Savigny et Hauteclaire Stassin restèrent bouche à bouche

le temps, ma foi, de boire, sans s'interrompre et sans se reprendre, au moins une bouteille de vaisey.

Les Dessous de Cartes: Là, comme dans les rares Maisons de Paris où l'on a conservé les grandes traditions de la causerie on ne cause guère de choses, et le monologue est à peu près inconnu. Rien n'y rappelle l'article du journal et le discours politique

raffiner la finesse comme une actrice fait
Jouer Marivaux Brochant sur le tout

ces deux moules si vulgaires de la pensée, au dix-neuvième siècle. L'esprit se contente d'y briller en mots charmants ou profonds, mais bientôt dits, quelquefois même en de simples intonations, et moins que cela encore, en quelque petit geste de génie. La puissance du monosyllabe.

Karkoël montrait des dents d'un émail de perles, comme ces Anglais, fils de la mer, en ont parfois pour les perdre ou les noircir, à la manière chinoise, dans les flots de leur affreux thé (cf. About in "Le Roi de Montagne")

Une femme froide à vous faire tousser.

Le Mensonge, c'est du mystère redoublé, des voiles épaissis, de ténèbres faites à tout prix.

Sa plaisanterie ressemblait à une balle, la seule arme qui tue sans se passionner, tandis que l'épée, au contraire, partage la passion de la main. L'un, noir et ténébreux comme la nuit; l'autre, clair et insondable comme l'espace.

A un Dîner d'Athées: Une obscurité qui empêche toute distraction extérieure et qui féconde le recueillement.

Il était comme le derrière de Satan, car le derrière de Satan,

prendre la chose au tragique. il a de quoi vivre

malgré l'enfer qui le chauffe, est très froid, disent les sorcières qui le baisent à la messe noire.

La Princesse Pauline Borghèse n'avait pas en toute sa personne une goutte de pudeur pour teinter de rose la plus petite place de son corps charmant, tandis que la Rosalba, cette pêche humaine, rougissait sous le regard le moins appuyé comme si vous l'aviez mordue un jurons à fendre le ciel. 児玩，此心 embaumé. 男知如已子，父母此心当拊

La Vengeance d'une Femme: La beauté est une. La laideur est multiple. visage empâté de vermillon.

Je me mettrai à la lessive demain (今夜打野鸡).

Notre amour avait eu la simultanéité de deux coups de pistolet tirés en même temps. (La Duchesse D'Arcos de Sierra-Leone. 西班牙最贵的 platonical 爱一人，其夫知之，当面命黑奴数鞭人，剜心糊二狗食之，以厚之也。女求合心不许，焚狗拿。中贵出必告同为妓之以厚其夫也，求生梅毒，果逃).

Tous les héros sont ~~les~~ dandys, pas les dandys tristes, mais Magestueux. Style éblouissant, verve eclatante, un Lacontent parfait, légèrement sacrilège, et invraisemblablement vrai

écriteaux
ef the play by R. de Flers & G.-A. de Caillavet: le regret lui mordait le
L'Immortel, par Alphonse Daudet. L'Habit de Cœur

Les insinuations de quelques journaux, voulant faire de L'Immortel
l'expression d'une vulgaire rancune de candidat évincé, m'ob-
ligent à mettre en tête de cette nouvelle édition la lettre que j'
écrivais au Figaro, il y a 5 ans: "Je ne me présente pas, je ne me
suis jamais présenté, je ne me présenterai jamais à l'Académie".
Sa forte volonté de fondre. en instance pour le prix Boissan.
Une Astier est de celles qui se décide à vieillir longtemps avant
l'heure du coup de feu. se lancer, brasser des affaires.
La Correspondance espacée de jour en jour
Ce vieux richard le traiter de haut en bas.
L'Académie se subdivise ~~Dans~~ en trois parties: les ducs, ce sont
tous les gens de noblesse et l'épiscopat; les Petdeloup comprenn
-ent les professeurs et savants divers; les Cabotins, les journalistes, c-à-d.
romanciers, hommes de théâtre.
Une femme à faire désirer le mariage.
Abel de Freydet (candidat et élève de Rému-Astier): "Dans ma
jeunesse, on débutait par des vers. Maintenant c'est par la critiq
et, généralement, par une étude sur Shelley" & Théodor de Wyzewa.
Moser pose sa candidature 十年六次, 使其女婿未先得知他为一位 Acad
émicien之 Commissionnaire et Corvéable 以占住 fauteuil. 据
当家老人 Laniboire 向未婿表示说 而为 Moser 投一票,

Mais l'intérêt prime tout.
il embrouillait des récits.

Vedrine: "Je connais ce coup-là, c'est le coup du racolage. Depuis quelques années, l'illustre compagnie n'attend plus le client chez elle, descend sur le trottoir et fait la retape. Vous trouvez l'académicien racoleur souriant aux jeunes talents qui bourgeonnent: 'L'Académie a l'œil sur vous, jeune homme!' En attendant, c'est le racoleur qui est reçu chargé de tous les dîners, de toutes les fêtes, le parasite, adulé des espérances qu'il fait naître et qu'il a soin de cultiver. Et tu irais te fourrer là dedans? la haute bicherie. Courtisanes que besoin de s'avilir, de s'aplatir.
Le culte rendu par Mme Ancelin à la littérature officielle avait 2 temples: L'académie française, la Comédie française.
dont l'imposture crève les yeux.
elle précisait les détails de son élection, lui rappelait son fameux mot sur les violettes de Mlle Astier, sentant le tabac, malgré qu'il ne fumât jamais: "Un mot qui vous a rendu plus célèbre que tous vos livres!

~~Le passage sur la prière of Landor, p. 412.~~ ~~dos~~ ~~Emily Dickinson~~
~~poem.~~

Une Nuit au Luxembourg par Remy de Gourmont.

Mon séjour prolongé à Paris m'a rendu badaud.

Je éprouve une confusion heureuse près d'une femme aimée et adorée.

Que de fois les baisers ont tué l'amour!

Je viens, Mimi, pour aimer que pour me laisser aimer.

Nos civilisations, filles orgueilleuses de la paresse, renient leur mère. Le loisir, voilà la plus grande et la plus belle conquête de l'homme. Ayant conquis le loisir, vous l'avez dédaigné, et des esclaves, honteux de l'inactivité de leurs mains domestiquées, se sont mis à prêcher parmi vous la sainteté du travail.

Si les hommes avaient élu pour bible le poème de Lucrèce (et le système d'Epicure),

Apollon-Dieu

Moi: "Le renouvellement n'est pas l'eternité" Lui: "Ce n'est pas J.S. Rose d'éternité que vous rêvez, mais d'immobilité".

Vous avez toujours eu affaire à des gosiers altérés [Moralistes] dont l'unique soin est de vous faire que la fontaine est emprisonnée.

L'exercice de la sincérité est ce qu'il y a de plus naturel dans l'homme. Il faut beaucoup de volonté pour se créer un

Vos prières nous enlèvent comme vous le chant des oiseaux, selon votre humeur, nous les trouvons agaçantes ou agréables et, dans l'un ou l'autre cas, nous passons, en songeant aux affaires sérieuses, c-à-d. à vivre notre vie (P. 158) cf. Landbr. P. 412

Caractère factice.

L'exercice de la pensée est un jeu, mais il faut que ce jeu soit libre et harmonieux.

Un auditeur qui comprend, c'est la moitié du discours.

L'idée de Dieu n'est que l'ombre de l'homme projetée dans l'infini.

La moitié Epicurien, la moitié Nietzschien (Dieux comme "une race d'hommes aussi supérieure aux autres hommes que vous êtes supérieurs aux animaux" P. 172 id. "Il faut aussi beaucoup de talent et peut-être même du génie" pour être un Menteur ou hypocrite pp. 112-113 cf Chemin de velours P. 141, note). Tous ses idées se trouvent ici, e.g. son antipathie à l'éducation des femmes. Malgré son scepticisme universel, il reste absolument fidèle à la science et invoque l'évolution à expliquer la non-existence de la "vérité" (58-59), une autre épreuve de sa prétention scientifique. D'ailleurs comment manège-t-il une réconciliation entre son scepticisme universel et son déterminisme scientifique "La vérité est une illusion, et l'illusion est une vérité" (61) "Nous sommes tout entiers, hommes et dieux, soumis au destin

et rien n'arrive qui ne soit la conséquence logique et nécessaire des mouvements antérieurs de la matière éternelle" (117-118) "Le devoir des dieux est de respecter la logique" (143) (cf Chemin de velours PP. 12 et 20 ff). Et son anti-cléricalisme acharné qui crève les yeux sur tous les pages est aussi intolérant et dogmatique que l'objectivité de son attaque. En un mot, il n'a pas bien digéré les ~~idées~~ idées qu'il a recueillies des diverses sources, et il n'est que "sceptique" par théorie et non par tempérament.

Signalons aussi les affinités entre Gourmont et Pater que Ransome ignore: "La sagesse humaine est de vivre comme si l'on ne devait jamais mourir, et de cueillir la minute présente comme si elle devait être éternelle" (160) cf la conclusion de "Studies in Renaissance" (La source commune Epicure). Et aussi Wilde sur le chapitre de mensonge cf. Intentions.

On peut reprocher à Apollon-Dieu aussi bien qu'au Dieu dans Milton: "Papuleux and argumentative"; quoiqu'il dit: "Je puis se dire, je ne puis pas commander" (30).

* cf also Imaginary Conversations (selection) Sélincourt p. 433, Hazlitt: Table Talk: Music at Night. Mallock: New Republic p. 204. Les La Bruyère: les Caractères (Des Jugements): le style, légers et spirituel, manque de fluesse et "point". cf. "La sagesse humaine" Op. cit avec Pater. ou "Le moraliste c'est l'éternel vieillard qui fait un tableau terrible de l'amour à la jeune fille dont il est amoureux" (111) avec La Rochefoucauld Maxime 93. Passage sur l'éducation et la beauté feminine (77) avec Dorian Gray: "Beauty, real beauty" etc*

Enfin, pourquoi n'écrivez pas ce prétendu roman en un essai tout franchement? La partie de Volupté est apparemment ad hoc et ne jure pas avec le reste de ce livre. Est-ce que G. est si naïve qui songer que la Volupté rachète le didacticisme et faire mériter ce livre le titre de "roman"? ←

" un homme qui a beaucoup de mérite et d'esprit, et qui est connu pour tel n'est pas laid, même avec des traits qui font difformes: ou s'il a de la laideur, elle ne fait pas son impression." la raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure. Camerot.

Il attrit à manier les femmes.

cf also Baudelaire: Maximes sur l'amour - But you've reverse your medal see Coventry Patmore: Religio Poetae, "the Weaker Vessel" ne court au-devant de l'ange en acceptant. Les soutenueurs

La Maison Tellier, par Guy de Maupassant.

Une petite boule de chair. Sa croulante poitrine en un double dôme toujours agité qui semblait liquide sous l'étoffe.

Elle se vit obligée de le remettre bêtement à sa place.

Elle se débattait en me repoussant et répétant: "Finissez ... finissez ... finissez donc." Quel sens donnait-elle à ce mot? En des cas pareils, "finir" peut en avoir au moins deux, et je donnai au mot la conclusion que je préférais (les Tombales)

Netteté. Mais un peu semblable aux "faits divers" dans les journaux. Sauf Sur l'eau et La Maison Tellier. En famille et Une fille de ferme toujours la fin du renversement de la table vers la fin.

Charles Louis Philippe: Bubu de Montparnasse.

Les unes ont une démarche lourde de vache et accostent les hommes avec impudence. D'autres se tortillent, s'accrochent au coin de l'œil et écartent leur sourire.

C'est une chose hygiénique et bonne entre un homme et sa femme qui vous amuse un petit quart d'heure avant de vous endormir. Tout allait bien. Elle ne se lavait jamais quand c'était avec son homme. Sa volupté particulière quand elle obligeait son corps contre le sien et qu'elle se pliait pour qu'il la pénétrât.

"un individu sans aveu" — Soutenens

Il avait le sentiment de la propriété, mais à la façon des propriétaires qui mettent leurs biens en location.
Les femmes sont avides et en un tour de cuisses elles absorbent la journée d'un homme.
Dans les familles nombreuses les estomacs d'enfants deviennent élastiques et peuvent se resserrer sans souffrance.
"faire" 2 hommes encore.

Villiers de l'Isle-Adam : Tribulat Bonhomet.

"Motion du Dr Tribulat Bonhomet touchant l'Utilisation des Tremblements de Terre" (造屋於地震之區，請女人整牀家居之，俾冲於震)

Le Nez, c'est l'expression des facultés du raisonnement chez l'homme ; c'est l'organe qui précède, qui éclaire, qui annonce, qui sent et qui indigne.
Plus tendre que coutume. Mes Moindres paroles font foi.
N'avoir pas desserré les lèvres.
Comme tous les gens de tact, j'ai deux yeux derrière la tête.
[Exposé de philosophie hégélienne par le mari de Claire Denoise].

passe-droit.

Dante: Et mon cœur était si joyeux — que je ne le reconnaissais pour le mien.

Germinie Lacerteux, par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt.
Préface: Le public aime les romans faux: ce roman est un roman vrai. Il aime les livres qui font semblant d'aller dans le monde ce livre vient de la rue. L'étude qui suit est la clinique de l'Amour. Mlle de Varandeuil, Germinie Jupillon.
Elle commençait à souffrir du vide et du froid que fait autour d'une femme une jeunesse qui n'attire pas et ne séduit pas, une jeunesse déshéritée de beauté et de grâce sympathique.
la plus belle journée une barrague
la mélancolie des vierges. sa chambre était éclatante d'une richesse fausse et d'un luxe pauvre.
baptisée et salué des plus sales noms. tacler le dimanche.
en avance de plusieurs mois sur ses gages.
la Jument errante, par Jérôme et Jean Tharaud.
(toutes les supplices des Juifs depuis la mort de Jésus).

A beau mentir qui vient de loin.
A blanchir la tête d'un nègre on perd sa lessive.
Attendez-moi sous l'orme.
Aux tard-venus les os. Avoir la langue bien pendue
Bien faire et laisser dire (吃力不讨好，人在心里骂)
Brebis qui bêle perd sa goulée.
Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut. le partage du
C'est de la Montade après dîner. lion.
C'est le pot de fer contre le pot de terre.
Chaque chose en son temps.
Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop.
Chien qui aboie, ne mord pas.
De deux maux il faut choisir le moindre.
Dis-moi qui tu hantes, je te dirai qui tu es.
Faire l'âne pour avoir du son
Faute de parler, on meurt sans confession.
Fille fenêtrière, rarement ménagère.
Graissez les bottes d'un vilain, il dira qu'on les lui brûle (un avare se plaindra même des services qu'on lui rend, afin de se dispenser de toute reconnaissance).

La patte du chat

Il est le pouce emissaire faire de necessité vertu
Il faut laver son linge sale en famille.
Il faut que tout le monde vive.
Il n'est pas si diable qu'il est noir.
Il n'est si petit métier qui ne nourrisse son maître.
La nuit porte conseil.
La sauce fait manger le poisson.
Le bon marché coûte cher.
L'enfer est pavé de bonnes intentions.
Le roi dit: "Nous voulons".
Les bons Comptes font les bons amis.
Les mains noir font manger le pain blanc
Loin des yeux loin du coeur ont-ils dit.
Mieux vaut avoir affaire à dieu qu'à ses saints
On ne prête aux riches.
Pas de nouvelles, bonnes nouvelles.
Qui ne dit mot, consent.
Trois déménagement valent un incendie.

A monsieur untel
en témoignage de très profonde admiration /
Cordial envoi de l'auteur.

Etudes de littérature & d'Art, par Gustave Lanson et
Auguste Comte: « L'humanité se compose de plus de morts que de
vivants ».
Edmond Schérer: "Ce sera à jamais un malheur si, en France,
quand on abaissera trop ou quand on exaltera trop le XVIIIe siècle"
(Etudes sur la littérature contemporaine II.)
Stendhal: « Le romanticisme est l'art de présenter aux peuples
les œuvres littéraires qui, dans l'état actuel de leurs habitudes
et de leurs croyances, sont susceptibles de leur donner le plus
de bonheur possible. Le classicisme, au contraire, leur présente
la littérature qui donnait le plus grand plaisir possible à leurs
arrière-grands-pères » (Racine & Shakespeare, 1re partie, chap. III).
F. Brunetière: Unir des choses dissemblables c'était les
compromettre également.
C'est par des articles sur la méthode historique et la philosophie scientifique que M. Brunetière avait débuté, avec une sureté d'information rare en toute matière et, à ce moment, unique en de tels sujets chez les simples littérateurs.
"Le vrai progrès consisterait sans doute à cesser de prendre pour une science ce qui doit demeurer essentiellement un art"
(La Critique scientifique dans Questions de Critique)

Entre autres mérites, cette doctrine avait celui de continuer les diverses méthodes de Critique qui l'avaient précédée; bien plus, elle les absorbait en les utilisant. Après Villemain, elle continuait l'usage de la biographie et l'étude comparée des littératures étrang-ères; après Ste-Beuve l'établissement de l'histoire naturelle des esprits; après M. Taine, la détermination de la race et du moment; après Nisard, l'exercice du goût personnel. Si même on pouvait éliminer ~~cette~~ son idée Mère, l'usage que fait M. Brut. des méthodes consacrées par ses devanciers serait déjà une originalité
On lui reprochait d'être dur et tendu, de faire des phrases trop longues, d'employer trop de qui et de que, surtout de reproduire par un effort d'archaïsme, la phrase périodique du XVIIe Siècle. C'est une erreur complète. M. B. ne peut ni ne doit écrire autrement qu'il n'écrit. C'est un logicien.

Gérard de Nerval, La Main Enchantée

Etudes et Portraits, par Paul Bourget.

Pascal: Il faut lire les Pensées pour recevoir le coup de soleil direct du génie de Pascal.

Rivarol: Il disait de Condorcet qu'il écrivait avec de l'opium. Manette seule eût suffi à rendre la "vie vivable" (vita vitalis). Selon la formule de Dahlton, les émigrés avaient emporté leur patrie à la semelle de leurs souliers.

"Il y a assez de ridicule ici (Bruxelles) et assez d'infortune à Paris pour que l'on puisse rire d'un œil et pleurer de l'autre". Cf Gavarni: "Mais les absents, les femmes absentes, les femmes qui voyagent vous pleurent d'un œil et rient de l'autre d'être libres de vous".

Joubert: "On n'aime pas impunément ces êtres fragiles qui semblent n'être retenus à la terre que par quelques liens prêts à se rompre" (CP. 63)

Alfred de Vigny: Dans les projets de poèmes que Vigny a laissés derrière lui, il s'en trouvait un intitulé le Jugement dernier: "Ce sera ce jour-là que Dieu viendra se justifier devant toutes les âmes".

Hugo: Presque toute poésie paraît décolorée à côté de la sienne. imagination du relief. Il fut le poète, non pas de ses propres tortures, comme Musset, mais des passions de ceux qui l'entouraient. Même ses vers les plus intimes, ceux des Feuilles d'Automne et des Contemplations

ont quelque chose d'impersonnel par la simplicité des sentiments exprimés!

Flaubert: "Nous souffrons peut-être du mal de la France".

George Sand: Elle avait connu, comme toutes celles qui ont été belles, les implacables cruautés du miroir, dure revanche des splendeurs d'autrefois! "Ange plein de beauté, connaissez-vous les rides?

Très lourd; tortueux, laborieux, et médiocre; subtilité parfois, raisonneur.

Le Capitaine Fracasse, par Théophile Gautier.

Se pourlécher les babines par anticipation. sec comme un pendu

Avoir un pont de veine sans logement

Sa figure bâtie et comme usée par 40 ans de jard.

Le proverbe grec qui dit que rien n'est plus sot qu'un sot rire.

Le commencement du repas fut silencieux; les grands appétits sont muets comme les grandes passions!

Lancer des regards assassins.

Le Tranche-montagne craignait, en mangeant et en buvant trop, de perdre la légèreur comique. Il ne touchait aux mets que

attifé du vêtement. faire à mauvais jeu bon visage.

du bout des dents, et s'il eût appliqué des jeûnes à un but pieux, il eût été en paradis comme Antoine et Macaire. Il tombait dans une toile d'araignée sans le rompre.

Quant à elle, elle jouissait, grâce à son âge, du privilège d'une immuable laideur.

S'il n'y a pas de rose sans épines, il y a, en revanche, des épines sans rose. J'ai le pas sur lui.

Aristote marchait à quatre pattes, portant sur son dos sa Maîtresse avec toute la bonne grâce que lui permettait sa nature naturellement rébarbative.

Chirriquirri (ﺷﺮﻳﻜﻮﺭﻳ) était accoutumé à faire valoir les mets insipides par les épices de sa parole.

Toute la vie paraissait réfugiée dans les yeux.

Des lavages nombreux avaient réduit les chemises à l'expression la plus ténue. C'étaient des ombres de chemises plutôt que des chemises réelles. s'adonner de son mieux. aller vaquer à sa grosse toilette.

La Modestie, ce fard intérieur, qui manquait totalement

„assassine" (la mouche placée au sein).

Faire ses singeries

La devise sur le couteau de Chiquita : Quand elle pique, vous pique
Cuando esta vivora pica, pas de remède de Paez, la Contagne.
No hay remedio en la botica.

L'oublié vaut le neuf.

Fugax segnax, segnax fugax (Fuyez, on vous suivra ;
Suivez, on vous fuira.)

La lessive de l'honneur ne se coule qu'avec du sang.

L'heure du berger une fois donnée ne devient plus.

Les veaux mal cuits, les poulets crus,
Font les cimetières bossus.

Le bœuf saignant, le mouton bêlant.

La robe d'Isabelle n'a reçu aucune brèche.

La bourse, hydropique de monnaie. Les minces épargnes.

Monsieur Bergeret à Paris, Par Anatole France.

Il y a aussi une certaine langue polynésienne qui n'était plus parlée au Commencement de ce Siècle, que par une vieille femme jaune. Cette femme mourut laissant un perroquet. Un savant allemand recueillit quelques mots de cette langue sur le bec du perroquet. Il en fit un lexique. Peut-être ce lexique est-il enseigné à l'Ecole des langues orientales. Je conseille vivement à Monsieur Votre fils [Panneton de la Barge] de s'en informer.

fréquenté par les gens les plus huppés.

$\frac{2}{3}$ l'affaire Dreyfus, très ennuyeux. Sans construction.

un peu de bel esprit ne peut pas racheter les sermonets tedieux.

Contes Fantastiques, par Charles Nodier.

Le Génie Bonhomme: Ce bonhomet [bonhomme] est resté depuis aux esprits simples et naïfs qui pratiquent le bien par sentiment ou par habitude et qui n'ont pas trouvé le secret de faire une science de la vertu.

La Fée aux Miettes: Folly Gridley (le nom d'une ecossaise)

La Culture des Idées, par Remy de Gourmont

Du Style ou de l'Ecriture: I. Les esprits frustes déclarent que leurs idées sont assez belles pour se passer de vêtement, que les images les plus neuves et les plus riches ne sont que des voiles de vanité jetés sur le néant de la pensée. Il y a deux sortes d'écrivains: les écrivains qui écrivent et les écrivains qui n'écrivent pas. Depuis Pisistrate jusqu'à Louis XVI, le monde civilisé est unanime sur ce point: un écrivain doit savoir écrire. S. Hilaire de Poitiers, au chapitre treize de son Traité des Psaumes n'hésite pas à dire que le mauvais style est un péché. On peut supposer que le goût du mauvais style est une de ces importations protestantes dont fut, au 18e siècle, inondée la terre de France. II. Le métier d'écrire est un métier, et j'aimerais mieux qu'on le mît à son ordre vocabulaire entre la cordonnerie et la menuiserie, que tout seul à part des autres Manifestations de l'activité des hommes. A part, il peut être mis et tellement éloigné de tout ce qui est vivant qu'il meure de son isolement; à son rang dans une des niches symboliques le long de la grande galerie, il suggère des idées d'apprentissage et d'outillage; il éloigne de lui les vocations impromptues. On peut apprendre le métier d'écrire; on ne peut apprendre à avoir un style. Le style est aussi personnel que la couleur des yeux ou le son de la voix. Avoir un style, c'est parler au

* very good as a refutation of the superstition that style can be taught. But if vanity is a "métier", style can be taught. What's the difference between vanity & style. If style is as personal as one's voice, is it also as natural? Est-ce milieu de la langue commune un dialecte particulier. L'invention des thèmes n'a pas un grand intérêt en littérature. Tout aurait été dit dans les cent premières années des littératures si l'homme n'avait le style pour se varier lui-même..... On devient ce que l'on est, ce celà sans même le vouloir et malgré toute volonté adverse. La plus longue patience ne peut changer en imagination visuelle une imagination aveugle. VI La maladie des périphrases est peut-être l'origine même de toute la poésie. Si le secret d'ennuyer est le secret de tout dire, le secret de plaire est le secret de dire tout juste ce qu'il faut pour être, non pas même compris, mais deviné. VII Les trop bonnes traductions, celles qu'on peut appeler de littéralité littéraire. *
La Dissociation des Idées: Une intelligence créatrice. Il s'agit ou d'imaginer des rapports nouveaux entre les vieilles idées, les vieilles images, ou de séparer (e.g. sex & generation) les vieilles idées, les vieilles images unies par la tradition, de les considérer une à une. En tout cas, les deux images restent prêtes à divorcer; le divorce règne en permanence dans le monde des idées, qui est le monde de l'amour libre.
Le cerveau de l'homme civilisé est un Musée de vérités contradictoires.
a good style in contradistinction to a less good style? Intellectual fallacy.

il n'est pas troublé, parce qu'il est successif. Il ruminе ses vérités les unes après les autres. Il pense comme il mange. Nous vomirions d'horreur si l'on nous présentait dans un large plat, mêlés à du bouillon, à du vin, à du café, les divers éléments depuis les viandes jusqu'aux fruits qui doivent former notre repas "successif".

Stéphane Mallarmé a l'idée de Décadence: L'idée de décadence n'est donc que l'idée de mort naturelle. Les plus beaux des empires périssent de mort violente, en pleine force physique, en pleine vigueur intellectuelle. D'ailleurs, l'intelligence est personnelle et on ne peut établir aucun rapport raisonnable entre la puissance d'un peuple et le génie d'un homme. Peut-être même serait-on plus près de la vérité en déclarant que la décadence politique est l'état le plus favorable aux éclosions intellectuelles. Goethe, par exemple, est le contemporain de la ruine de son pays. De Racine à Vigny, la France ne produisit aucun grand poète. C'est un fait; une telle période est certainement une période de décadence littéraire; cependant il ne faut pas aller plus loin que le fait lui-même, ni lui attribuer un caractère absurde de logique

et de nécessité. La poésie est en sommeil au 18e siècle, faute de poètes; mais cette faillite n'est pas la conséquence d'une trop belle floraison antérieure; elle est ce qu'elle est et rien de plus. Si on lui donne le nom de décadence, on admet une sorte une sorte d'organisme mystérieux. L'idée de décadence littéraire se réduit à une idée purement négative, à la simple idée d'absence.

Le Paganisme éternel: le Catholicisme est le christianisme paganisé. Religion à la fois mystique et sensuelle.

La Morale de l'Amour: La sodomie était tenue pour un crime capital, et ~~le~~ le Saphisme, au contraire, semblait à nos ancêtres indulgents le passe-temps naturel des filles sages. Au XVIIe siècle il était avoué et entré dans la Galanterie des Précieuses — teste la pièce sur deux filles couchées ensemble, l'une faisant le garçon et parlant à la compagne.

« La Sobriété, dit La Rochefoucauld, est l'amour de la santé et l'impuissance de manger beaucoup. » La chasteté se définit par les mêmes mots, hormis l'avant-dernier, auquel on substitua un terme moins honnête.

La prostitution changera de forme sociale selon la forme de la société, elle ne changera que de forme. Aucune loi n'empêchera ni une femme bavarde de parler, ni une femme lascive de chercher des amants. On pourrait objecter que les prostituées ne font pas l'amour par plaisir; mon pas au point où elles le pratiquent et sous trop de formes peu plaisantes pour elles; mais au début de sa carrière une prostituée a presque toujours été la victime de son goût pour le mâle.

Pour les pères de l'Eglise, il n'y a pas de milieu entre la virginité et la débauche; et le mariage n'est qu'un remedium concupiscentiæ accordé par la bonté de Dieu à la faiblesse humaine. St. Paul parle de l'amour avec le même mépris matérialiste que Spinoza. Ces deux illustres Juifs ont la même âme. "Amor est titillatio quædam concomitante idea causæ externæ," dit Spinoza. St. Paul ne concède le mariage que comme antidote au libertinage, à la débauche, dia de tas pornéias, mot que le latin ecclésiastique fornicatio ne rend que d'une façon équivoque. En somme, son édifiant Conseil se traduit tout en français vulgaire: mariez-vous; cela vaut mieux que d'aller voir les

filles. L'obscénité verbale du catholicisme païen avait su entourer de phrases sensuelles la parole brutale de l'apôtre juif.
L'influence de la syphilis sur la Morale de l'amour. Avant la syphilis, le baiser sur la bouche est une salutation; il disparaît devant la tare des Muqueuses (P. 224)

Sylvie, par Gérard de Nerval

"J'ai rencontré hier Dumas qui vous écrit aujourd'hui. Il vous dira que j'ai découvert ce que l'on est convenu d'appeler la raison, mais n'en croyez rien." "J'arrange volontiers ma vie comme un roman".
Il ne nous restait pour asile que cette tour d'ivoire des poètes, où nous montions toujours plus haut pour nous isoler de la foule.
des illusions tombent l'une après l'autre, comme les écorces d'un fruit, & le fruit, c'est l'expérience.
Adrienne et Sylvie — c'étaient les deux Moitiés d'un seul amour
La Main Enchantée, par Gérard de Nerval

* Paul Bourget – Études et Portraits

Et comme naturellement ceux qui font cas d'une certaine vertu ont le plus grand mépris pour le défaut contraire, il n'étaient de gens qui lui [Godinot Chevassut, lieutenant civil du prévôt de Paris] fussent si odieux que les personnes simples, d'entendement épais & d'esprit peu compliqué. Cela allait au point qu'il eût voulu changer entièrement la distribution de la justice à ce que, lorsqu'il se découvrait quelque larronnerie grave, on pendît point le voleur, mais le volé.

Le singe [de l'escamoteur sur le Pont Neuf, Maître Gonin] mangeant un oignon, riant de la bouche & pleurant de l'œil.*

Gonin à Eustache Bonteroue: "Vous irez haut, très haut.... gibet!"

Mais quand les portes sont sourdes, les fenêtres ne sont pas aveugles.

Lucrèce: "Vivez aussi longtemps que vous pourrez, vous n'ôterez rien à l'éternité de votre mort!"

Bouvard & Pécuchet, par Flaubert.

Ce qu'on appelle le coup de foudre est vrai pour toutes les passions.

A la grande bibliothèque, ils auraient voulu connaître le nombre exact des volumes. Vivre aux crochets d'autrui

"Pourquoi riez-vous", demanda Vaucorbeil (醫生,有幻想).

Pecuchet: "C'est qu'un diplôme n'est pas toujours un argument!"

Et de l'insouciance des dates, ils passèrent au dédain des faits. Ce qu'il y a d'important, c'est la philosophie de l'Histoire! Rater l'occasion.

"Je comprends, dit Bouvard, le Beau est le Beau, et le sublime le très Beau" — Comment les distinguer. Tu as plus de prestance.

*東晋 佛陀耶舍 竺法念 譯 長阿含經 第二十三之八 (Sīhanāda) (大正本大藏經二冊六七頁) 佛自言我成佛已來 住大衆山中 於此檀水之中 星宿現中 爾時我眠 亦復不眠 故自憶知 諸賢 我於夜分 觀察衆星 我於彼時 作如是念 星宿現中 爾時我眠 亦復不眠 故自憶知 諸賢 我於夜分 觀察衆星

La Tentation de St. Antoine, par Gustave Flaubert

Trenckner-Chalmers ed. of Majjhima-nikāya, pp. 397 ff.

Paterniens: "Les parties inférieures du Corps faites par le Dieu lui appartient. Buvons, mangeons, forniquons."

Caïnites: "C'est par Judas que Dieu sauva le monde! Oui, Judas! Sans lui pas de mort & pas de redemption!" (Cf. France: Le Jardin d'Epicure, p. 76).

Buddha (p. 181–188): "Mes yeux rentrés dans les orbites semblaient des étoiles aperçues au fond d'un puits" (Cp. le Metaphore de Symons dans son essai sur Mrs Vakidu dans "Figures of Several Centuries"*). (Cf. aussi Shakespeare: King Lear V, 3: "My father with his bleeding rings. Their precious stones new lost." Dante: Purgatorio, XXIII, 31: "Parean l'occhiaje anella senza gemme").

Hilarion: "Je vais toujours, affranchissant l'esprit & pesant les mondes, sans haines, sans peur, sans amour, & sans Dieu. On m'appelle la Science". Antoine: "Tu dois être .... le Diable".

* "Neither the body's weariness nor the heart's violence could disturb that fixed contemplation as of Buddha on his lotus-throne. Her eyes were like deep bowls, & you seemed to fall through them into depths below depths."

Thaïs, par Anatole France

Paphnuce, se penchant sur le bord de l'abîme, vit un fleuve de feu qui roulait dans l'intérieur de la terre. Là, dans une lumière livide, des démons tourmentaient des âmes. (Mais l'ombre d'Homère chantait encore, & ~~celle~~ celui d'Anaxagore méditait sans interruption). Le Sphinx: "Tel est l'entêtement de ces infidèles qu'ils demeurent dans l'enfer victimes des illusions qui les séduisaient sur la terre."

Dieu ne peut l'absurde.

Elle songeait aussi que vivre avec un homme qu'elle n'aurait jamais aimé serait moins triste que de vivre avec un homme qu'elle n'aimait plus.

Traîne d'offenser Vénus.

J'aimerais mieux être baisée par la bouche de l'Etna flamant, que par les lèvres de cet homme.

si la vertu consiste seulement dans l'effort, & dans cette tension par laquelle les disciples de Zénon prétendent se rendre semblables aux dieux, la grenouille qui s'enfle pour devenir aussi grosse que le bœuf accomplit le chef-d'œuvre du Stoïcisme.

(The best of France's novels as a novel. Still irrelevant matter like the discussion "Le Banquet", also too sadistic).

Notre-Dame de Paris, par Victor Hugo.

Il y a quelques années qu'en visitant Notre-Dame, l'auteur de ce livre trouva, dans un recoin obscur de l'une des tours, ce mot gravé à la main sur le mur : ΑΝΑΓΚΗ (Fatalité)

Bien des gens se contentent du spectacle des spectateurs.

se dérober aux regards fixés sur lui de tous côtés.

Cette vérité éternelle & tous les jours encore éprouvée dans nos théatre

que le meilleur moyen de faire attendre patiemment le public, c'est de lui affirmer qu'on va commencer tout de suite.

Un borgne est bien plus incomplet qu'un aveugle.

Je ne vole plus ; je tue. Coupe-gorge, oui ; Coupe-bourse, non.

Notre-Dame avait été successivement pour Quasimodo selon qu'il grandissait & se développait, l'œuf, le nid, la maison, la patrie, l'univers. L'un avait grandi, l'autre avait vieilli.

Il suffit d'une goutte de vin pour rougir tout un verre d'eau, pour teindre d'une certaine humeur toute une assemblée de jolies femmes, il suffit de la survenue d'une femme plus jolie — surtout lorsqu'il n'y a qu'un homme.

Une réponse nonchalamment jetée comme une pierre perdue qu'on ne regarde même pas tomber.

Cette espèce de honte que La Fontaine a définie si admirablement:
"Honteux comme un renard qu'une poule aurait pris".
Le coeur humain ne peut contenir qu'une certaine quantité de désespoir.
Quand l'éponge est imbibée, la mer peut passer dessus sans y faire entrer une larme de plus.

Une femme empêchée.
La Garçonne, par Victor Marguerite.
Monique Lebrès (Letois)
Elle a gros coeur. Zabeth: "Les tiens sont en pomme, et les miens en poire". Je suis de trop (one too many).
L'argent a tout nivelé. Il semblait qu'avec chaque objet vendu elle dispensât, à tout venant, un peu d'elle-même.
Leur mari n'en aura pas l'étreinte ~~de~~ leur gomme jetée.
Degommer, Cocufier.

Moral discussions, & immoral descriptions.: (1)男人在戰院中手淫女人 P.80 (2)初夜权 P.91 (3)裸交野合,陰中只col virginal,不能生育之醫:手淫 P.165-175. (4)玻璃房子(chambre de glaces) 女子神妓同性交 199-201.

Les Femmes qui font des Scènes, par Charles Monselet.
Me regarder, Moi? Jamais! Je crains trop le sort de Narcisse.
Le Premier Bonne (good). Pesante en marche comme un

regiment
of the bk. The title should be Les Scènes que font les femmes. only 1/3
about women

Against stupidity the very gods are said to fight in vain. The self-assertive superman above or aloof from life without tasting it; all their contacts are one-sided. When they are very strong they can sometimes

Civilisation, an Essay, by Clive Bell

Here is the gist of the old familiar argument, modified by the war, & I think by nothing else.

Civilisation is presumably a means to good states of mind though not the only means. Not being the only means to good, civilisation can not be any means to good. It is a particular means to good: & we must be careful not to assume that anything we like or respect is a part of it. Where there is no butter to spread you cannot even spread it thin. The newspapers never told us that Japan was highly civilised till she had fought & beaten a 1st class European power. Chap II What civilisation is not 沢柳政太郎 道徳 機械 an Oriental & fighting OK. Notes too copious. I hope 當世 人類 共栄 bought a copy. & enjoyment of Reason Post-Bell

Poor Relations, by Compton Mackenzie.

To display her atmospheric charms she had need of a rugged land-scape for a background.

The glances of husband & wife played together in the mid-air like butterflies. Complacent & Wrathful.

Open Conversation as a local bazaar.

Her heart is not made of pie-crust.

Seize life and shake it: a man with hooks at the end of his arms can sometimes catch you by the ankle & bring you down, but never can he know the thousand curious thrills of

giving a caress or taking the pleasure of a hand.
Creative power is no more an attribute of the civilised man than of the savage; but discriminating, conscious appreciation is.
What is called a man of action is a deformed & defeated artist who cannot express himself but, unable to express by creating, must assert by interfering. They are makers of empires & the troublers of peace. They are saviours of mankind from its better self.
The civilised man is made not born: he is artificial, not natural. He will try to expel nature with the pitch-fork-education, & so try will become artificial. His taste for inferior pleasures, thanks to his sense of value, he will eliminate or curtail. A savage will eat & drink till he is sick, a half-civilised man till he is stupid. To enjoy life to the full, to enjoy it as a whole & in its subtlest & most recondite details. Civilisation requires the existence of a leisured class & a leisured class requires the existence of slaves.

a theoretical belief in the sanctity of the marriage-tie

of people who give some part of their surplus time & energy to the support of others. If the Community wants civilisation it must pay for it. Complete human equality is compatible only with complete savagery. Of freedom from useful labor alone can preserve the fine edge of the mind, only independence will give a man courage to use it. Nowhere has been a civilised democracy the Greek system of the hetairae is the best with exceptional luck, aptitude, & prestige, a married woman may retain her civility. Can a maid?

I shall need a police force to protect civilisation, not to impose it. Civilisation cannot be imposed by force. If it consisted in holding certain opinions it might indeed be rammed down unwilling throats; but since it consists in an attitude to life, in ways of thinking & feeling, it must be disseminated.

The hungry savage when he catches a rabbit eats it there & then; the 1st who, all hungry though he was, took it home & cooked it was on the road to Athens.

* 404 B.C. Athens along 向敌，战败；降，而回家为
演和战剧 "Eysistrata"!

e.g. Le Confort Anglais* Italian Palace of Rat Renaissance

People who deliberately sacrificed comfort to beauty would appear to me to possess a sense of values.*

Reason sweetened by a sense of values, a sense of values pondered by Reason.

You may dine at any of the half-dozen "smartest" restaurants in London, pay a couple of £s. for your meal & be sure that a French Commercial traveller, bred to the old standards of the provincial ordinary would have sent for the cook & given him a scolding. It is not that the most expensive English restaurants fail to engage the most expensive French Chefs; they are engaged, but they soon fall below the mark because there is no one to keep them up to it.

No genuine artist is a protestant by Nature. The rôle is forced on him by the malevolence of his Contemporaries.

An Englishman of any superiority must stand on his own feet, because there is nothing about him on which he could deign to lean. No such solidarity as the French enjoy.

cf Ronsard

Politicians are all
"Alive ridiculous, dead forgot".

無人能唱的歌
美國所有生今後皆
而為人不生.

The intellect must be free to handle, not only in earnest but in fun all things in heaven & earth. No intellectual bogeys at sight of which great grown-up babies are expected to hide their eyes.
I am reasonable enough to be tolerant; & I would not wish to see vulgarity punished by law.

Dix-Neuvième Siècle, par Émile Faguet.
Lamartine a eu la passion de la solitude sans en avoir comme Chateaubriand l'orgueil. Il était préservé de la vanité littéraire par d'autres vanités. On peut remarquer l'affectation commune à beaucoup d'auteurs celle d'Hugo, de Vigny qui consiste à croire que le génie littéraire est comme un sacre qui vous désigne au gouvernement des sociétés. C. à l'affectation contraire

"Je vais chercher ailleurs (pardonne ombre romaine!)
Des hommes et non pas de la poussière humaine."
"Mais vous n'êtes d'aucun parti!" "Où siégerez-vous?"
"Je siégerai au plafond."

*Cf Verlaine: « Chanson de l'automne »

« Bah ! j'ai pour moi les jeunes gens et les femmes. Cela me suffit. » Il a toujours eu pour lui les jeunes gens et les femmes, parce qu'il a été très jeune toute sa vie. Il semble, à le lire, que le laid et le mal n'existent point. Une seule fois dans tous ses ouvrages la question de l'existence du mal sur la terre s'est posée (« Désespoir », Meditations I)

« Et moi je suis pareil à la feuille flétrie, *
Emportez-moi comme elle, orageux aquilons ! »

Le premier poète élégiaque après Ronsard.

La douleur dans L. est d'une qualité artistique tout à fait exquise. C'est parce qu'il est très difficile d'exprimer en engourdissement de l'âme que la plupart des artistes ont mieux aimé exprimer la douleur en son moment, assez court, de crise nerveuse, qu'en son véritable état profond, prolongé, permanent. Mais précisément c'est le don de Lamartine de peindre des états de sentiment sans saillie violente ni relief dur, avec le talent de rendre sensibles les

l'élégie pompeuse et en trop "longs habits de deuil"

brouillards, les régions immenses et noyées de l'âme. Les poésies d'automne, les regrets attendris de l'âge mûr, la mélancolie douce des soirs tombants.

« Cette heure a pour nos cœurs des impressions douces
Comme les pas muets qui marchent sur les mousses »

Son amour et sa religion: "des soupirs pour une ombre et des hymnes pour Dieu". "Borné dans sa nature, infini dans ses vœux". "L'homme est un Dieu tombé qui se souvient des cieux". La: "la facilité, cette grâce du génie".

De Vigny était né triste et fatigué de vivre avant d'avoir vécu: "Il est bon et salutaire de n'avoir aucune espérance..... Un désespoir paisible, sans convulsions de colère et sans reproche au ciel est la sagesse même". "Que Dieu est bon! Quel géôlier admirable qui sème tant de fleurs dans le préau de notre prison!" Abnégation.

Cette grande et originale pensée que ce n'est pas ce qui est éternel qu'il faut aimer, mais ce qui passe, parce que c'est ce qui passe qui souffre.

× cf. Milton: "Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last Words interwove with sighs found out their way." (P. L. Bk. I. 620-621)
×× cf. Whitman. (Song of Open Road)

W Milton: Il Pensieroso: To behold the wandering Moon / Riding neer her highest noon / Like one that had bin led astray Thro the Heavens wide pathless way"

"Aimez ce que jamais on ne verra deux fois"

J'aime la majesté des souffrances humaines de nos

Vous [froide Nature] ne recevrez pas un cri d'amour

La fatalité gouverne le monde antique, la responsabilité est la loi du Monde moderne; un homme esclave du destin, c'est l'ancien; un homme libre luttant contre le destin, plus faible que lui, mais exercant sa volonté contre lui, c'est le moderne.

Ce qui lui a manqué, ce n'est certes pas l'imagination c'est une certaine richesse et une certaine souplesse d'imagination. Or il ne faut jamais oublier que l'imagination n'est pas une mine; elle est un moule et une forge! M. Montégut dit que Vigny sécrète sa poésie comme une perle.

cf Milton *

"Ange doux et plaintif qui parle en soupirant"

cf. Whitman.

belle than the passage in Paid. Lost Bk III

"Les grands pays mûrs longuement s'étendront" **

Hugo: "Il a une qualité bien rare; il est sobre"

Qu'est ceci? Une recommandation pour un domestique? Non, c'est un éloge pour un écrivain..... Il semble

* Cf La Rochefoucauld sur la grande passion toujours comme l'apparition dont on parle, mais qu'on ne voit jamais.

que toute la question soit de préserver la littérature des indigestions." "J'ai mis le bonnet rouge au vieux dictionnaire."

Chateaubriand a si magnifiquement étalé les souffrances du cœur, que tous nos auteurs ont voulu se faire honneur d'une grande âme navrée comme les gentilshommes de 1640 se faisaient gloire d'une grande passion. Comme le fait remarquer très justement un critique contemporain [Brunetière] : "Une grande passion est aussi rare qu'un grand génie." *

Faux naïf. Poète de lieux communs. Ses personnages principaux sont, en général, les plus faibles, que les personnages secondaires sont déjà beaucoup plus vivants, et que la scène, le décor, le cadre, le temps, le lieu, sont chez lui ce qui vit le plus. Dans "Notre-Dame de Paris" par exemple, il n'y a guère que les pierres qui vivent. Cette faculté n'existe pas chez les classiques. Antithèse, développement, et la composition épique (grossissement progressif).

J'ai dit de Lamartine qu'il était resté très jeune toute sa vie. De Musset a été toute sa vie un enfant, et un enfant gâté.
Son haleine est courte, et son art délicat impuissant aux grandes Constructions. Il le sait bien, et, Naturellement, s'en fait un mérite: "Dès qu'il nous vient une idée pas plus grosse qu'un petit Chien, nous essayons d'en faire un âne." (Silvia).
L'imagination de Musset, c'est la fantaisie. La fantaisie est à l'imagination ce que l'adolescence est à la jeunesse, c'est l'agilité, la souplesse de notre faculté créatrice, un feu mobile et léger, qui se pose en un instant sur mille choses et les fait luire d'un éclat passager. Il a touché au génie par la profondeur et la puissance de sa sensibilité comme d'autres par la force de l'imagination.... Il pourrait dire de Byron ce que Pascal disait de Montaigne: "Ce n'est pas en lui, c'est en moi que je trouve tout ce que j'y lis."

Dans "Il ne faut pas badiner avec l'amour": "Tous les hommes sont menteurs, inconstants, faux, bavards, hypocrites orgueilleux; toutes les femmes sont perfides, artificieuses, vaniteuses; le monde n'est qu'un égout sans fond. Mais il y a une chose sainte et sublime: c'est l'union de deux de ces êtres si imparfaits et si affreux."

"Le seul bien qui me reste au Monde est d'avoir quelque fois pleuré": il a bien mérité de cette belle langue française, qu'il aime si fort, de ce langage

..... si doux qu'a le parler

des femmes sur la lèvre en gardent un sourire

Gautier n'avait pas plus d'imagination que de sensibilité. Son vrai souci est la littérature plastique. C'est ce que Ste-Beuve appelle excellemment une "soumission absolue à l'objet".

"Laisse-moi faire, ô grand vieillard, [Titien]
Changeant mon luth pour ta palette
Une transposition d'art".

D'instinct Gautier s'écarte du Moderne et surtout du Contemporain. Le temps présent n'a rien de pittoresque pour nous. Définir le Contralto « l'hermaphrodite de la voix »... Il y a fait entrer un très grand nombre de mots techniques qui donnent des teintes vives et comme des « reliefs » à son discours. "Il faut dans chaque page une dizaine de mots que le bourgeois ne comprend pas. C'est ce qui relève pour lui la saveur du morceau".

Mérimée: "Un amant heureux est presque aussi ennuyeux qu'un amant malheureux. Un de mes amis (très probablement Stendhal), qui se trouvait souvent dans l'une ou l'autre de ces deux positions, n'avait trouvé d'autre moyen de se faire écouter que de me donner un excellent déjeuner, pendant lequel il avait la liberté de parler de ses amours" ("Vase Étrusque". Mé. avait la qualité essentielle de l'homme du monde, la tenue. Cela veut dire qu'il s'interdisait

* 8: the merest germ of the sense of beauty seems to imply a distinction between stimulus & significance. 9: 2 distinguishable elements in the enjoyment of the colour. 1. an interest in the peculiar utterance of the colour as if a word in the great language of the sensuous world. It is different for every colour & spatial arrangement of colour, & different for colour from

tout ce qui est spontané, le défiait toujours du premier mouvement. l'honnête homme, et personne n'était plus capable de « parler de ce qu'on parlait quand il entrait ». what it is for any other sensation. It is not an abstract intellectual meaning, but it is to the colour what meaning is to a word. 2. Physical — in the sensation

Georg Sand: « Quand je commençais à commencer, c'était le moment de finir. we are pleasurably excited, soothed — in common with the feeling of warmth, etc. some

"C'est un écho qui agrandit la voix" disait de Touche causal connexion between the 2 but the relation is not directly proportional.

2nd ed. of 日比揖礼記

A History of Aesthetic, by Bernard Bosanquet

Aesthetic theory is a branch of philosophy & exists for the sake of knowledge & not as a guide to practice. Nature in the sphere of aesthetic is analogous to the perception of the ordinary observer in matters of physical science.

Aesthetic enjoyment: pleasure in the nature of a form or presentation, as distinct from pleasure in its momentary or expected stimulation of the organism.*

Schell has said that in Homer there is no supernatural because the Greek God is a part of nature.

to strengthen, by suggestion, the incitements to it. In other words, it follows that morally the representations of art must be judged, in respect of their content, by the same moral criteria as real life

17-8 43.
3 Antithesis (1) Moralistic: [real interest vs. aesthetic interest]. If artistic representation is related to man only as common-place reality, then to represent an immoral content is only to double the examples of immorality. (2) Metaphysical: [imitation vs. Symbolism]. If artistic representation is only 2nd Nature & differs from the nature which it represents only in the degree & completeness of its existence then it differs only for the worse. [Socrates in Xenophon's "Memorabilia" raises the question whether the invisible [mineral woods etc] can be imitated. (iii. 10)] (3) Aesthetic [Formal vs. Significant]. If artistic presentation can never have a deeper content than the normal or common-place object of perception which it represents then there can be no explanation of beauty involving any deeper attributes than those which normal perception is able to apprehend in common-place reality.

it is a purposeless reduplication of what already was in the world. In other words, it follows that metaphysically art is a 2nd nature, only in the sense of being an incomplete reproduction of nature.

43. abstract analysis vs. concrete analysis

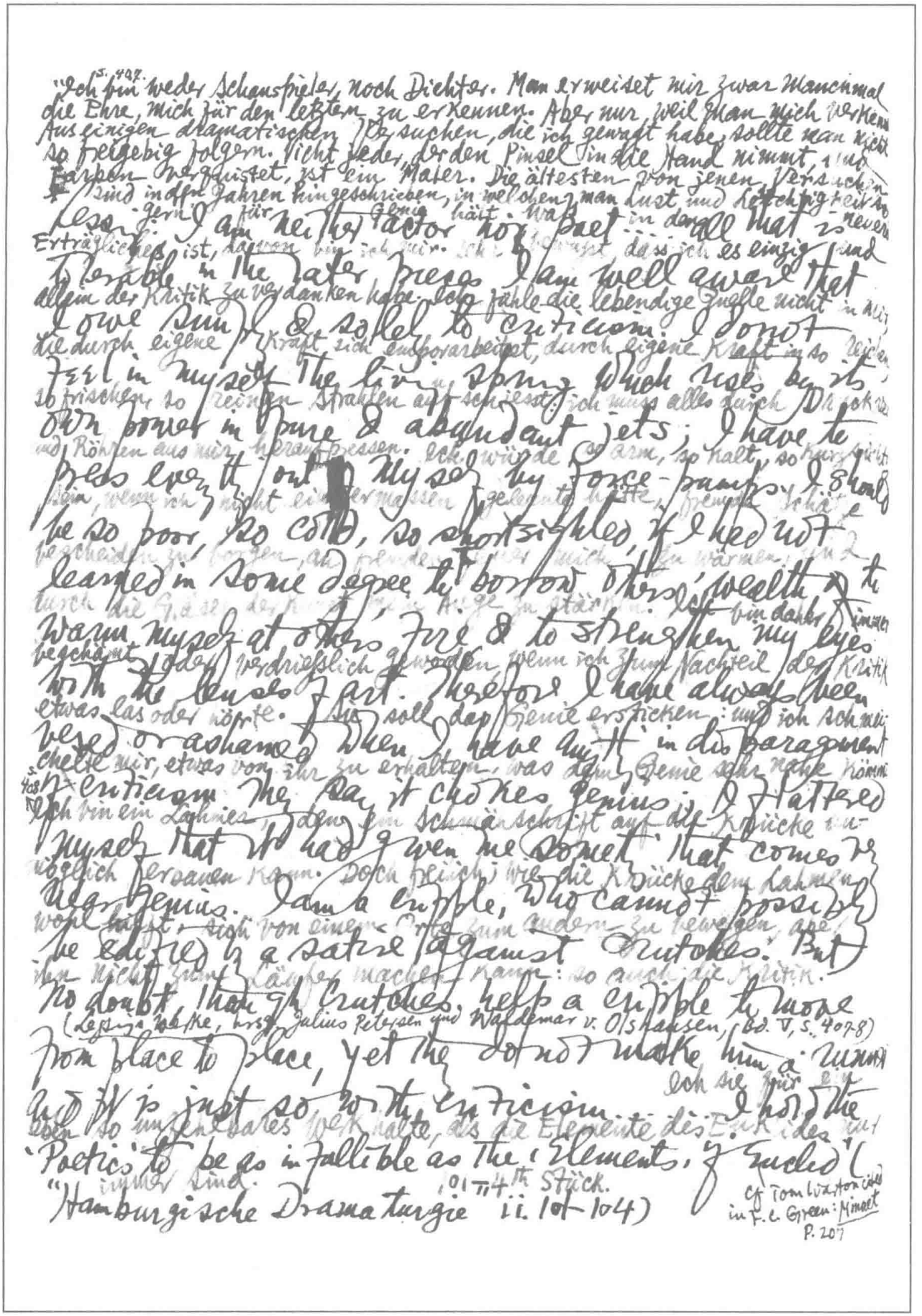
→ p. 44 perhaps

inspiring Plotinus, p. 45

In other words, it follows that, aesthetically, beauty is purely formal, consisting in certain very abstract conditions which are satisfied in elementary geometrical figures as much as in the creations of fine art.

To introduce aesthetic interest into education is not the same as to introduce educational interest into aesthetic

* P. 200 apropos of Corneille. Profound remark.
Burke (Sublime & Beautiful sect. "On the Power of Words")
Kames (Elements of Criticism 87) anticipated
103 Cicero reverses Plato's position & identifies the artist's mental image with that supreme objective order which Plato denied that the artist could ever apprehend or represent. ("Orator," cc. 2 & 3). 104 "See that there are two kinds of beauty, one of which consists in grace, the other in dignity; we must consider grace as feminine & dignity as masculine beauty." ("De Officiis," I. 36)
108 Dio Chrysostom recognises the ideal for art, quite in the opposite sense to that of Cicero, as a concrete form in which the artist gives adequate reality to conceptions which before & apart from such realisations are not definite. So that the result is not that after seeing the Pheidian statue of Zeus everyone can imagine something more beautiful, but that after seeing it, no one can imagine the god in any other way (de Dei Cognitione Orat. 12. P. 402).
Plotinus definitely breaks away from the mimetic theory of art and upholds the symbolic theory.
I imagine that a reduction of scale in the parts is as essential to the drama as to a picture.*
Lessing's distinction between poetry & painting



* Honest & Independent. "Reality is the work of things; semblance is the work of men". Real P. 269. Bell. 1892 before

objects may indeed be aesthetically contemplated but only in as far as we distinguish their semblance from their existence.) "

Culmination in Kant. "His doctrine of Significant Form

least free fall, according to Kant, is the beauty which*

is capable of an ideal. An ideal can only be fixed

by objective purposiveness, & objective purposiveness

is to be by postpsi outside beauty. (*Honest. i.e. makes no pretence of being more than semblance; Independent, i.e. not given as to be capable of

Schiller: "aesthetic semblance" (ästhetischer Schein)

(from Kants 4 paradoxes) Play theory 1st to draw

Clear distinction between Ancient & Modern art: enhancement of the pleasure which it gives through the real existence of the objects it simulates.

Naïve is nature seeks nature. Schelling: Ancient repe-

sentation of the Infinite wd them the Finite, Modern

subordination of the Finite to the Infinite. ***Hegel: Sym-

-bolic, classical, romantic. *** cf Brown, see Dowden: Studies p. 224.

Zimmerman adopts the idea "Ziele" (Zusa

mmen) from Herbart. Vital & active, producin

Tension & Relaxation of parts against each other

(Herbart's Aesthetic 24 & 27) Chap. on Kant good. & attention to the theories on "Ugly"

Shrewd & subtle apercues en passant. But the style is ex-

-tremely cumbrous. Scholarship defective apart from Dante &

Corneille, no Latin authors, hence Croce's gibe in the appendix to his "Aesthetic" Latin authors all 2nd hand from Histories & Reference Work.

Admission of "ignorance" explains but not excuses those omissions.

Masters & Men, by Philip Guedalla

So tremendously daring, seeing an epigram in the distance
their memories & their misdemeanors are lamentably
good.

Almost all the people who do anything in England have
got something better to do.

They stood about in attitudes that would look well
in marble transferred on a monument.

Primary criticism is mainly a failure to enjoy
things unless they are arranged in critical categories
& secondary criticism the patient fools an
overmastering need to tell those who do things now
they should have done them.

Wonder Hero, by J. B. Priestley

He had the same attitude towards letters that elderly
middle-class people, all safe & snug, have towards telegrams
those bolts from the regions of catastrophe.

Half the men he knew took on the dole.

If he himself had invented the man, he could not have

improved upon this Charles Hubble.
Have a bit too much of your own company
dry cracked nose coming out of the desert of his mouth.
You live & learn. At least you learn, I am not so
sure about living.

Lost his old aplomb and good humor.
Bitter farce against journalistic splash. Dickens's
humanitarianism —

Homilies & Recreations, by John Buchan
Ladies more fun than virtuous
Ste-Beuve on Guizot: History seen from a
distance .... produces the illusion — the most dangerous
fall — that it is rational

Lord Balfour and English thought: "Without enthusiasm
little would be done. But it is also true that without
knowledge, little would be done well."
"Like the schoolboy's tears over a proposition in Euclid,
Consequences is reasoning, not conclusions of it"
Can commit almost every grammatical fault & except the
split infinitive & his misuse of "and which" rivals Thackeray's

Essays in Ancient & Modern Philosophy by H. W. B. Joseph.
No philosopher has more uncompromisingly rejected realism than Berkeley & none has claimed more confidently to have refuted Berkeley than Kant..... If asked whether the object of which my idea is a presentation, has a reality independent of mind, the both answer no. Berkeley will reply that it exists in the divine mind & belongs to a scheme conceived by God to guide him in producing the cash of our ideas. Kant, notwithstanding the "Refutation of Idealism" will reply that it belongs to a scheme that mind in each of us is bound to think in order so to order his presentations that he can say that through them he has experience.

Kant's inconsistency arises because the "pure concepts" were called forms of thought, & not of what is thought about. It would have been well if he had remembered Aristotle's discussion of the Law of Contradiction in the "Metaphysics" Γ. iii-vi, esp. iii. 1005 b 11-34. That the same predicate cannot at once belong & not belong to the same subject in the same respect is there treated as a principle of being & only secondarily as a principle of controlling thought, inasmuch as if I thought otherwise it

* This may be true of Spencer, but a libellious misrepresentation of James who couldn't stick Spencer at any price & made the same sort of remarks about Kantian "laws of thought" & should not be of the same opinion at once. To say that it is merely a law of thought would be to say that although indeed one cannot think x & at once to be & not to be y, x itself may not be thus restricted. But if one thinks this, one is thinking precisely what to call it a law of thought alleges that one cannot think. If the laws of thought then are only laws of thought, they are not laws of thought. Had Kant realised that what he called forms of thought are really what we think the object to be, he must either have admitted that thinking gives us knowledge of "things-in-themselves" or have made the forms of thought, no less than those of sense, applicable only to "phenomena". There have been philosophers like Spencer & James who have in effect held that because in knowing truth I must think of it therefore perhaps I cannot know it as it is.*

The fact is that there can be no purely formal logic, if that means one in which abstraction is made from truth - that can distinguish one object of thought from another. It is noteworthy that some logicians who have passed hardest thought" as made here — see Principles of Psychology II. p. 664 But Oxford dons are contented with Aristotle to read James Carefully.

the view that logic is purely formal have rejected as "extra-logical" the distinctions of "relation" among judgments. Indeed, if we are really to ignore all differences in what is thought, it would seem that only the difference between denying & affirming will be left us, as grounded merely in the differentiation of the activity of thinking. And even this may be challenged; if the distinction between affirming & denying arises because apprehend a difference in the object of thought between its being this & not that, it also is in some sense extra-logical.

If grapes grow on thorns & figs on thistles, there would be no more breach of the rules of Euclidean geometry than if a wag had hung them there. Our presentations in their order exhibit to us events in nature only if the quality of what is sensible now & here is such as the laws of nature require. Now such sensible quality is given & not due to the synthetic activity of mind. Kant had overlooked 2 things: 1st, that one can not set about to give to anything order or conformity to law in general; 2nd, that the

order one sets about to give may prove incapable of being given because of what the material is to which one essays to give it. The categories of relation might still be called valid for all possible experience; but only if by experience I mean the apprehension of only such changes in the sensible as are so ordered that the categories are valid for them.

The evolutionary standpoint is properly that of the "historical method." In some respects what is now seems of the same kind as what was at any earlier period of the history. But in other respects what is now seems to display characters which at some earlier time nothing displayed — e.g. life & intelligence. Any man of science naturally boggles at the word "creative" because no change to which it can be applied is fully amenable to scientific explanation. But neither, I believe, is any process to which we can properly apply the terms "development" & "evolution". For it is a process in which what is get in some sense is not bringing itself into being. The one thing which quite manifestly develops

is Mind. The body is a material aggregate, & there is no component in the grown body which has not been drawn from elsewhere. It grows at the expense of other aggregate. The Mind does not develop at the expense of that on which it is said Metaphysically to feed.

There is no process of development unless what develops is all the time that which it comes to be; & again there is no process of development unless it is not in the same way so in the earlier & later phases. — Aristotle's Entitlies of the potential & the actual.

3 forms of Unity in diversity: (1) A moving body is the same in a succession of places — the difference of place exs. making no difference to the body & yet it is a diversity, since it is able to motion which is a state of the body. (2) a living body in the successive stages of its growth. It manifests itself to sense in a succession of different forms. Nevertheless, When we compare the forms successively assumed, we think that some are in a sense incomplete & that what they point to, is more adequately revealed in

incessant digs at Russell

a later form. So long as we regard a living body in a purely physical way, we cannot think of it as developing. At every moment it is just as definite an aggregate as at any other. The unity in a living body therefore is immaterial though more adequately revealed at one time than at another in what is material — just like the vertebrate structure in a fish, a frog, a bird, & a mammal or the circularity in all circles (3) Mind is one in its various thoughts, acts & feelings both simultaneous & successive profoundest diversity & Unity. As Hume complained, there is no impression of the self & yet the various attempts to construct the unity of the self out of an aggregate are ridiculous. — witness retrograde choice. The development of mind is purposive.

Just because it is undeveloped it is incompletely what it is. Psychologists should remember this when they construct a genetic psychology; for if there really is an evolution of mind its realised forms cannot be deduced from what is earlier & more rudimentary in the way in which sciences deduce a complex result from a synthesis of simpler conditions.

condescended to the vulgarity of competition.

Arthur Symons, A Critical Study by T. Earle Welby

What I am anxious to do is to secure consideration of his work as a whole, & thru that, recognition of an achievement which is assuredly without time contemporary parallel. All of his work might be called critical, all of it might be called creative. His criticism is his means of escaping from the limits of his creative power as a poet!... His evidently creative work deals often with works of art, with material which has already been far removed from the simplicity of nature. He is very largely a poet of the artificial. Nature in his early poems, stirs him only where it is an intruder among artificial things. We valued her, as Swinburne said of Baudelaire, on those sides on which nature seems most unnatural.

That Mr S. at one time devoted many poems to recording the sensations procured by frequent change of sleeping accommodation & company & has always been ready to invoke fashionable interiors, artificial paradises, bought dreams, & the exotic-like & feline elements in feminine nature does not really much matter. What justifies a comparison with Baudelaire

some hardly conscious instinct which turns towards beauty unerringly, like the magnet

is his power of organising all his material (?).
His world is rather lacking in vital warmth. In his own way Mr Symons has warmed both hands before the fire of life, or, rather, before certain fastidiously chosen portions of it, but as a poet he usually seems to be remembering the heat instead of using out the actual sensation of it.
If he had produced no line of criticism, you might excusably, judging from most of his poetry, have doubted whether he could be a critic of the supreme masters & other broadly human artists. Mallarmé, La Forgue, the Whistler, the mixed etchings & lithographs, Beardsley, yes; but surely not Shakespeare, Balzac, Beethoven, Rodin.
Well, the complete, quietly triumphant refutation is before you in page after page of the most divining criticism of just those great masters.
Mr S. has suggested that D'Annunzio is wholly dependent on visual & other physical promptings & sensual experiences & with dim eyes or in a monk's cell might have written nothing. Well Mr S as a poet is almost entirely dependent

Colors that faint; dim echo far above
the Crystal sound, & shadow beyond light.

or Sight, ... a concentrated disinterested lust of the eyes." If ever there was a religion of the eyes, I have devoutly practised that religion."

He escaped from the domination of Browning to come under the spell of Verlaine, & began to subtilise his technique. Technical development often influences choice from among the many subjects which have stirred thought & feeling in the writer. Almost every requiring statement or elaboration was now banished by him. His aim was now with the utmost economy, to suggest momentary impressions, transient moods, the impressions to be, by preference, those of one gazing at things themselves artificial or seen under an artificial light, the moods to be not only fleeting but frivolous or perverse. Certain effects of Color which the 1st breath will scatter. Certain movements, of a dancer seen perhaps from the wings; certain notes of just audible music; certain moods which flutter thro the mind & are gone, have been seized delicately, finely. Many of the pieces are very slight, some only just exist: a mere breath of music issuing reluctantly from silence

What Chamfort called the contact of 2 epidermes

and swooning back into it..... A trifle of 2 stanzas in expression of nothing more important than a light lover's agreeable suspense, but look thro the anthologies & see how many songs outside the Elizabethans, can be matched against it. The slenderness is only that of an artist in fine wrought-iron work.

My objection against many of the pieces in "London Nights" is this: Sin with remorse or exultation is something, & matter for great poetry. Sin without either is finite another. Great poetry can celebrate the transcending of sex or the vehement assertion of it, but can hardly be expected to hymn a mere change of bed-fellows. With the "Bianca" poems we are in the garden of fleurs du mal. He has finally given himself to a love that deliberately, perversely denies itself its ultimate expression, teases sense with a corrupt asceticism, pauses on the very verge of too obvious a bliss.

In English poetry love* is often an affair of honest sentiment. That it can turn against itself is but rarely admitted in a poetry reluctant to strike the note of "Odi et amo".

*Cf. the chap. on "Laus Veneris" in the same writer's "Swinburne"

"Into a rapture of repose, "Amoris Victima"
When eyes re-open & lips close" testidious gladness.

Its doubts are seldom of itself; the lover does but doubt whether his love will be returned, whether he is worthy of love. If you talk about love poetry to ordinary English people, it will probably be some while before the name of Donne is mentioned.... We pride ourselves on our psychological curiosity & we allow these extraordinary painful, minutely truthful poems* by Mr S. to be lost in the mass of his verse, & suppose him to be merely the poet of alcoves. You could hardly have a more difficult subject; it is in part Donne's, Meredith's; but you will be astonished by the limpidity of the writing. What is said in this poem, without possibility of offence with the purity of passion, with only the transparent & sufficing veil of art between us & the final intimacies. He has his characteristic rebuke to those poets who would make the sea the mere mirror of their own moods, reducing the most sublime & inscrutable thing in nature to a private looking-glass.

His versions from Verlaine, Mallarmé & Baudelaire are [illegible]

He discovered Clare, Laforgue, Rimbaud,
more fundamental Criticism than French

The most evident merit of his criticism is its catholicity. He is nowhere to be found forgetting that the main way of literature is after all the main way, or that Style at its highest may be found in a master without a careless prodicality as well as in the devotees of the most finite.

"Unfortunately, words can convey facts."

Mr S. however, has virtually ignored the 18th Cent. as he has ignored the English novelists, with only some pages on Meredith & Hardy. The French novel with "Don Quixote" & Tolstoi is almost all that Contents him in fiction. On Italian literature he has had scarcely anyth. to say dealing only with the genius of d'Annunzio. French poets after Villon & before Verlaine is to his mind too rhetorical.

As a critic he has on occasion been tempted to write a not quite legitimately creative Criticism, Vague, or scarcely clear in dealing with literature. The intellectual content of literature discourages anyth. of the kind. You can not quote picture & Music as you may quote prose & verse.

"Oxford Book of Verse" left out Symons, Dowson, Johnson.
Mr Bullett right with criticism, wrong with poetry.
Cf. Introduction by Ezra Pound to Johnson Poems. but.
Cumbland: "written in pre-dolph"

Mr Symons positively Condemned decadence in the Introduction to "the Symbolist Movement in Literature"!
As Mr Symons himself say: "for the Critic to aim at making literature is to take off something from the value of his criticism as criticism"!

"Nay, but a subtler intense
Unsatisfied appeal of sense,
Ever desiring, ever near,
The goal of all its hope & fear,
Ever a hair's-breadth from the goal."

a good book written in a style pleasantly Symonsish
I have always held Symons to be a better critic of individual artists than Pater — wider in range, surer in grasp, clear & steady in vision.

see a thumb-nail sketch of Symons which Welby doesn't know

"Frank Harris" by A.I. Tobin & Elmer Gertz. An American study, based on a great deal of research. Gertz was Harris's agent.

Murry 于战前为 "Rhythm" 撰 Harris on spiritual equality with Shakespeare, 为 Harris 晋之将 James Stephens 高过 Milton, 大赞赏 Katherine Mansfield 对注，且于 [illegible] 为 Harris 之 "Hugh Kingsmill" (among other young men who subscribed to Harris's later).

Our talk as we waited for H. was desultory like the talk on the battlements of Elsinore before the arrival of Hamlet's full-throated father. (found him out, par. Hesketh Pearson & Desmond MacCarthy see Hesketh Pearson: Bernard Shaw (The Reprint society) P. 360-361)

In writing about himself he touched nothing that he did not adorn. He was of mixed Welsh & Jewish blood inspite of his desire to pass for a pure Celt. His father was a innkeeper & smuggler who in his autobiography became a lieutenant in the Navy. He was sent to the grammar school of Ruabon on the Welsh border, though in his autobiography he speaks of going to an English public school & in later life while wearing an Etonian tie, would sometimes refer to his schooldays at Rugby.

On what foundation of actual fact H. has erected the superstructure of his youthful triumphs, even the most indulgent reader of his autobiography will pause to wonder. At the age of 13 he was already in the school cricket eleven; he had learnt "Paradise Lost" by heart in a week & as Shylock he had anticipated the particular piece of business so much applauded 15 yrs later in Henry *

* cf. Gerald Cumberland in "Written in Friendship"; Kingsmill: Matthew Arnold.

H. 写 "On the Trail" 写在美国 Cowboy 之间的故事, an ex-Cowboy septuagenarian shot his dog to bits.

stepped into his job Catching rides on trains.

Irving's rendering of that part; he had made love to a girl of his own age in Church, & had come within measurable distance of overpowering a French governess in a rustic summer-house; he had rejected the supernatural element in religion etc etc.

"When I was 15," he told me, "I examined myself in a mirror and saw that I was ugly & never looked at myself again, put, indeed, all thought of my appearance out of my head forever" In the middle of a talk, he suddenly jumped up, & pulled his ears out at right angles to illustrate their size, tapped his cocked nose nervously, & dropping his arms to their full length exclaimed: "I haven't even got short arms to match my short stature. Gorilla arms!" (自傳中又有一段描寫 Jessie 在 New York Museum 看一圖畫 Paris presenting apple to Aphrodite, Jessie 指出 Paris 太 manly. 見原書 212)

Many men, H's sister concluded, are too quick with their kisses. That puts the girl off. Flattery, first of looks & dress, then devotion, & the rest comes of itself. To the 4 principles he himself added a 5th, the principle of feigned indifference.

"Lies & Libels of F. H" by Miss Kate Stephens 我H在得
州的 Kansas 时 曾 Byron Smith 之 陆 同 乡 者, K.S. 与 B.S. 未 婚 妻
结 为 Stanford 教. Baron Munchausen. 世 之. H 之 在 美 时 已 死 (1875 年 至 1912 年
人 责 H 学 Carlyle 先 生, 昵 曰 "音 Sir reporter 及 artist"!
During his convalescence he accidentally swallowed six
grains of belladonna. One grain is supposed to be fatal.
& the doctor who attended that he could not send his case
to the medical journals since no one could possibly credit
it. There is therefore no record of it in any medical journal.
The value set by Carlyle on extraordinary men appealed to
him & C's style blending the prophet & rhetorician is often
echoed by H. in his more exalted moods. When he published
his portrait of C. in the "English Review" in 1911, the portrait
was attacked from many quarters as a mosaic of inaccu-
-rate & distorted details. Mr. David Alec Wilson, C's en-
cyclopedic biographer, gives a letter disinterred by C's nephew,
which H wrote from Göttingen in 1878. C's silence was
galling. H's resentment found expression, as in the parallel
instance of Byron Smith in the confession of "sexual weakness".
It puts into C's mouth. H. also gives a story of Carlyle's wedding night in My Life & Loves
the origin of the legend of C's impotence in Froude's post-
Italy he writes taught him little, except that he had a marvellous
voice. Without having he could sing two notes lower
than were ever written. lawsuits re My Relations with C. (1903) in which he
on the truth of what he had been told by Geraldine Jewsbury that "C. was one of those persons who
ought never to have married". But both J. & F. mistaken. Thanks to Sir James Crichton-
Brown, there is now no room left for doubt in the medical profession about

George & Weedon Grossmith: "The Diary of a Nobody"

Roly-Poly Wealthy widow, Mrs Clayton.

He was Un-English in appearance, education & temperament without being intriguingly foreign. He had no University degree, no connection with any paper & no friends to push him. Yet within 2 yrs he was the editor of the "Evening News". A detailed account of how H. obtained his 1st editorship is given in a novel by Frederic Carrel called "The Adventures of John Johns" 1897. Modelled on Maupassant's "Bel Ami" "The sketch of F. H. in 'J. J' is superb', Wilde said in a letter to Robert Ross, in July 1897. H is pictured throughout the novel as a calculating machine. The expression which Johns cultivated most, Carrel says, was an intensely earnest, almost sorrowful arrangement of the muscles of his countenance. It was an expression which seemed to embody in itself a world of sadness for the ills of life, a longing for the ideal, a simple innocence with a calm dignity.

It was Balzac's romanticising of worldly success, the stupefying haze in which he enveloped the triumphs of the social climber that fascinated Wilde & Harris.

His master. See the Nemesis of Froude (1903) by Sir J. C.-B. & Alexander Carlyle, & The Truth about C. (1913) by D. A. Wilson with a preface by Sir J. C-B.

Turn the old staff into the street.
hitched his wagon to a comet.

naturally saw himself in Lucien de Rubempré who was a fascinating talker & averse from hard work. His tears over Lucien's death in prison were shed before his own disaster, but with his half-serious belief that life copies literature, he may have been weeping for himself no less than for Lucien. Kate Harris saw himself in Rastignac he nowhere confesses.

Kissing & fighting, he says were the only things he cared for at 14, & these are the things the English public desires & enjoys today. He does not admit any indebtedness for his sensational method in journalism to W. T. Stead who had been 2 yrs on the "Pall Mall Gazette" when H. became editor of the "Evening News."

The English upper classes fascinated him, & he hoped one day to mix with them on equal terms. But in the meantime he was exasperated by their self-sufficiency, by their undemonstrative acceptance of themselves as the only people that mattered. His keen desire to enter from them in a Park Lane palace conflicted with an equally keen desire to send the lot of them to the guillotine (pp. 70-1)

"Happy medium" Diary of a Nobody "middle" st. edit "Fortnightly Revie
Whi-plawin for safety, wariness respectable to Whistler
Wilde to avoid H. emphasise

He seemed unaware that his presence for life to any transcript of life was shared by the Whole of the Animal Kingdom.

Harris was impressed by Wilde's social genius. He himself had had to claw his way into society & now stood near the door, a little out of breath. W. was on the hearth rug smiling, the centre of attention.

As in Randolph Churchill Harris had hitched his wagon to a Comet, so in Wilde he had hitched his wagon to an exploded rocket.

W. H.

It was probably his desire for fame which first prompted him to write about Shakespeare, since Shakespeare like Christ, would perpetuate the memory of anyone who wrote about him with insight. George Brandes "—人研究 Shakespeare's character" refute the idea of S's impersonality—" to Mary Fitton. H.

S. Conception of Wilde, weak, gay, with Bax Strangeways" in Johnston's "The Gay-Donnelly's Harris.

H. the 1½ 卅 — Maison de Tolérance.

Though tailors, hairdressers, boxers made the best of him he always looked bad to the discerning eye.
adept in blackmail & "robbing the widows".
One of those men who owe their reputation among their contemporaries to what they might have achieved & who would perhaps have had less reputation had they done more to earn one.
Anything woman passed us. "She'd have to stand up twice to make a shadow" Harris said.
His attraction for the young & ingenuous lay in his combination of an enthusiasm for literature which gratified them & a air of superiority to literature which impressed them.
"Life packed my memory here, extended & inflated it like a rubber bag like taught me to leave the facts on the 1st rubbish heap, but the rubber still says with the weight it carried".
"There are 3 persons, says the husband, who know my wife better than I do: her doctor, her confessor, & her dressmaker. I hope she won't extend the circle".

抗戰時在美所讀改筆、
錫銘

It will be noticed that in these encounters recorded in "Contemporary Portraits" H. tries to manoeuvre his opponent on to ground where he will be at a disadvantage. With Dowson, his ineffectiveness as a lover, with Pater, his ignorance of Cabaret dancers in the nude, etc. Shaw: "Harris's proud humor is to be to every man.... the champion of his enemies, his complement rather than his counterpart."

A further source of exasperation was that Harris could not, by any stretch of ingenuity, include Wells in his list of men handicapped by a rigid temperament. "Ha! Moore. Always last at the feast & last at the fair. The tender elevation, the heart of borrowed gold do not move the emotions he aimed at." "The effect doth operate another way" as Troilus said of Cressida's protestations of love.

It is frankly as his victims that H. paints most of his early loves, concealing himself for the absence of Austerity, or a Sedan in his life by turning his

★H. 好象为 Man of action, 又以 Bible Shakespeare 以及为 to Jesus.

encounters in battlefields on which the girl is the defeated enemy & be Napoleon or Bismarck!

"Goethe & this drunken coarse [illegible] a woman who deepened a sodden sleep to thoughts that wander thro eternity."

I was returned to the ranks of his army corps of Juniores.

在 Shaw 给 H. 子不首, 如 [illegible] 此. H. 忽进. 窗外以为生, 乃为 Shaw 语, Shaw 仅先抚首, 曰当可以为来, 往 H. 为之. Read the man, by his own admission was virgin till 29! "Shy Shaw"! Yet now, at 70 odd the adventurer, the man of action, the Conquistador in love, was penniless & unknown. & the timid recluse "The master of life" (Murry's phrase) Was Wealth & world famous. The desperate mystery was intensified by Shaw's unruffled friendliness. Both H. could say seemed to upset him. He could not find S's weak spots, whereas his own leg was always at S's disposal when S. was in the mood to pull it.

Victor Hugo, by Mme Duclaux

it seemed a come-down.

Charles Renouvier: France lost in Hugo un géomètre de première ligne.

the 157 line of "Cromwell" was an outrage on the typical & the Universal & the classical: "Demain, vingt-cinq juin mil six cent Cinquante sept".

In Paris most events have a political lining

to make Confusion worse Confounded

You cannot measure infinities against one another.

to fly another kind of kite.

Yes more than ever.

Ego, the Autobiography of James Agate.

"Une dette est une douce d'imagination que les Créanciers ne comprennent pas." "My riches consist not in the multitude of my possessions but in the fewness of my wants."

"La dette est un martyre dans le ciel pour récompense" I have paid in the long run. But the run has had to be long, & the trouble has arisen thru my contemplating mile races while shorter-sighted trade-folk have had their eyes on sprints of a hundred yards.

I cannot, like most compilers of autobiographies plead lack of practice, for I have never written anything else. I am the principal character in two of my novels.

I have no other income. To force myself to earn more money I determined to spend more. This, I understand, is known to economists as the law of Demand & Supply.

My sister, when asked to ask if she is related to J. A. invariably replies: "Distantly. He is the eldest of 6, I am the youngest." She was an afterthought.

dum me. He trades on his indispensability

When he thinks he looks useful I think he looks funny.
Beerbohm Tree: "Never show your humor to the humorless or they will use it in evidence against you."
Kind people came forward & lent me money, but not enough; it was like talking a man who cannot swim out of 24 ft. of water & throwing him back into 12.
It is said that a drowning man sees the whole of his life in a flash.
Both Sitwells are artists who enjoy pretending to be asses.
Notice in a Paris brothel: Prière de ne pas
Monter sur le lit
Sans ôter les chaussures.
"La gloire est le soleil des morts". Yes. But does it warm them?
Two people hold long conversations with less than an inch between their noses. I cannot bear talking to anybody unless there is the width of a good-sized dining table between us.

He loved give me points & a beating.

When I quote, it is because I desire to get into the reader's head something which is not there — it has not to do with embellishment. What's good for Montaigne & Lemaître & Walkley is good enough for me.

Either the intelligent people do not go to the theatre or when they do they leave their wits behind them.

The following is the way I like my Hatter laid on.

The English man can get along with sex quite perfectly so long as he can pretend that it isn't sex but something else. He divides the entire universe into things nice to know & things not nice to know — the only remaining category being things nice not to know.

Ashenden, by W. Somerset Maugham

to stretch their legs

In that black & bitter night, civilisation, ashamed of its artifice

Cowered before the fury of Elemental things.

Voluminous breasts of hers

little titbits of information

Death so often chooses its moments without consideration.

He was a purple patch on two legs.

I laid myself out to be agreeable.

Old fools thought war could be waged with kid gloves on.

Her lips part as her desire for me melts the marrow in her bones like butter in the sun.

The relations of the joker to his joke should be as quick as desultory as those of a bee to its flower.

He escaped being ridiculous only by a hair's breadth & you watched him with a kind of breathlessness as you might watch a tight-rope dancer doing perilous feats at a dizzy height.

a frigidity that would have sent a little shiver down the spine of a polar bear. to stuff for himself.

he sagged like a pricked balloon.

A High Wind in Jamaica, by Richard Hughes.
In the Tropics a thunderstorm is not a remote affair up
in the sky but is all round you.
The wind, to push against, was more like a solid block
than a current of air.
Ladies, all their flesh like a cage of linnets.
You would never have thought that the immobile mask
of a pig would wear a look of such astonishment.
sold them for a song

Trent's Last Case, by E. C. Bentley
When he died, the world lost not worth a single tear.
a capacity for innocent gaiety which owed not to humour.
laid himself out to win her
talk to him freely, under the rose.
An affair like this is meat & drink to the servants.
Has she her wits about her.

A 2nd Scrap Book, by G. Saintsbury.
Oxford 60 yrs Since [auto biographical, his friend with Mark Pattison].
Brains, beauty, strength, riches etc. are gifts; morals are subject to fearful temptation; but manners every one can have merely by choosing to have them.
Rousseau had his dreams to console him; if Pattison had any, they seem to have always been nightmares.
moi chétif
Note: but Southey's cumulative ejaculation "Aballi boozabanganorribo!"
Haeresis Virgiliana – There is a sort of Synthetic character about Virgil's jewels .... For a more disagreeable hero than Heneas there is not in the range of epic. Form must be Livie forme.
W. P. Ker (necrology)
p. 348
Asquith: "Youth would be an ideal state if it came a little later a life" an extremely ingenious version of "Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait".

Dialstone Lane, by W. W. Jacobs

His stock of yarns is like the widow's cruse.
His face was statuesque in its repose.
It's a load off my mind.
his talent for description run away with him.
to wrestle grimly with feelings too strong for outside display.
The feat (to catch me up) would not have been beyond the powers of an athletic tortoise.

Septimus, by W. J. Locke.

too large & flaring & curvilinear for respectable good looks.
know more about it than would be becoming of me to tell.
They take the world for their oyster & think when they open it, they are going to find pearl necklaces ready-made.
few anchorages in life.
If you don't see the point of this joke, I can't explain it.
It has a point the size of pyramid.
retailed a bit of gossip.

Tradition & Hugh Walpole, & Clemence Dane.

Does the writer produce the insatiable reader, or is it the other way on? I think it is the other way on. The writer is not a reader: the cook is not hungry.

The writer admits that he must give the reader what the reader wants, but still he insists on giving it in his own way.

Just as the gentle reader is a blend of the 3 main types of taste – Moralist + Poet romantic + realist, so the typical English novel is the result of immeasurable responses to the blend – a tradition, not a traditional novel: a novel based on tradition but not dependent on on tradition. Praise of Scott. because of his love of the Gentle Reader & other things. "The Bride of Lammermoor" ranked with Tasso & Walter Scott.

Disintegrators after the war. The modern individual is afraid of discipline because discipline finds him out. If he to lack individuality, discipline will & does steal him. Hugh Walpole as the only living novelist who supplies traditive novels.

The Brass Bottle by F. Anstey

...hose sense of humor would serve as a lining for most clouds that might darken his horizon.

Was taken it right in left. "thanks"

Cordon bleu benefit after benefit "declined with

impervious to irony

When she walketh with a vacillating gait, the willow branch itself turneth green with envy.

Why the flowers that blush unseen could give me points & a beating in the matter of modesty.

At Sunwich Port, by W. W. Jacobs.

The mental exertion involved in taking in this insult in all its ramifications.

His Jack-in-the-box ubiquity

She wouldn't look at you even if you were the last man in the world regale you with anecdotes.

Sad Harker, by John Masefield

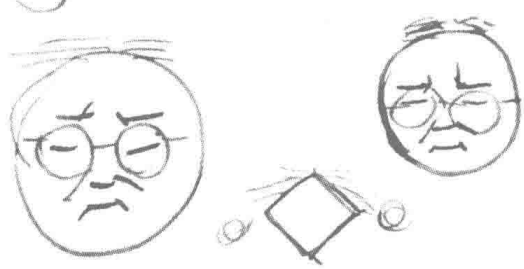
To pay us some old score
The night seemed all who'd steal it

The Dancing Floor, by John Buchan

languid love sonnets, phosphorescent with decay
I might have been in the middle of the Sahara for all
the chance of a drink.

Greenmantle, by John Buchan

He was not the man to pitch a case too high
I didn't seem to have a sporting chance
He had a scarlet satin tie which you could steal
a mile off.
I was living on the hour now
Slept like logs



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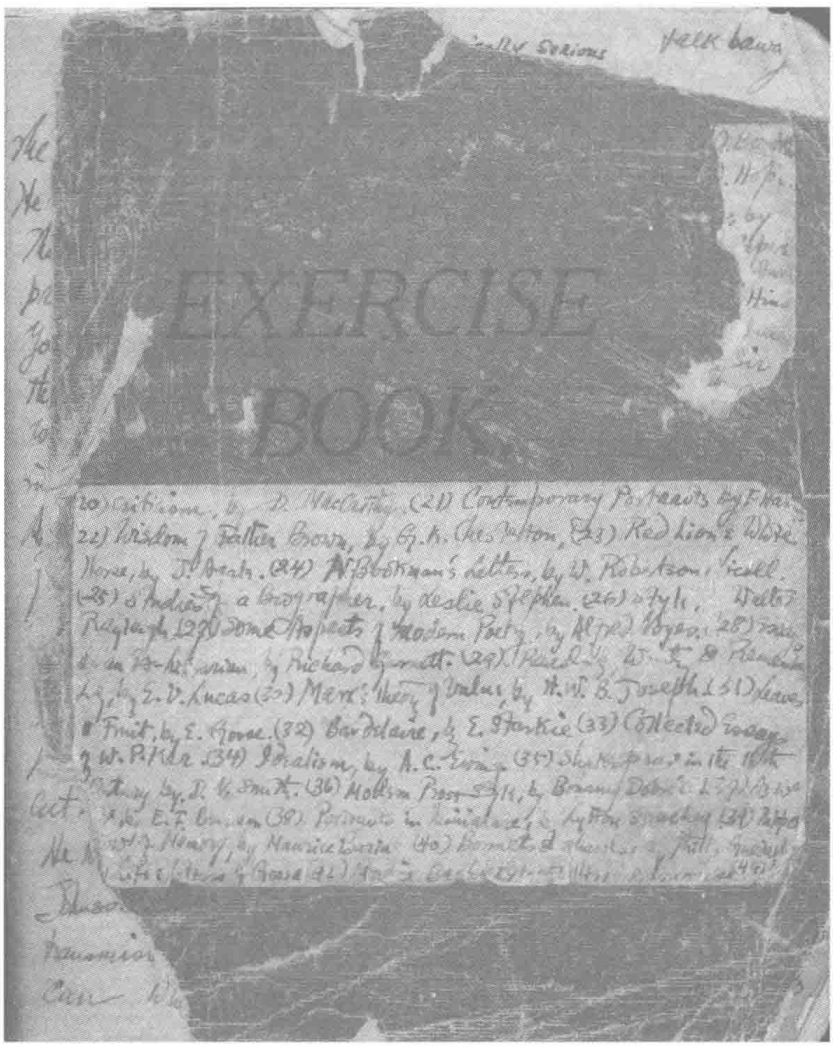

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Auchinleck (Affleck), Comically serious talk bawdy

James Boswell, by C.E. Vulliamy

The verses of James were unquestionably driveling nonsense
He never succeeded in writing verse of any other kind.
That odd mixture of conscious buffoonery and of genuine self-approval. It is an invitation as well as an assertion. If you can understand him in this, you are on the way to understand the whole nature of the man. Prof. Pottle: "B's life-long willingness to be indiscreet provided thereby he could be interesting."
At the age of 22 he was already watching himself closely most frequently with approval, but sometimes with despair. He recorded vivaciously in private journals all the foolish particulars of his life... The only antidote for one woman is another; and so it goes on to the end of his days.
His manly delight in bottle and brothel gave him the right to cut a passable figure among the bucks.
He was the proper complement of J. the perfect receiver of the Johnsonian transmission. He was more. He could set the transmission going. Just as there are some men who can wheedle out of others their property or wealth, so

expanding in the radiance of J's majestic being.

peculiar man could wheedle out of them & appropriate to himself their riches of thought or wisdom. His own part in conversation was generally negligible & often contemptible, but his effect upon a good talker was to make him talk at his best. He had also the supreme advantage of being an indestructible target. No broadside of wit or ridicule could ever sink him & although he might be thrown into a little temporary disorder by the heavy fire of J. he was cheerfully prepared to be shot at again & again.

He asked Voltaire if he would speak English. "No. To speak in English you have to put your tongue between your teeth; and I have lost my teeth!" Erasmus in his essay On Pronunciation on Englishmen teasing foreigners by asking them to say "Smith" — the final th of which no foreigner could master. (H. W. Garrod, The Study of Good Letters, p. 93)

Gray: "Of Mr B's truth I have not the least suspicion because I am sure he could invent nothing."

He enjoyed the luxury of confession. Not only in his private records but in his letters to Temple, he babbled about things one might have supposed him anxious to conceal. He was incurably amorous and brutishly indiscriminate. Shameful maladies were followed by shameful confessions.

Contemptible but not substantially wicked.

As soon as B. saw her, he realised that he had never been so much in love before. Here every flower was united, with no thorns or prickles.

B. wrote in the series of "Hypochondriack" essays for the "London Magazine": "A Man who is actuated only by sensual desire will indulge it with any female he may meet, & like a glutton, who ravenously devours many dishes, will indiscriminately embrace a plurality of Wenches."

Mr Foote merrily declared that he paid 2 guineas for 6 hrs' sleep. When it came to meals, you were lucky if you got the desiccated remains of a cold chicken. You had to pay double and treble the London prices for everything & you got miserable substitutions, dirt and imperfections (eggs & filthy pewter.

That was not easy for a Man who was capable of falling in love every five Mts. He looked at Mrs Sheldon listening to the Ode. Yes, he was falling in love, & there was only one way out of it. He gazed earnestly at Mrs Bedderley & the image of Mrs S. faded out of his mind. In such

homoeopathic remedies there may be a risk, it may be only a fatal hop out of the frying pan.

He takes care, in the "life", to conceal his own identity & to name the speaker only as "a gentleman". An attentive perusal of the "life" & a comparison with his private journals makes it clear that the nameless "gentleman" is very often B. himself. He looked upon J as a kind of entertainment which he imagined himself perfectly well qualified to control or exhibit.

From 1774 the private history of B. becomes a drunkard's progress. In his 36th yr B. showed slight but ominous indications of premature age. Had he continued to go down hill at the same rate, there would have been no "life of Johnson"; in a few yrs there would have been no Boswell. But Johnson saved him again. No sooner did he see that massive countenance beaming over Mrs Thrale's breakfast table, than he felt himself "elevated as if brought into another state of being".

It is occasionally supposed that J. managed to keep B. straight & that after the Dr's death B at once fell to pieces. That is not entirely correct. The original influence of

seen him long enough upon stilts. ~~sunk too deep~~ into the slough

J. was profound but not lasting. At his later visits to London, B. seems almost to have avoided J. & to have taken little trouble in recording his talk. Actually the effect of J's death was to pull him together to prepare the "Hebrides" for publication ..... B. had no coherence; his affections were fugitive and irregular; he was always turning himself to the pitch of an occasion, a mood or a personality. The presence of J. could raise him to a true state of reverence; & then he would make sport of him behind his back. It is impossible to build up a static character out of such loose components. All that J. had succeeded in doing was to bring about an occasional recognition of social morality. In losing J. B. gained what was of far greater importance to him — the chance of making free with J's character & the definite prospect of acquiring a literary reputation.

The final form of the "Life" does not represent the unaided labor of B. Malone gave to the materials of B. a form, order & coherence, a literary uniformity which B. alone could not have achieved.

*cf. Macaulay's essay on Boswell's
in "Criticism" on Boswell's pursuit
of greatness as the result of a desire to
"pull himself together".

Here is the explanation of his enormous vanity. It was not
only eminence in itself that he desired - it was a testimonial
of sanity & worthiness. A practising barrister cannot be
mad, an M.P. cannot be mad — it is unthinkable.*
In our ansiety to prove that Macaulay was wrong in his
estimate we are apt to forget that he was not entirely wrong in his
"estimate of B. We may reject the idea of B. as a great fool
who was a great fool unlucky enough to write a supremely
good; but it is not easy to see B. as a conscious ap-
preparing a great work by method or deliberation. On the
other hand, the fool hypothesis would be amply justified by
a consideration of his poems and pamphlets.
The "life" is an advertisement. The book was to be the
instrument of salvation, to give him a rational belief in
his own value & thus to save him from the deepening fear
of a mental & moral catastrophe. B. had always treated
J. as a source of personal advantage. He intensified
the deeper shades of J's character. He suggested that J. to
him had once been dissolute (repudiated by Percy). He

* after Mrs Thrale Marriage in 1789

Temple to B: "We have heard of many kinds of hobby-horses, but you, B, ride upon yourself."

knowes that J. esteemed him above any other person.
In Contrast & in complement to the essentially male character of J. B. had feminine qualities of sensibility & responsiveness. And finally he had the merit of being able to stand the full violence of a Johnsonian explosion. J. knew what was good in B. but he could have known nothing of those dreadful scenes recorded in B's diaries. There was a narrow escape for B. when Wilkes threatened to show J. B's indecent "Ode by Dr J. to Mrs Thrale upon their supposed approaching Nuptials" (this incredible outrage was actually published in 1788)* What Macaulay said is quite true of B. as a man — "without delicacy, without shame". He must have formed his idea of B. from Contact with Hannah More. Hume was nearer the truth than he knew when he called B. "very mad". Cf. also his remarks about Tom Davies to whom he owed his introduction to J., about Hume, Beauclerk, let alone Goldsmith. He drew J. maliciously to talk about Garrick. Gratuitous backbiting. And the insult to the memory of J. himself in the passage

Henry James: with Hawthorne, it was a question of looking behind & beneath for the suggestive idea, the artistic motive. A life of spirit more complex than outer act, the more eye of sense & the laws secretly broken, the vital failures secretly felt, the hidden passions, the dark corners. Any figure that easily became with him an emblem, any story a parable, any appearance a cover. If he had been, imaginatively, rather old in his youth, he was youthful in his age. He is outside of everything, an alien everywhere. On the surface of the soul & the edge of tragedy he "

about J.S. "uncommon strong & impetuous amorous inclinations" prefers to remain. (Goethe: Wagner's history of the world's best life).

during the days when I was associated with Savage. Coming from B. himself, a persistent lecher, the whole thing is a piece of sickening hypocrisy. B. is condemned by his own words; he addresses noblemen in terms of servile flattery and is eager to exhibit himself as a toady. Macaulay has described certain aspects of B. with deadly accuracy without having read the mass of letters & journals now available. After J's death, B. so unpopular that "we are not at home to Mr Boswell."

He was a pioneer of publicist method. His autobiography is the attempt of a mentally disordered man to stabilize his character by setting up a pattern of what he wished to be in reality.

The literary excellence of B. is in his narrative. When he is trying to be amusing or thoughtful, he is dull, barren, tedious & ready to commit the most direful ineptitudes.

The Daniel comes to judgment! A very good character study.

His sense of beauty was a changeling & had no father in Am. soil. His subject is the Puritan conscience whose frigid quality was reflected in a stern law, the 1st refuge of frigid men who had entered a strange continent with all the forces of nature arrayed against them; transplanted into a soil unprepared for them, the pioneers identified their foes without their foes within, so that nature even whose life itself simple. Their superstition = the dreadful expiation & sacrifice. became the enemy of

Critical Essays by Osbert Burdett

The Rose of Hawthorne is the most beautiful prose that has come out of America. . . To puritans repentance meant living in sackcloth and ashes. But there is an old word not open to this confusion, the word resipiscence. It means, as repentance should be held to mean, change to a better frame of mind. this the neglected, the means was confused the end, punishment enjoyed for its own sake. All his hereditary conscience was implacable except that inner instinct of life which enabled him to present the forces of human vitality, the cry of heart as Hester to Dimmesdale: "what we did had a consecration of its own. We felt it so" etc. this occasional step relief becomes an added pain which intensifies the victim's sense of guilt.

All competent critics agree that Hawthorne's symbolic power was alloyed with a tendency to fanciful allegory. Which, as Mr Yeats has said of rhetoric is the will doing the work of the imagination. Thus the scarlet letter is visible upon the water, in the sky, etc. Peace is like itself & offers in an oblique way, the perpetual criticism of the spirit upon the letter, of impulse upon law. Hawthorne's "Our old Home": "Johnson meddled only with the surface of life & never cared to penetrate further than to ploughshare depth; his very sense and sagacity were but a one-eyed clear-sightedness. His Moral was as English as a beef-steak." Mr Peckniff recognises as the perfect englishman abroad "Success makes an Englishman intolerable. . . . I shall never love England till she sues us for help. An Englishman in adversity is a very respectable character; he does not lose his dignity but merely [O thou prophetic soul] atmospheric effect. a tinge of melodrama. His mysterious sin which shadows his characters appears to be convincing. Come to a proper confession of murder; the sunshine to reach is revealed. It would be like pairing a waterfall for its power to turn a mill. Catch the moon in a net.

Mr Flosky in "Nightmare Abbey" assaults upon light "the great enemy of Mystery." The poem rumbles on like an omnibus

the words put by Flaubert into the mouth of Apollonius of Tyane as a last taunt against St. Anthony: "Let us leave him. He believes like a brute in the reality of things."

Meredith

He is the one English novelist who has created in Renée a Frenchwoman acceptable to France

A. Martin Freeman: Peacock. None had been worthy like the Peacockian novel before. None has been

"Harriet Shelley was always ready to laugh with me at little else since, unless Gallock's New Republic. Lord Houghton: They resemble more a French

come than aught" else" Shelley's revolt." Peacock recorded in his subsequent recollec-

A Platonic dialogue as Aristophanes might have caricatured it. To collect a gathering of persons, each

tions "how Shelley lost caste with some of the more hot-headed

representing a walking embodiment of a particular fad, to set them in a country house with an

of the party." After his visit to Peacock in his old age Robert

ample larder, & to dismiss them when they had emptied on each other's heads their stewing vials

Buchanan records that Peacock preferred Harriet to Mary

"opinion, was P's usual procedure.

"if only on the ground of her surpassing beauty." Is it

possible that Harriet had also the keener sense of

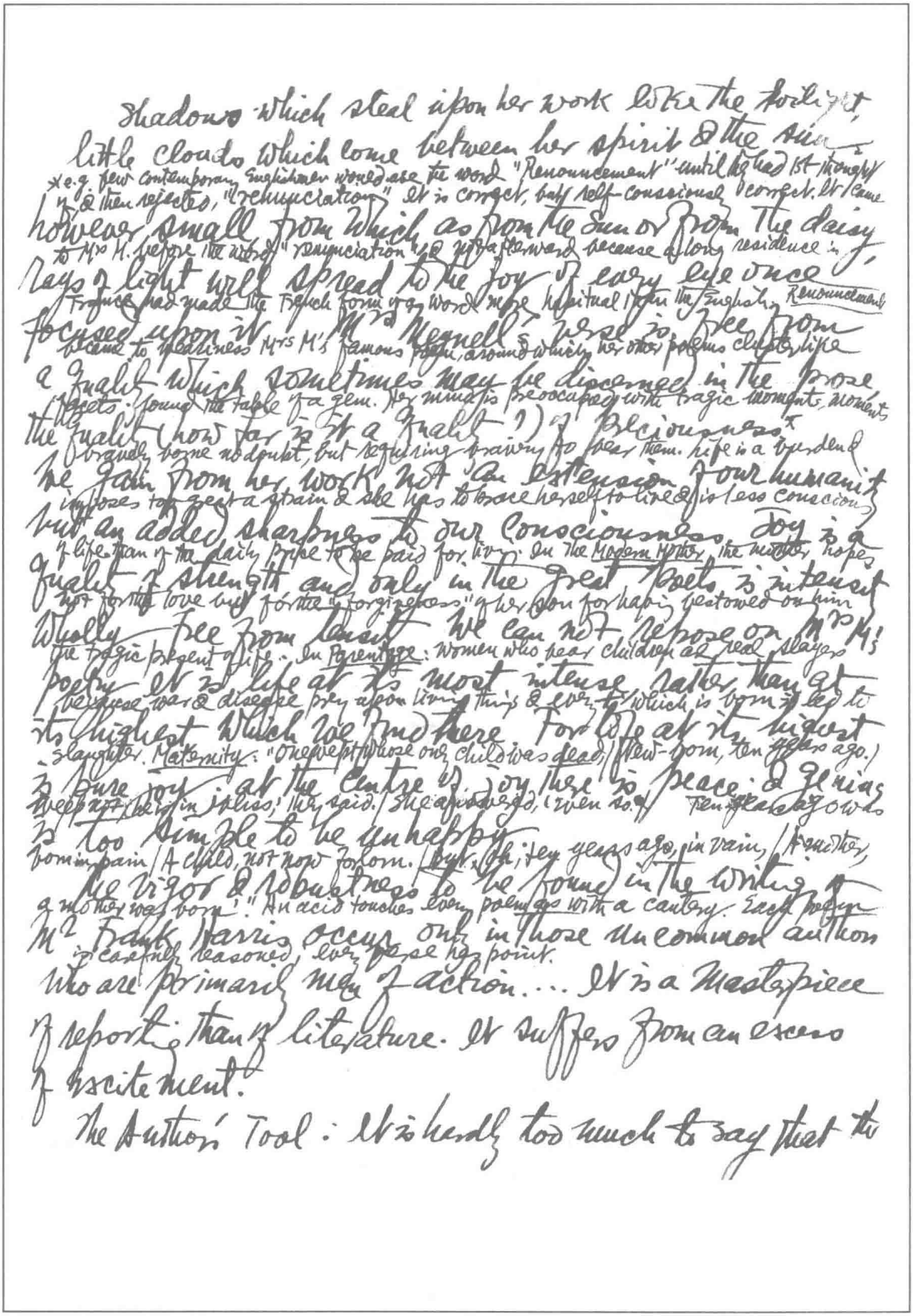
He founder & chief of his triumphs in scientific treatises. The knowledge thus gained made P.

humour? Peacock is the only novelist whose footnotes

a master of the footnote.

could not possibly be spared. P is a link between 18th & 19th Cents.

An ache for something which is not there, a confession of something wanting, a search for some centre on which to repose: none of these is a substitute for a positive quality. It is the absence of a personality which these reveal; they are symptoms not revelations..... It will have a centre of gravity


shadows which steal upon her work like the sudden
little clouds which come between her spirit & the sun
*e.g. few contemporary Englishmen would use the word "Renouncement" until he had 1st thought of
it & then rejected, "renunciation" as correct, but self-conscious & incorrect. It came
however small from which as from the sun or from the daisy
to Mrs H. before the word "renunciation" was put forward because of long residence in
rays of light will spread to the joy of every life once
France had made the English form of a word more habitual. Often the English Renouncement
focussed upon it Mrs Meynell's verse is free from
became to pleasantness Mrs M's famous poem, around which her other poems cluster like
a fault which sometimes may be discerned in the prose
planets round the table of a gem. Her mind is preoccupied with tragic moments, moments
the fault (how far is it a fault?) of preciousness*
of grief borne no doubt, but regarding bravely too near them. Life is a burden &
he gain from her work not an extension of our humanity
it refuses to greet a strain & she has to brace herself to live & is less conscious
but an added sharpness to our consciousness. Joy is a
of life than of the daily price to be paid for living. In the Modern Hunter, the writer hopes
finer form of strength and only in the great poets is interest
not for the love but for the forgiveness" of her son for having bestowed on him
wholly free from taint. We can not repose on Mrs M's
the tragic present of life. In Parentage: Women who bear children as real slayers
poetry it is life at its most intense later than at
the cruelest war & disease prey upon living things & even to which is born is led to
its highest which we find here. For life at its highest
slaughter. Maternity: "One wept whose only child was dead, / New-born, ten years ago.)
is pure joy at the centre of joy. There is peace & genius
"Weep not, dear sister in bliss," they said. / She answered, (even so.) Tenderness grows
too simple to be unhappy
from pain / A child, not now forlorn. Years ago, years ago, in vain, / A mother
gave birth." An acid touches every poem as with a cautery. Each poem
the vigor & robustness to be found in the writing of
is carefully reasoned, every phrase has its point.
Mrs Basil Harris occurs only in those uncommon authors
who are primarily men of action.... It is a masterpiece
of report than of literature. It suffers from an excess
of excitement.
The Author's Tool: It is hardly too much to say that the

Meredith: foreign correspondent of the Morning Post in Italy 1866. It would be curious to see the dispatches he sent home. Romance, that innocent habit of throwing gold-dust in the eyes of observers. A similar dust in the wake of his novels. His new symbolism mistaken for an intellectual process. An elliptical thinker, impatient of connection & appears to go on think- between the words. The light epigram will not bear stating in any other formula: its only wisdom is its choice of words. M.'s philosophic wit is rarely funny for its thought, which is lumbering, over-weighted, as ant-like as play upon words, e.g. "possession without obligation to the object possessed approaches felicity." By exploiting a reputable [illegible] produced the illegitimate child, click of the typewriter makes itself heard in the mechanical horse conversation.

A style such as that of Mr Shaw, and a new light was thrown upon the later style of Henry James. When it was recorded that the last revolutions of his manner were encouraged when the practice of dictation grew upon. Pater's parenthetical style developed with his habit of writing on Pope's minute calligraphy, crowded upon odds & ends of paper, seems appropriate to one who alternate lines of ruled paper. In fine, although was to make Convenience the chief quality of his style.

literature is the one art which possesses no handicraft, its result is still governed by the author's total

Litterae humaniores. The more pedantic in classics is insensible to the humane aspect, the pity to invite the gibe which Johannes Secundus threw in the faces of the Grammarians: that, namely, he wrote with licence in order that his work might not become a chopping-block for Commentators nor a lesson-book for schoolboys. Two classes of men read Satyricon: those who have much scholarship & no humanity, & those who have no scholarship at all.

too Dryden: I can die with her but not live without her

the War-song of Dinas Vawr in Peacock's The Misfortunes of Elphin (in which we read of the astonishing defence of the neglect of the great wall set against the that "the parts that are rotten give elasticity to those which are sound" — a parody of Canning's argument against the reform of the British Constitution, when

In Mr Frank Harris's Unpath'd Waters, there is an admirable tale of the old Jew who explained the art of making money as an artistic lesson in economics. It should be compared with Mr Belloc's Mercy of Allah in particular with the tale therein about the merchant Camels who, when the Sultan offers paper money for his head returns to his Majesty a sack of slips on each of which is written "This is a camel!" How long shall we have to wait before such stories are included in the study of economics at our schools? Other authors go for the hearts, more rarely the heads, of their readers. Mr H., like a boxer, goes straight for the epigastrium, & the luckless reader, when he has found his breath once more, has no choice but to run away or begin another book. Too devastating a pen for the average English taste.

literature, like life, can die of anaemia no less than of apoplexy.

*D'Alembert: "On a fait un livre: Des différentes révolutions de la fortune d'Aristote; on pourrait en faire un second, très intéressant et très philosophique, des variations de la renommée des ouvrages et des auteurs."

A Last Scrap Book by G. Saintsbury

I have never tried to be in the Fashion for the sake of being in it & seldom to be out of it merely for the sake of being out of it. Logic & History have been the only external Guides I have accepted in Temporal things, except where pure Taste has reigned alone.

"On the contrary the Clergy know too little. Their knowledge is limited by a circumference whose radius that they know almost everything; almost everything; that is, within that small circumference." — Athanasius Speaker: "The Library of Useless Knowledge."

The "History of Literary Reputations" is another of the books I should like to have written.

Lady Byron is the incarnation of primness, prudery and she-priggishness. .... Satire & the Epic improve with practice and are exactly the things to be stung into full display by such a Catastrophe as that which came on Byron. He had expected to be a gallant among gallants, a wit among wits, a lord among lords. He was the 1st for a time, only to find that he was not a

des auteurs

Mazini etc. praised Byron for his message, making him almost Poet Laureate of the League of Nations.

Satisfactory gallant to his own wife — one of the most annoying things to a person of his disposition. He had sense enough to see that as a bit among brats he was at best among equals. And his brother lords did not make anything like the fuss over him that he desired ... * The "noble poet" somehow rings false. This does not mean merely that he rings different. All the great poets do that. But there is something in the ring of all of them that is the same & that is the indefinable but unmistakable spirit of poetry itself in excelsis. Even "darkness" recalls the finales of the Iliad," & the "Vault of Human Wishes," in being essentially rhetoric rather than poetry though it is the most poetical rhetoric to be found anywhere outside Hugo. Of M^r Garvin's admirable laconism that when you read something really poetical in Byron it seems as if you were reading somebody else.*

If I am called upon to specify one thing lacking in Virgil I should say it is the Vague which the highest poetry always keeps in existence as an emanation from

"The Grinning She" indulge too much in Metaphor. "the refuge
re animic Scrap of the defeated analyst."
on girls' smiling photos.

within or an evil summoned atmosphere from without. He is too neat, too complete, & so too finite. Now the greatest poetry must always have Quelque chose d'infini in it. It must Make you "leave off hungry."

Lecturing to girls if any brains on Logic is great fun. It is so entirely new to them that they fasten on it eagerly. Whether it has any influence on their future lives & Conversations I cannot say; but it does not spoil their dancing.

Perhaps the most Mysterious of all phases of Name-spelling is the varying effect of the added "e". "Ann" is to me the ugliest of all actual or possible names; Anne is pretty enow in all conscience. On the other hand, if I ever asked "Maude" to come into the garden, it would be on the understanding that, for this occasion & for me, she left her "e" behind her.

A Smile is not a grin, & does not require any dreadful exposure of the teeth, pearl or ivory. Indeed the best part of it is done by the eyes; & Lord help any man who is smiled on without the eyes sharing. Also the

A Fable to Austin Dobson (in verse S's verse!)
A very interesting on Criticism v Catholicity. Shows that Murry is not "receptive enough, still with "blinkers"

the essence of the smile is that it is a flash.

Mr Murry thinks that "Criticism consists primarily in the attempt to order the universe of literature in obedience to the imperious demands of a temperament". I have myself defined it as "the effect of the subjection of the product of one mind to the processes of another." The critic is not bound to like or accept everything that is brought before him. But he must never prescribe, must never allow his temperament or mind to "order" beforehand what is to be brought to it.

I think the old fallacy-heresy as to Poetry being "a Criticism of life" seems to be raising its head again, & it may be well to give it a friendly tap on that head. In one sense all actions of life are "criticisms" of it; taking a Constitutional & eating your dinner are tacitly such criticisms, with the conclusions that if you do not take exercise you will not live healthily, that if you do not eat, you will not live at all. There is of course in poetry sublime criticism of life in the ordinary sense, but that criticism does not

~~[illegible]~~

make the poetry. Some poetry is criticism of life & some criticism of life is poetry. This quantitative restriction is important.

One of my most amusing reminiscences is of a club luncheon-party at which my immediate neighbor was a famous French novelist, whilst his neighbor was an equally well-known English one, with whom I was not personally acquainted, but whom I had, not long before, reviewed "most politely, most politely" as I must own my wont, but not too favorably. After some time, the Frenchman turned to me & asked me the meaning of the curious verb to "slate" which his confrère had just used. "Éreinter" said I, & we all three grinned.

Dolly Dialogues by Anthony Hope

No. 12: Economy is good without someone you do want in case you should, some day, want something you probably won't want.

I was fairly gravelled for the meaning.

She looked so lost that one was inclined to send for a policeman.

No. 14: You ought not to yield to temptation — well, somebody must, or there becomes abound. No. 17: Bourgeois is an epithet which the riff-raff apply to what is respectable & the aristocracy to what is decent.

She never gives pain to anybody except with the object of giving pleasure to somebody else.

No. 22: I wish you would read a little poetry sometimes. Your ignorance cramps my conversation. I may not understand, but I am willing to endure.

The best-hated woman in Caucasia

The Twilight of the Gods & other Tales, by Richard Garnett.
The Olympians, if dead as deities, survive as impersonations of Man's highest conceptions of the beautiful.
"This day" Elenko said to Kerseb, "I have renounced all the Gods & told lies enough to cost me my life, & for no other reason than that I am in love. If this is a sufficient reason lovers must have a different code of morality from the rest of the world. Will you die for me? Yes. Admirable. Will you lie for me? No. Then you don't love me."
Except Eros & Plutus, who seem as usual, & the old Fates who go on spinning as if nothing had happened, nobody expects to last for another 10 yrs. The sacrifices have dwindled down to nothing. Hera has eaten her peacock. Apollo has pawned his lyre. Bacchus drinks water.
"It is grievous to reflect" said Sin-woo to his Courtiers, "that if, as ye all affirm, there hath not been any Emperor of equal merit with myself before my time, neither will any such arise after me, my subjects must inevitably be sufferers by my death." To which the Courtiers unanimously responded, "O Emperor, live for ever!"

the amenities of all hells combined.

bribed no one with the promise of aught in heaven or earth.

"He who despises this life in comparison with another deserves to lose the life which he has."

"Whence this sleekness of body, my son?" "From the charity of the Caliph's wives who have fed me secretly, I having assured them that in remembrance of this good work each of them in the world to come would have 7 husbands".

Who had made marvellous progress in worldly wisdom during the last twenty-four hours.

The City of Philosophers:

"Nature is manifold, not infinite, though the extent of the resources of which she can dispose almost enables her to pass for such. Her cards are so multitudinous that the pairs are easily shuffled into ages so far asunder that their resemblance escapes remark. But sometimes her mischievous daughter Fortune manages to thrust these duplicates into such conspicuous places that their similarity cannot pass unobserved & Nature is caught plagiarising from herself."

Theocles: "How can I and my disciples [Stoics] manifest our contempt for gold, dainties, wine, fine linen & all the other instruments of luxury, unless we have them

* "the pitiful city of Philosophers"
redolent of the very odour of sanctity.

to despise? Shall we not appear like foxes, vilipending the grapes that we cannot reach? Not so; offer me delicacies that I may reject them, wine that I may pour it into the Kennedy gold that I may fling it away; if it breaks an Epicurean's head, so much the better." *

Tears & sobs of course thou hast always at command but let not the frenzy of thy grief render thee wholly inarticulate.

Feeling it very necessary to assert his dignity while any yet remained. Lucy-fancy (affectionate name of Lucifer the Satan)
The air seemed broken into little silvery waves of fairy laughter

Delightful Contes in which fact is embroidered with fiction, history mixed with phantasy. ~~For rich vein~~ Whimsical humour, ~~power of invention~~, Even Peacock is beaten.
The Demon-Pope is the best.

Aspects & Impressions, by Edmund Gosse, C.B. D.litt. LL.D.

George Eliot — the man, prematurely ageing, was hirsute, rugged, satyr-like, gazing vivaciously to left and right; this was Lewes. His companion was a large, thickset Sybil, dreamy & immobile, whose massive features were incongruously bordered by a hat, always in the height of the Paris fashion; this was G.E. The contrast between the solemnity of the face & the frivolity of the headgear had something pathetic & provincial about it.

The gay world, which forgets easily, has forgotten what a solemn, portentous thing was the contemporary fame of G.E. It was supported by the serious thinkers of the day. On the solitary occasion when I sat in company with Herbert Spencer on the committee of the London Library he expressed a strong objection to the purchase of fiction "except, of course, that of G.E." While she lived, critics compared her with Goethe, but to the disadvantage of the sage of Weimar. A big-wig of that day remarked that "in problems of life and thought which baffled Shakespeare her touch was unfailing." For Lord Acton at her death "the sun had

Jowett out." If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture if Dante had prospered like Manzoni, G. E. Might have had a rival. The worship of an intellectual circle of admirers was not, however, even in its palmiest days, quite unanimous. Browning was impatient of her oracular manner. She loved Arnold's poetry but A. preserved an attitude of reserve with regard to her later novels. Patmore voted her novels "sensational & improper." D. G. Rossetti called them "vulgarly personified" & his brother defined them as "commonplace tempered the stuck-up." Swinburne repudiated "Romola" with vigor as "absolutely false"!

She was herself responsible for a good deal of the varnish which spread over the gold of her reputation. When we analyse the charm of her early stories, we find that it consists very largely in their felicity of expressed reminiscence. There is very little evidence of the inventive faculty but a great deal of the reproductive. Now, we have to remember that Contemporaries are quite in the dark as to matters about

Which, after the publication of Memoirs & Correspondence, later readers are exactly informed. She found that all her power fruitless at once if she dealt with imaginary events & the clash of ideal passions. When G.E. was at the outset of her own literary career, George Sand had already bewitched & thrilled and scandalised Europe for a generation. The impact of the Frenchwoman's mind on G. E. produced sparks or flashes of starry enthusiasm. But when she herself began to write novels, she grew to be less and less in sympathy with the French romantic School. A French critic of her own day laid down the axiom that « il faut bien que le roman se rapproche de la poésie ou de la science » G. S. had thrown herself unreservedly into the poetic camp, but G. E. kept to fact. As she came more under Lewes' influence, she became less & less well disposed towards French fiction of her day, rejecting even Balzac, to whom she seems, strangely enough, to have preferred Lessing. That L. & B. shunned be name pronounced in relation itself throws a light on her temper.

Nis heavily-built Miss Evans, now dubiously known as Mrs Lewes, was in training to be a social reformer, a Moral Philosopher, an apostle of the creed of Christendom, an anti-theological professor, anything in the World rather a writer of idle tales. When suddenly in "a dreamy mood", there came over her a desire to build up again the homes of her childhood with "Amos Barton" as the immediate result.

It was unfortunate for her genius that after her early enthusiasm for French culture she turned to Germany. This fostered the very tendencies which it was desirable to eradicate. One can but speculate what would have been the result on her genius of a little more Paris & a little less Berlin. She trusted to her brain rather than to those tired servants her senses, & more & more her soul was invaded by the ambition to invent a new thing, the scientific novel. In the later books she displays a certain sense of the inevitable progress of life which was new. It may seem paradoxical to see the peculiar characteristics of Zola or of Mr George Moore in "Middlemarch" but there is much to be said

for the view that G. E. was the direct forerunner of those Naturalistic novelists who, like them, she sees life as an organism. Death, the final railway station, is ever in her mind; she sees it on her maps, & gathers her papers around her to be ready when the train shall stop.
Her failure to please first appeared in "Romola". But quite early in "Amos Barton" e.g. when Mrs Hackit observes of the local colliers that they "passed their time like beasts that perish" the author immediately spoils the effect by explaining, like a schoolmaster, that Mrs H. was "speaking we may presume, in a remotely analogical sense". Useless pedantry of this kind spoils many a happy touch of humour. Mrs Poyser alone perhaps has wholly escaped from it.
An amusing but painful example of her Sisyphus temper, always rolling the stone uphill with groans & sweat, is to be found in her own account of the way she "crammed up" for the composition of "Romola". It is built up almost in Flaubert's manner, but without F's magic touch by touch, out of books.

The notion that G. E. was herself, in spite of all the laudation showered upon her, consciously in want of some element essential for her success is supported by the very curious fact that from 1864 to 1869 (¼ of her whole literary career) she devoted herself to poetry. She hoped, at the age of 44 to hammer herself into poetry by dint of sheer labor & will power. She read the great Masters, & she analysed them in the light of prosodical manuals. In 1871 she told Tennyson that Prof. Sylvester's "laws for verse-making had been useful to her!" T. replied "I can't understand that" & no wonder. She wrote a Contrist tragedy "The Spanish Gypsy," a Goethe-like gnomic poem "Self & Life"! She admired Wordsworth very much: occasionally she reproduces very closely the duller parts of "The Excursion". In the long piece "A College Breakfast Party" almost all Tennyson's faults are reconstructed on the plan of the Chinese tailor who carefully imitates the rents in the English coat he is to copy. And it is all so earnest & so intellectual, & it does so much credit to Sylvester.

* A parody of Martial's elegy on Erotion (V, 34): ~~Terra~~ "Nec illi / Terra, gravis fueris; non fuit illa tibi" (Earth, be not heavy on her; she never was to thee) which is in turn based on Meleager's epitaph on Antiganes (see Greek Anthology, Greek Lyrics, selection in PK II, xxxvii).

At last she seems to have felt that she could never hope, with all her intellect, to catch the unconsidered music which God lavishes on the idle linnet & the frivolous chaffinch.

Tennyson rebelled against the pomposeness of "Daniel Deronda" & said, in his blunt way that Austen knew her business better. Then came "Theophrastus Such," a collection of cumbrous didactic essays which defy perusal; & finally, soon after her death, her "Correspondence," a terrible disappointment to all her admirers and a blow from which even the worship of Lord Acton never recovered. Of G. E. Might have been repeated Swift's epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh*: Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

For the last ten yrs of her brief literary life she did practically nothing but lay heavy loads on literature.

Henry James — I well recollect the terms in which he spoke of those prefaces before he began to write them. They were to be full & confidential ... Not for a

"The European Visits"

moment would I deny that they throw interesting light on the technical craft of a self-respecting novelist but they are dry, crude and impersonal to a strange degree.

"The place [London] sits on you, broods on you, stamps on you with the feet of its myriad bipeds and quadrupeds."

"The dozen exquisite days of the English year, days stamped with a purity unknown in climates where weather is cheap."

That the young American, with no apparent claim to attention except the laborious perfection of his French speech was welcomed and received on terms of intimacy in this the most exclusive of European intellectual circles is curious. I don't doubt that these Parisian masters of language dimly divined that he too was, in some medium not by them to be penetrated, a master. In the winter of 1878–1879 he lived out 107 times in London.

He became a homeless man in a peculiar sense, for he continued to be looked upon as a foreigner in London, while he seemed to have lost citizenship in the U.S. Colonel Higginson, in reply to someone who said that H. J. was a "Cosmopolitan," remarked, "Hardly! For a Cosmopolitan

"at home even in his own Country." His condition made J. although superficially gregarious, essentially isolated, & though his books were greatly admired, they were tacitly ignored alike in Summaries of English & of American current literature. He was equally determined not to lay down his American birthright & not to reside in America. He endured in the world of letters, the singular fate of being a man without a Country.

On the afternoon of the ordeal [the performance of his play "The American"] he wrote to me: "After 11 o'clock tonight I may be the world's & I may be the undertaker's. I count upon you & your wife both to spend this evening in fasting, silence, & supplication."

He could not answer a brief note of friendliness but with pages of abounding eloquence. He never dealt in the mere small change of intercourse; the postcard & the half-sheet did not exist for him.

So discreet was he, & so like a fountain sealed, that many of those who were well acquainted with him have

supposed that he was mainly a creature of observation and fancy, & that life stirred his intellect while leaving his sedes untouched. But every now & then he disclosed to a friend, or rather admitted such a friend to a flash of deeper things..... Once he spoke of standing on the pavement of a city, in the dusk, & of gazing upwards across the misty street, watching for the lighting of a lamp in a window on the 3rd storey. And the lamps blazed out, & then bursting tears he strained to see what was behind it, the unapproachable face.

He slept & waked & lived & breathed only the war. The hesitations of President Wilson led to his breaking from U. S. A. & becoming a British subject.

Samuel Butler — the earliest anti-Victorian who prides himself on being able to see the mote in the eye of Victorian age. A curious example of a man, not escaping by a morbid modesty from criticism, but doing every thing in his power to exasperate it; & yet failing to be observed.

Towards the close of his life, whenever he was asked

« Erewhon » like Paltock: « Peter Wilkins »

What new work might be expected from his ingenious pen, he used to look demure & answer, "I am editing my remains; I wish to leave everything in order for my executors." No one ever labored more to appear at his best to the world after his decease. His assiduities were like those of the dying Vanessa

And Betty give those cheeks a little red,
She wouldn't, sure, look horrid When one's dead!

He was simply putting the rouge-pot within Betty's reach. Neither Butler nor Mr Festing Jones conceives it possible that aught can be negligible. to them the meanest flower that blows by the wayside of experience gives thoughts that cannot be brought to lie within one or even ten pages. The charm of his mind lies in its divagations, its inconsistencies, its puerile & lovable self-revelations. He was an inspired crank. He is most characteristic when he is meandering along, endlessly, in the act of written conversation about everything at large & nothing in particular with himself as the central theme.

Miss Savage faced B. with the charge that he was

B.= receives £4,400 from his father as a starter

not being faithful to himself & she said "Is the narrator of his story to be an impartial historian or a special pleader?" Under her pressure, B. adopted more & more a realistic tone. In spite of the warnings of Miss Savage & oddly enough most of all in the person of Miss S. herself, B. was incapable of confronting the incidents of his own life without coloring them. We see by the light of Mr F. Jones that "the Way of all Flesh" is a romance, not a full & true record of his own life.

The extraordinary Charles Pauli episode increases our conviction that this sardonic analyst of imaginary life was as powerless as a child in face of reality. He could be extremely acute in one direction & absolutely obtuse in another. The incredible indulgence which permitted him to be the dupe & victim of a scoundrel like Pauli for more than thirty yrs seems incompatible with the intense & suspicious analysis which he expended on the motives of his father. When the worst of Canon Butler is admitted, he was a Christian & a gentleman by the side of Pauli. Yet B. would sacrifice & squeeze his father, & actually tell falsehoods for the purpose

* "No, I don't like Lamb. You see, Canon Ainger writes about him, & Canon Ainger goes to tea with my aunts".

† screening & enriching Pauli:
He was the opposite of those who see life steadily & see it whole. He had no wide horizons, but he investigated a corner or a section of a subject with a burning glass which left all other parts of the surface in darkness. His literary judgments were sanguine to the last extreme. Virgil and Dante & Blake and Tennyson lay in the dark segment of his vision. If he heaped contempt on Virgil it was simply because he wanted to get Virgil well out of the way of Homer on whom his enthusiasm was concentrated. He despised the great Venetian painters because they stood in the way of Giovanni & Gentile Bellini. In order to clear a space, as it were, round Handel, he cursed Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Wagner with contempt.

Miss Savage & Butler were immediately drawn together by a singular parallelism in temper & sympathy. B. submitted to her every act he wrote & invariably remodelled his work in accordance with her criticisms. She supported him in all his enthusiasms & shared all his prejudices, yet was

rigid in opposing any divergence from what she conceived to the normal line his talent ought to take. Alethea Pontifex in "The Way of All Flesh" is tall & handsome. Miss S. was short, insignificant and suffered from hip disease. To Miss S. B. was the whole world, & she was absorbing in love with him. She lived in the intermittent light of his countenance. For nearly 20 yrs they were like a devoted husband & wife, yet the anomaly of their relations never struck B, to whom Miss S. was a comrade of sympathy and no more. He did not observe, until Miss S. was dead, that she had felt towards him otherwise than he felt towards her. B's Sonnet in 1901.

'Tis said that if a woman woo, no man
Should leave her till she have prevailed; and, true,
A man will yield for pity if he can,
But if flesh rebels, what can he do?
I could not; hence I grieve my whole life long
The wrong I did in that I did no wrong.

When B bought himself a wash-hand basin in 1884, the fact is duly recorded by Mr J. etc. etc.

Luther's kingdom of the blind, however one-eyed, I continue to be king.
all things to all men

The Hôtel de Rambouillet: — the record of a similar Salon of ours in England at the same epoch is still shrouded in darkness — that of Lucy Countess of Bedford.

Those wits looked to let their antagonists feel that there were claws under the fur.

Malherbe — It did not aim at enlarging the field of expression but at enclosing it within rules. * Christie: that 18th century classicism under M's influence, should write Paraphrases

A great English poet, under the influence of Pleiadists, calls the Eyes of St. Mary Magdalene (by Richard Crashaw)

Two walking baths, two weeping Motions,
Portable and Compendious oceans.

All Elizabethan sonneteers read Du Bartas and Desportes.

I dare say you recollect a famous Japanese print which represents a young lady standing on the edge of a cliff & gazing calmly out to sea while she restrains the action of a great plunging horse by simply holding one of her feet down upon the reins. In the same way the runaway Pegasus of France was held by the almost unparalleled resolution of a solitary man — Malherbe.

Cowley, at his rare & occasional best, has the same serious music, the same clear roll of uplifted enthusiasm, the same absolute assurance of Malherbe. But there is too frequent confusion & artifice in Cowley. In M. all is perfectly translucent.

The Foundation of the French Academy — Le plaisant Abbé de Boisrobert took no snubs. On one occasion when Richelieu had rudely ignored him, he flung himself on his knees, crying "You let the dogs eat the crumbs which fall from your table. Am I not a dog?" The Cardinal admitted that he was, & thenceforth Boisrobert occupied an intimate place in Richelieu's household, sometimes as a retriever, more often as a poodle. It was he who first conceived the idea that an Academy might be useful to Richelieu & Richelieu indispensable to an Academy of Letters.

The infant Academy has been vilified for omitting to make Molière & Pascal original members; the latter was 14 yrs of age at the time & the former 12! Descartes was a wanderer over the face of Europe & still only known as a

Rousseau

writer in Latin.

Rousseau in England in the 19th Century —— Burke in his "Reflections on the Revolution in France" although he called R. an "eccentric observer of human nature" had not attempted to deny his penetration. He wrote of him already without sympathy, but he gave the Genevese philosopher credit for nothing worse than levity. But when events had rapidly developed, Burke came to write the flaming sentences of his great "Letter to a Member of the National Assembly" denouncing R. & describing his "Confessions" as the record of a life that, with wild defiance, he flings in the face of his Creator." This extravagant & unjust diatribe sapped the reputation of R. amongst our countrymen, & led to the gradual decline of his fame in England. There were many indignant replies to his denunciation, the most effective being those contained in Sir James Mackintosh's "Vindiciae Gallicae".

It is necessary to note that the earliest objections made against R's influence by Englishmen were political.

The personal character of the Genevese philosopher was still little known. When the publication of Marmontel's Collection of memoirs & Mme d'Epinay's "Mémoires et Conversations" (both recommended by Jeffrey), began to arise in England the conception of R. full of cruel vanity, calumnious & wholly wanting in that bluff candor upon which John Bull prides himself.

Hazlitt exposes the baneful effects of Burke's attacks in the essay "On the Character of Rousseau", which was not surpassed until the appearance of Lord Morley's book. Byron also in "Childe Harold III" gave praise to R. which was taken severely to task by Scott. The latest eulogist of R. before Morley was Landor in "Malesherbes & Rousseau" 3rd series of the "Imaginary Conversations".

Mrs Fredericka MacDonald in "Studies in the France of Voltaire & Rousseau", "New Criticism of J.J.R." "The Humane Philosophy", Complete Whitewashing of R. exposing the forgery of Mme de Epinay the plot of Diderot, Voltaire, & Grimm, Morley is still severe on R's character.

Faguet: "En lisant les Beaux Vieux Livres," volume
talking of well-known passages, explaining, analysing.

Leconte de Lisle — The English parallel is Landor in spite of the fact that Landor is the victim of vicissitudes of style. He affected a Greek Aeschylus which out ran the Early Greeks themselves. Francisque Sarcey said that L. de L. in his tragedy of "des Erinnyes" scratched the face of Aeschylus, as though he did not find it bloody enough already.

Émile Faguet and Remy de Gourmont — That their methods were excessive different; that their efforts, if not hostile, were persistently opposed; that one was the most professional of professors, the other the freest of free lances, adds a piquancy to the task of considering them side by side. They worked out of sight of one another.

Faguet said of himself: "I have never stopped reading except to write, nor write except to read." He saw the living thread of literary history running a pulsating stream, from Rabelais to Flaubert. He had followed it so often, up & down, this way and that, that no curve of it, no backwater was unfamiliar to him. He had

not the weight of Brunetière or the sparkle of Lemaître; he was slighter than the one & soberer than the other. No writer less than F. "slops about all over the shop". He had his prejudices, as every honest man may have. He adored the 17th & loved the 19th cents. but he had almost an aversion from the 18th.

In Gourmont we meet an aristocrat both by descent & by temperament, who scorns all mediocrity & tolerant of nothing but what is exquisite, stands apart from the crowd. His ingenious "cerebral" story "Sixtine" led the reaction against the naturalism of Zola & the psychology of Bourget. The champion of the "Vaporeux, Nuancé et Sublimisé" literature, the leader of Symbolist movement, the prophet of Mallarmé, Verlaine, Maeterlinck, Huysmans. The most interesting of his immature publications is "L'Idéalisme" in which he sought to restore to the word "idéal" what he called its "aristocratic value", e.g. the passage on the beauty of words, irrespective of their meaning:

"Quelles réalités me donneront les saveurs que je rêve à ce fruit de l'Inde et des songes, le Myrobolan,

*cf. Rimbaud: "Voyelles" In my opinion, the reductio ad absurdum of Longinus' theory of beautiful words than Gautier.

-ou les couleurs royales dont je pare l'emphase, ou ses lointaines gloires?
Quelles Musique est comparable à la sonorité pure des mots obscurs, ô Cyclamor? Et quelle odeur à tes émanations vierges, ô Sanguisorbe?" †
He describes himself as "un esprit désintéressé de tout, et intéressé à tout". He is unable to accept any convention until he has resolutely turned it inside out, examined it in every hostile light, & so dusted & furbished it that it has ceased to be conventional. His reputation stands 4 square on "L'Esthétique de la langue Française" "La Culture des Idées" "Le Chemin de Velours" & "Le Problème du Style".
The Writings of M. Clemenceau — He disdained popularity so proudly that one of his own supporters urged him to cultivate the hatred of the crowd with less coquettishness.

trying to bleed the stone..

Cf. Mme de Staël: «La piété s'oppose à la dissipation d'âme qui est le défaut et la grâce de la nation française» (De l'Allemagne, Seconde partie chap. 1).

of religion (*la Fille de Jephté*), or of unfeeling Fate (*le Déluge*). As to Nature, "la Nature est pour moi une décoration dont la durée est insolente... L'Angleterre a cela de bon qu'on y peut, partout, la main de l'homme. Tant mieux. Partout ailleurs, la Nature stupide nous insulte assez" (346). We regard religion as a hollow mockery of human needs, incapable of lifting de Vigny's opinions, de Vigny's Amitiés, de Vigny's admirations avec un demi-soupire comme de peu de chose que l'on est tout près d'abandonner pour dire le contraire (*Les Oiseaux*). In God resides, "silence sans celui qui ne parle pas". In science he sees the only saint to hope for mankind. Yet his disbelief in collective wisdom leads him to the conviction that the genius "puissant et solitaire" * combat

vre français. "Seul et libre, accomplir sa mission." A militant stoicism. "L'ennui est la grande maladie de la vie; on ne cesse de maudire sa brièveté, et toujours tout français ou a peu près, naît vaudevillesque" elle est trop longue, puisqu'on n'en sait que faire" (Journal, 284-5). "L'ennui est la maladie de la vie. Pour la guérir, il suffit de peu de chose: aimer, ou vouloir" (324). ne Concert pas plus haut que le Vaudeville de français n'aiment ni la lecture ni la musique ni la poésie. Although "la vérité sur la vie, c'est le désespoir" (317), he has no part in the death-worship which finds its supreme expression in Leopardi & in the *Ode to a Nightingale*. Death is a visitor to be admitted, but not invited.

Mais la société les salons l'esprit la prose.

Une tragédie sur l'adultère — Quoiqu'on ait abusé de ce crime, On n'en a pas encore sondé la profondeur, les supplices de l'amant, sa honte devant l'époux traki.

Les Français ont de l'imagination dans l'action, et rarement dans la méditation solitaire.

La sévérité froide et un peu sombre de mon caractère n'était pas native. Une sensibilité extrême, le jouet dès l'enfance par les maîtres, et à l'armée parles

officiers supérieurs, demeura enfermée dans le coins le plus secret du coeur. Le monde ne vit plus que les idées.

Ste-Beuve m'aime et m'estime, mais me connaît à peine et s'est trompé en voulant entrer dans les secrets de ma manière de produire. Il ne faut disséquer que les morts. Cette manière de chercher à ouvrir le cerveau d'un vivant est fausse et mauvaise. Dieu seul et le poète savent comment naît et se forme la pensée. Les homme ne peuvent ouvrir ce fruit divin et y chercher l'amande.

Dans le roman, un homme parfait comme Grandison ennuie toujours. Dans l'histoire, comme Washington, il paraît froid, et, dans la vie, il est froidement aimé. Un homme parfait est aimé comme Dieu, assez froidement. C'est que les passions seules intéressent les hommes, toujours agités par des passions. Les pendules seules se meuvent par des principes; les homme font des principes et agisent contre ces principes mêmes.

Si le bonheur n'était qu'une bonne chemise? S'il

* Oh Lord dear! Put that into your pipes and smoke it.

** Very amusing descriptions of his interviews with Immortals.

Le nous était donné que par instants. ? cf 4*16

La vérité sur la vie, c'est le désespoir.

Le Coeur a la forme d'une urne. C'est un vase scellé tout rempli de secrets.

Hélas! toujours la même vie! Je guitte le chagrin pour la maladie et la maladie pour le chagrin (Janv. 1835)

Les Français sont satisfaits à peu de frais: un peu de familiarité dans les manières leur semble de l'égalité. → cf Remy de Gourmont: Chemin de velours 232

Il y a des vieillards qui feignent de ne pas entendre la voix de toute une génération. Quand on est sourd, il serait juste d'être sourd et muet, car on n'a pas droit de juger ce qu'on n'a pas entendu.*

Il y a deux choses que l'on conteste bien souvent aux rois: leur naissance et leur Mort. On ne veut pas que l'une soit légitime, ni l'autre naturelle.

1842-1845 Mes Visites a l'Académie.**

Royer-Collard: D'ailleurs, j'aurais besoin de savoir de vous-même quels sont vos ouvrages.

* Almost an interview between a young man of letters and an Oxford don.

A. de V.: Vous ne le saurez jamais de Moi-même, si vous ne le savez déjà par la voix publique. Ne vous est-il jamais arrivé de lire les journaux? R. C.: Jamais. Je ne lis rien de ce qui s'écrit depuis trente ans. Je suis dans un âge où l'on ne lit plus, mais où l'on relit les anciens ouvrages. A. de. V.: Puisque vous ne lisez pas, vous écrivez sans doute beaucoup? R. C.: Je n'écris pas non plus, je relis. A. de V.: J'en suis fâché, je pourrais vous lire. R. C: Je relis, je relis. **

Byron's letter on his marriage to Davis (P. 176)

Voltaire: L'écriture est la musique de la voix

* In Mes Poisons, pp. 227-8, Sainte-Beuve gives Royer-Collard's version of the story.

Ready off for books.

Miscellaneous Essays, by George Saintsbury.

Who wrote the 1st Historical Novel? The orthodox answer is Xenophon. Indeed the "Cyropaedia" answers to the description of a historical novel better than anything extant before it. He wanted to write a political treatise: he was a pupil of Socrates, and like Plato, exhibited a strong predilection for the use of semi-fictitious literary machinery for the conveyance of philosophical truth. The "Cyropaedia" is in fact a sort of "Emile" of antiquity devoted to the education of a king instead of a private person.

The attraction of historical subjects in fiction depends upon the existence of a considerable body of written history & on the public acquaintance with it. Except some scraps of Persian chronicle, the Greeks had no history but their own, & this latter they were writing and making not reading. They left the Romans a little more but not much.... Even if desires of the kind did suggest themselves to anyone the natural region in which it was sought to gratify them was mythology, not history. While the natural medium was verse, not prose. The Historical Novel of Greece is we

have seen a philosophical treatise; the Historical Novel is Rome is an epic, an epic differing in merit as "Aeneid" from "Thebaid" & "Thebaid" from "Bellum Punicum", but still alike in being an epic, & not a novel.

The epics & prose romances of the Carlovingian & Arthurian Cycles attack comparatively recent times, & when the Crusades begin, Contemporary events actually transforms itself into Romance. Now as without a considerable stock of history & some general knowledge of it there is no material for the Historical Novel, so without a more or less distinct Critician of history of what certainly has happened as distinguished from what certainly has not, it is impossible for Historical Novel to attain a separate existence. And you never can put your finger on any part of any medieval Chronicle & say, "Here the man deliberately left his facts & took to his fictions" for the precise reason that the Medieval Writer had never bent his mind to consider the difference between them.

"Le Grand Cyrus" & "Cléopâtre" & "Clélie", if we

take their glances at the present as well as their nominal references to the past are doubly historical. The characters of the famous "Princesse de Clèves" were all real persons besides possessing real doubles in the court of Louis XIV. But it was in the latter, not in the former bearing of them that their original readers took interest. While the readers cared not in the very least for any historical verisimilitude whatever.

"The Castle of Otranto" is in essence a historical Novel with the history omitted. Even Godwin, a historian by profession appears to have had not the remotest notion of local color & antiquarian fulness — take "St Leon" for instance. And Godwin was a purist & a pedant in these respects as compared with the great Anne Radcliffe or Clara Reeve. If we could attach quite as much importance to Scott's introductions with "Queenhoo Hall", the works of Reeves & Radcliffes might be credited with a very large share in determining the birth of the genuine Historical Novel proper. Joseph Strutt, shocked at

* Mrs S. Spries, "Waverley" would have appeared all the same if there had been no Byron.

the liberties taken & the ignorance shown in these works determined to show the public how their ancestors really did live & move & have their being in "Queenhoo Hall"... The opposite danger appeared when the 1st had been removed. The danger of too much history lay not merely in the way of too much pedantry but in that of an encroachment of the historic on the romantic element in divers ways.

The most happy preparation to be found in Sir Walter's earlier career was not only his antiquarian study but his apprenticeship to narrative poems. Of most narrative poets the famous saying about Richardson, that if you read for the story you would hang yourself, is true. It is true to a great extent of Milton & Spenser, of all classical narrative poems with exception of Odyssey, of all the great narrative poets of the continent except Ariosto. With Scott it is quite different. His poems are really good stories well told.*

The Godwins & the Mrs Radcliffes had perpetually offended now by dialogue so glaringly modern, now by that

that Niggling finish of style

detestable lingo of the conventional stage jargon. With rare exceptions Sir Walter completely avoids both dangers. Scott's "diary" oct. 17th & 18th, 1826. on his imitators: "They may do it with better grace, but I do it more naturally." On a succession of light taps with the finger he indicates not a few of the faults of the worst sort of historical novel: the acquiring information in order to write, instead of using what has become part of the regular furniture of the mind; the dragging in historical events by head & shoulders, etc.

Dumas's early dramatic composition helped him considerably in his later work, just as Scott's poetry had helped him. In particular it taught him a more closely knit construction and plot. Scott himself confessed his own occasional carelessness in plot & Lady Louisa Stuart pointed out in a letter to him his habit of "huddling up the cards & throwing them into the bag in his impatience for a new deal." The advantage of Dumas's dramatic practice shows itself most

in the business-like way in which he works by tableaux connected with each other by sequence & identity of personage but each possessing a distinct dramatic interest of its own. Another point in which D. improved upon S. & which also may be connected with his practice for the stage, is the enormously increased part allotted to dialogue.

If S. is often deep, D. is superficial. His style is even less distinguished than S's. He is an infinitely inferior master of character to S— Christ & Porthos are chief exceptions. But D. excels S. in the sustained faculty by which he can hold his reader by & for the story.

Modern English Prose— If we take up almost any book of the 18th cent., we shall find that within varying limits the effort for style — to arrange one's words into their clause, one's clauses into their sentence, & one's sentences into their paragraph — is distinctly present. But if we take up any book of the Mid-19th, save a very few, the 1st thing that will strike us is the total absence of any attempt or endeavor of the kind.

De Quincey had already noticed & deplored this deterioration in his Essay on Style, though he had a mistaken idea that extremely ornate prose — the prose which his ally John Wilson called "Numerous" & which others have called Asiatic — was the highest form attainable. He attributed the decay of style to the prevalence of journalism. He complained of long & involved sentences, unduly stuffed with fact & meaning.... On the contrary the sin of which I should chiefly complain is the sin of over-short sentences, of mere gasps instead of balanced periods.

Let us take Mr Green's "Short History" whose style has received considerable praise. The character of Elizabeth is the most careful written passage in the book. But let any one imagine Hume or Clarendon giving us a character of 14 pages. A portrait on the scale of Brobdingnag with all features & defects enlarged, could hardly be more disgusting. I cannot refrain from noticing an instance from this wonder of the absurdity into which the passion for picturesque epithets betrays many authors. At Newbury

We are told "the London train bands flung Rupert's horsemen roughly off their front of pikes". We shall ask Mr G. to show us how to fling an enemy softly off a pike. Roaring like a sucking-dove would be nothing to this gymnastic effort.

You can not raise the level of the valleys without diminishing the relative height of the hills. The old republic of letters was a democracy only in name. The possible result of our present mass education may be, that every one will soon be able to write a newspaper article, & that no one will aspire to anything else.

Mr Ruskin's style is too spontaneous and too entirely subordinate to the subject. Swift can write a jeu d'esprit & a libel with the same relish & vigor. Berkeley can present tar-water & the Trinity with the same lucidity & colorless fairness. But with Mr R. all depends on the subject. He can not even blame as he can praise. In the moments when he is off his tripod, the strange touches of unforseen color become splashes & gaudy etc.

Gravity is an admirable thing, but it must be graved not
affected. Finicking Innocence is an admirable thing, but it
should not be affected. Mr Ruskin, to use the old
Platonic simile has not his horses sufficiently well in
hand. But even this is better the driving of Mr Arnold who
has broken his horses, indeed, but has broken them
to little but mincing paces.

It is not easy for the critic to escape being bidden
in the words of Nicholas Breton, "Not to talk too much
of it, having so little of it," or to avoid the jest of
Diderot on Beccaria, that he had written an "Ouvrage
sur le style où il n'y a point de style".

The Sublime style & the style of Marivaudage, the 1st dealing in
a gorgeous & glaring vocabulary, the 2nd in unexpected
turns & twists of thought or phrase, long-winded & finical
analysis. Now no reasonable person will advocate a
ghastly style; all that such a person will contend for is
a remembrance of the rule of the Good Clerk, —

Red ink for ornament & black for use.

*† Nouveaux Lundis tome 1e. on les Goncourts.
& the sentence is quoted by Wm. Rothenstein: Since Fifty, 76 as that of "a great critic."

that shivering consciousness of sin which made Leigh Hunt when a boy old, having said a naughty word, for a long time afterwards, when anybody took kind notice of him say to himself, "Ah, they little think I'm the boy who said d—n!" But why do our novelists not say d—n, & have done with it? The creeping & gingerly approaches to continental licences seem inexpressibly pareille

M. Edmond de Goncourt was annoyed at finding that Flaubert had, in his correspondence with George Sand spoken disrespectfully of the Goncourtian epithet: "No, my dear Flaubert, you had not the epithets osées et téméraires et personnelles .... You had only les épithètes excellemment bonnes, de tout le monde". & the epithets of genius are exactly the epithets de tout le monde, but "good to an excellent degree" the damned rash & personal epithet is the special fame & glory of talent.†

(— right — the common as strong in itself not common, in- sublimation my ordinary language generalized into the 7th heaven)

Shakespeare & the Grand Style — Shakespeare held the G.S. in the hollow of his hand. My definition of the G.S.

is wider than Arnold's which insists on "high seriousness". Mine would come nearer to the Longinian "Sublime" — the perfection of expression in every direction & kind. It may persist or cease, or disappear & reappear like a fixed or a revolving light. If you limit the definition to the continual exertion of some such transforming force, you are preparing for yourself endless pitfalls. Only Milton will answer to the definition completely. Dante & Homer certainly will not — so, to give one example in each case out of a hundred, the comparison of Adam in the "Paradiso" to an animal struggling under a cloth, & that passage in the "Odyssey" which shocked Longinus will show. Further the perpetual G. S. is only maintained by Milton at the cost of an enormous tour de force of Mannerism & a spurious style of mere grandeur — the plaster imitation of the real thing.

There is not a single specimen of "poetic diction" in it; the thought & image are as common as grass or earth. But the attitude of the phrase is the thing. Not Shakespeare

* This bears out Arnold's criterion of simplicity & severity. Prof S. eh?
* how modern!

Excels Milton who is not simple & plain & Homer who love compound epithets, & rivals Dante. cf. "He rest is silence."
People are uncomfortable at being taken by surprise. There must be a warning-bell & a voluntary to put them into a proper G. S. frame of mind. Milton provides all this & he is to be recognised as a grand stylist; Shakespeare does not, & his title is questioned. He does not grudge it to his villains — e.g. "The Wheel is come full circle; I am here!" * "The uncertain glory of an April day".
This G. S. is not easily tackled by observation, unless you give yourself up to the feeling of it.*
Milton & the Grand Style — G. S. must go beyond the commonplace & the prosaic in the bad sense; it must stop short of the bombastic & the extravagant. "Consummateness in the circumstances" is about as safe & probable a definition of the indefinable as may be in the case of G. S.
The mechanical devices employed by Milton to produce the

Sir Thomas Browne: "to tear with thunder the wide cheeks of the air"!

* how sensitive & Stevellian!

Sublime are *inter alia* the habit — as old as Chaucer but brought to perfection by M — of employing two epithets & putting one before & one after the noun (as "Sad occasion dear") & the Miltonic apposition — yet they remain a source of the sublime as well as a source of other things down to the ridiculous.

Dante owes a good deal to his happy selection of the interwined tercet. Of course he has brought out the virtue of it as no one else has done: but that virtue is intrinsic & immanent — at your command but NOT you or given by you. How blank verse is the least automatic of all metres, the most dependent on the continued guidance & commands of the poet himself. It imposes no character of its own — "blankness" in the worst sense*!

That Mighty Engine of J.S. — the Miltonic usage of proper names — the delight in a wide survey of time & places, the combination of attractive strangeness & intrinsic harmony.

According to Schlegel, some wit ascribes to Burke that "the Sublime is a grenadier with very large Whiskers."

Nothing contributes more to the grandeur of M's style than what Macaulay (in a contrast with Dante which is more well meant than happily expressed) calls his "dim intimations or What I call the Miltonic Vagueness. There is no "Visible" person in M. M. has not the slightest shrinking from varied color or luxurious detail. But he never combines it with all the definiteness of the art of design. He does not attempt pictura as well as poesis.

The G. S. is the Rome of Styles: & all Roads lead to it as to the other Eternal City.

Dante & the Grand Style — Arnold's definition applies to D. more than to any one else. The "Quietness & confidence" as the Biblical phrase has it, is the strength of D's style. Hurry cannot touch the terza rima. The fall of the trochaic cadence is not a dying fall; there is nothing languishing it is as much alive as fire, & yet there is not the slightest agitation about it. * ( ) How Sitwellian!

"dove il sol tace" "where the sun is silent." (Hell)

The absence of expansion & the pregnancy of the meaning

— beste the 5 simple words "Que mai non fur vivi"
(They who had never dared to live, & therefore could never
hope to die). The infinitely varied use of Meiosis —
the saying less than he means to bring the full
meaning home with double force to the reader.
"Sorrise parolette brevi.." (little words rather smiled
than spoken).

Cf. Baily's criticism in "Continuity of Letters", Murry
on Grand Style in "Problem of Style" & Saintsbury's
criticism of Arnold in "History of Criticism" in Vol. III. Baily's
Criticism applies to these essays more than to that section in "History",
and Saintsbury unfound differs from Arnold less in these
essays than he himself thinks. My conclusion is: (1) Subject
matter is important in G.S. e.g. the Comic & the Trivial, pace
Prof. Saintsbury is excluded ab initio. (2) ergo. Serious
subjects lend themselves more to G.S. (3) But Manner certainly
as Saintsbury argues, more important than matter. (4) Severity
& Simplicity, however, has more chance of G.S. than ornateness
or Conceit in spite of Saintsbury's examples from Shakespeare

& Dante, & Sandsbury himself acknowledges the g.s. of Shak. & Dan's bold, simple, plain lines. Thus Arnold & Baily are on the right track. (5) The Criterion of G. S. is, as Sandsbury puts it once for all, lies in "the feeling of it." It is unnecessary to "go behind the veil" as Arnold does in including "noble nature" etc in the definition. (6) G.S., if a species of the sublime = Consummateness in manner + Greatness in matter of. Alexander: "Greatness in Art."

verse that set the false teeth on edge.
*Charles Earle Welby

Back Numbers, by "Stet"* of the "Saturday Review"
For "Time, which antiquates antiquaries" will make him
in due course a back number.

Meredith, Browning & Donne are the 3 great malcontents of
English poetry. In their several ways, they bring to poetry
what it will not accept without protest & ask of it
what it cannot yield .... Extravaganza ["The Shaving of
Shagpat"] was of all modes the one most nearly capable of
uniting what was less a genius than a bundle of very
various & distracted talents. In his conception of love
when was not the exhibitor of prose epigrams, he was at
war with most poets except Donne, Patmore, Shakespeare
in his sonnets, Keats of one tortured poem, Symons in
some poems, & Ebenezer Jones in one poem [psycho-
analytic & sadistic].

Austin Dobson was a Man of genius [!] who also had
talents & it is only for his talents that he has been
praised. His genius was extremely hard to praise without
implying that D. was a more positive artist than in fact
he was. It was largely a genius for evasion. He & his

*) Hugo: les hommes sont tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indéfinis.

Muse use is a conspiracy of silence about the tragic precariousness of life — our "indefinite reprieve"* — & the peculiar pathos he often achieved in his smiling verses was due, not to the thing said, but to the careful avoidance of speech about a whole side of life. But he could write personally & directly e.g. in "The Sick Man & the Birds".

Tess abstracted from Hardy's writing is not Tess, but she is still interesting. "Hamlet" without Shakespeare's verse, is still an unusual & effective melodrama. That is just the danger.

Gissing dedicated himself to depicting "the ignobly decent". He was not disinterested enough, & for all his fine & cultivated intellect he was in a sense petty. His grasp is less with the nature of things than with the lot of Gissing. The novel written in protest becomes then, on its weaker side a sort of glorified complaint to the landlady, a complaint of noisy & vulgar lodgers, sordid meals, irritating interruptions. His writers are but men of talent. They have the fine qualities which are frustrated by life, not

the celebrated catalogue eulogy of a pornographic work "curious & gusting".

those which achieve victory even in defeat. Their independence is only that of pensioners doing without the pension the world will not pay them punctually. They can neither extort it nor forget that, according to their belief, it is due. Mistaking mere wretchedness for tragedy.

The basis of Froude's style is that style which the 18th cent. handed on to the less eccentric writers of the 19th, a clear, measured, well-mannered, untricky style in which some of the best qualities of the men of the world are combined with a certain academic nicety. It is letters as if Southey had quickly become just a little aesthetic. The charm is in the surprise of finding that color & music in what is substantially a style without promise of them. "The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of immeasurable space; & the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe!"

Sir Henry Newbolt set out with no better illustration of

lifed no subtler „ nerves of delight „ than belong to the perfect public school product.

In the last 60 yrs. novel has been promoted to an eminance of which few of its practitioners or Critics dreamed. We had little suspicion of the kind of technical problem to which Mr Lubbock or Mrs Woolf have recently devoted themselves. Meredith, Hardy, Henry James did throw out invitations for another sort of criticism, but for years they remain without much response. Arnold, saying some fine things about Tolstoy, can also write such nonsense that Tolstoy's masterpiece gains as a representation of life by what it loses in art. Pater deals with a novelist at length only once — Mérimée Hallam. Swinburne shows acumen enough but deals only with Charles Reade & Wilkie Collins, & late in life in eulogy rather than Criticism, with Dickens. But now it looks as if the novel would become an illustration of technical theories & little else. With Henry James, we had fiction at its utmost artistic stretch. But J. Lubbock is out of date. We have arrived at the novel which gives us not thought but cerebration

not primary passion, but faint, self-critical catch for passion, not large & conclusive action but the twitching of the nerves. But who is satisfied? I hope to see some fine novelist springing back to the very simplest tale-telling.

You can read on endlessly for a less dull writer than Kipling there never was; & you are invited by his treachery to read between the lines; but you cannot read thru the words into something submergent or emergent. He will give us brilliantly the succession of things & never the layer-upon-layer. He has made us fondly call the characters of his stories talk the language of caste, & escapes from the duty of inventing a minutely individualised utterance. He has no power of coaxing secret after secret out of a character, the highly individualised creature who belongs to no land, tide, school, regiment, are of no use to him.

Lafcadio Hearn's taste certainly was not impeccable, & what is odd, it was not even finely perverse. Thus, drawn as he was towards some of the subtlest & most antinomian of the French poets of the 19th cent. he could be

Mary Coleridge: Ere it forsook the form of life to live eternally.

poetries gushing about Longfellow and even Meredith. He looked at European literature from outside it. Lecturing to Japanese students, he could take nothing for granted.

As a record of plain, selfless literary heroism her autobiography is matchless. Once when I had been reading Balzac's correspondence & came on some passage in which the gross magnificent creature stood up, grimed with toil, to boast of success, I opened a bottle of Burgundy to honor his triumph. But in Mrs Oliphant's story there are no triumphs. It was she who said of Tennyson that the acrid element in him would save him from his romanticism, & of George Eliot that she was a dull woman with genius as an appendage.

Duty really was for Clough Wordsworth's "stern daughter of the voice of God", though rather too garrulous for dignity.

There seems to be something of a maimed man's specialization about most modern artists. They have developed extraordinary faculties, rather as a blind man develops hearing & touch, but for the rest they have suffered a kind of atrophy.

Ibsen's greatness strikes me as the greatness of a man who

has scraped & contrived, found uses for what others thought not worth the using, pieced torn things together, rather than created imperially as Shakespeare & Balzac create. There are fortunes made out of rags & bones & candle-ends; & there are moments when Ibsen seems to be the man whose wealth came out of the literary equivalents of such things, & only just sufficed him for his purposes.... How can there be a really great character when all his best work is social drama? Man is greatest not in his relation to a social system but in that profounder life in which society counts for nothing.

Donne: Whoever loves, if he do not propose
the right true end of love, he's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick.

From the literary point of view, it is bad thing to be born free. Sir E. Goose was born into a society which demanded of every instinct a certificate of respectability, & if he achieved emancipation, it was only when he had in some sort earned it. To live permanently with a sense of sin is, of course, a

*of the delight Theodore Parker is said to have taken in the Swearing of Washington at Monmouth.

hideous way of living; but it is a deprivation never to have known the thrill with which Leigh Hunt thought of himself as the boy who had once said "Damn"!* I think Sir Edmund was a better writer in consequence of his repressed childhood than he would have been if born in the purple of aestheticism and encouraged to produce patches of life.

Wilde on Stevenson: "He thought he was living the natural life, but he was only extending the sphere of the artificial".

Studies French & English by F. L. Lucas.

"Sweet Enemy" — an obsession with good morals at the expense of good sense, good manners or good taste. Then that stark Saxon poetry no sun seems to shine no sea to laugh. Few warriors have ever been less "happy"; they do not laugh like the heroes of Homer or those of the "Chanson de Roland" Whose Emperor bears a sword "Joieuse", Whose war-cry is "Montjoie", & their country "la douce France". The old Irish verse: "For dulness the Creeping Saxons". No doubt there was more in the Saxon than mere dulness. But When Langland snarls that he who gives silver to a jester is worse than Judas ..... When Carlyle dismisses Lamb as a "pitiful abortion"; When Lawrence rants out some crazy preachment .... I wonder whether with a more generous admixture of French blood, English life & letters might not have gained a larger measure of our neighbours' gifts without losing anything essential of their own.

The 1st great contrast is the supremacy of English poetry & French prose; but behind that literary contrast lies a

psychological one. The Englishman lives more in his unconscious than the Frenchman; he is more repressed & more in conflict with himself. Not daring to follow freely where either his thoughts or his feelings might lead him if he let them, he runs away from both. He takes refuge either in action or in dream. He constructs an empire or an epic, a business or a ballad. Strange paradox! The most practical of nations has proved also the most poetical. Action is dear to him for its own sake also; it is an indispensable anaesthetic for the too restless intellect. Hence our cult of "strong, silent men"; hence the clamours of Carlyle for work & silence against the talking-shop at Westminster; hence Meredith's spurning of "the questions that sow not nor spin"; hence Browning's insistence that "Conduct", not good states of mind, "is life"; hence W. S. Blunt's lines: "If aught be worth the doing, I would do it. And often, if the will, may tell the news".

Was England ever "Merrie", or had it already ceased to be? Taine finds the salient thing about us our "manque de bonheur"; & writes elsewhere of Byron, Wordsworth, & Carlyle:

"une force et une faiblesse que, faute d'autres termes, je me résigne à nommer l'hypertrophie du moi". Arnold had surely reason when he complained that Carlyle, thrusting coals to Newcastle, & Rossetti teased Christina with neglecting art because it "interfered with the legitimate exercise of anguish". One of the Cardinal deficiencies of our life & literature, as contrasted with French, is a certain lack of grace & gaiety. Compare "Rasselas" with "Candide" (both 1759). The English Heraclitus & the French Democritus agree in essentials; but men turn to the laughing philosopher.

The charge of hypocrisy — merely intellectual dishonest, & highly skilled at deceiving themselves. Hence that perpetual source of rage to the English intelligentsia, who have to live as foreigners & exiles in their own country — our official tolerance of indecent musical comedy & banning of any serious dramatic treatment of a subject like incest. There exist letters from Browning to Miss Isa Blagden filled with a sort of preparatory-school

impropriety that, coming from him, takes the breath away; but B. was deeply disturbed at his wife's meeting George Sand. Fortune was indeed witty the day she made 3 ostrich-feathers the crest of our heir-apparent; for this certainly an emblem more appropriate to England than to the blindest king of Bohemia.

The English man's character is his castle: inaccessible, lonely aloof, he gazes out over the world that he has in past so successfully despoiled; inward he seldom looks— there is a lack of illumination about the massive interior. The English regard the intellectual muddle they live in as a sort of Twilight of the Gods. But turn to a typical French book — the atmosphere changes at once to that of an intelligent salon. Here is a new world, the home not of earnest & lonely individuals, but of a society where thoughts & tongues run freely. This society is full of satirists & women and demands its due of gaiety & grace. The answer to that demand is the most characteristic prose of France. "Honnête" — "honest" — What a gulf, wide as the channel,

lies between these 2 words; as, again, between "jolly" & "joli"!
"To take a French leave" is applied by us to a moral lapse,
"S'en aller à l'anglaise" a lapse of manners. Life is in
France more an Art; & less a Mission.

"C'est peu d'être agréable et charmant dans un livre
Il faut savoir encore et converser et vivre."

"Le pauvre enfant, il ne sait pas vivre" — such was the
comment of his Swiss guides on Ruskin. Byron's "impatience
with an author that's all author" points to the fact
that he was at home only in foreign countries.
Madariaga in "Anglais, Français, Espagnols": "Le Français
prévoit parce qu'il se méfie de la vie, l'Anglais ne
prévoit pas parce qu'il se méfie de la pensée". It
is this passion for the intelligence, coupled with a social
sense of the foolishness of making oneself easily understood
& with an aesthetic love of lucidity for its own
sake, that gives French writing what Anatole France has
called its 3 crowning qualities: "d'abord la clarté,
puis encore la clarté, et enfin la clarté".

+ Taine points out the difference between Balzac's handling of Valérie Marneffe & Thackeray's of Becky Sharp

The itch for sitt in moral judgment is be setting malady of most English writers. Even amid the licence of today, a writer like Lawrence is impelled to scribble moral tag across his vivid paintings; Even Arnold dismissed "Faust" as a "seduction drama" and lamented Heine's "disrespected sitt." Cf. Montaigne & Bacon, the one so engagingly amused by speculation for its own sake, the other so drily prim & archiviste — so much so, that the 1st French translator of Bacon's "Essays" could give them the title: "L'Artisan de la Fortune!" The Englishman treats his intellect as a serviceable beast of burden; to make it more serviceable still he gives it blinkers also.
The English are instinctive & poetry has in it a large element of the unconscious, of the dream. They are individual, & the poet poet may speak for himself alone; they are reserved & poetry provides a magic sleeve on which the heart may be worn unspecked; they are melancholy & poetry is less often gay than sad. Rapin: "Les Anglais ont le plus de génie pour la Tragédie et par leur

Diderot: Lettre sur les Sourds-Muets.

* Le Genie latin: "Ste-Beuve Poète" curiously enough Lucas forgets Mill's phrases "thoughts on poetry & its varieties" in Dissertations & Discussions Vol. I.

esprit, qui se plaît aux choses atroces, et par le caractère de leur langue, qui est propre aux grandes expressions". The very clarity of French language may in some ways hamper its poets, as an atmosphere with no bonne & bailli mists may impoverish a landscape. The tense intellectual alertness lends itself less kindly to the literature of dream. The poet finds it harder to forget his audience, & therefore tends to play for it & upon it, instead of looking in his heart & writing for himself. "Assurément," says Anatole France, "Nous aimons la poésie.... Mais nous l'aimons à notre manière; nous tenons à ce qu'elle soit éloquente et nous la dispensons volontiers d'être poétique.... Dans tous les genres il nous faut des Marseillaises". * Despite instances like Julie de Lespinasse, says Sainte-Beuve, grandes passions are rare in France; & Stendhal was never tired of flinging that reproach at his fellow countrymen, in contrast with the emotional intensity of his maternal Italy. Here then, the passionate reserve of the English temper, if it

does not break out into wild eccentricity, may plead in bar the proverbial depths of still waters.
Intelligent societies quickly develop critical theories. They may grow more tolerant about morals, but more rigid about manners. English literature has suffered from the Puritan & the 10 Commandments; French from the Puritat & the 3 Unities. For this persistent trait of the English Mind I am tempted to coin the word "hibonterie". For England is a country both of owls & nightingales.
When it comes to the Art of Life I feel for myself a more permanent sympathy with the good sense & the grace of Dance. Life itself, indeed, contains more prose than poetry.
Two Poets & the Peasantry: Both Langland's allegorical method & theological message have lost their appeal. The 7 deadly sins have retired from public life; we struggle in their place with 79 billion particular cases of conduct too complicated for such simple principles. Is it not strange that men should have been so slow to discover that the verb "to love" has never existed outside grammar

Fagnet on Montaigne: "L'art de la vie consiste à faire de la vie un objet d'art."

books, in the imperative mood?

the prince of Court-Poets: In part the young rebels succeeded. From the ancients they were able to capture a good deal. But many of them were themselves to perish staggering under the weight of their classical acquisitions, grown pedants in their turn; while others of them, including Ronsard himself, were only to prevail by compromise — by throwing away most of their erudite baggage & returning to that gay & charming French simplicity they had mocked at in Marot.

The "Odes" of 1550 made him the French Pindar; "Les Amours" of 1552 made him the French Petrarch. Until the present century commentators had imagined, as with a sort of instinctive hatred for real life the learned are apt to do, notably in Shakespeare's case, that the object of these sonnets was merely imaginary. Her real identity has however been proved beyond cavil; Cassandre Salviati R's 1st love was an ancestress of Alfred de Musset.

Not for him a lifelong dedication to a dream, whatever

"Je n'ay plus que les os, un Squelette je semble,
Decharné, denervé, demusclé, depoulpé

Dante or Petrarch might have done. Even Petrarch he began to have his doubts. À voir son escrit

Il estoit eveillé d'un trop gentil esprit
Pour estre sot trente ans, abusant sa jeunesse,
Et sa Muse au giron d'une vieille Maistresse;
Ou bien il jouyssoit de sa Laurette, ou bien
Il estoit un grand fat d'aimer sans avoir rien.

Perhaps at the end of his life, remembering Cassandre, Marie Papin Hélène de Surgères, R. might have said with Rousseau: "Mon Peu de succès près des femmes est toujours venu de les trop aimer".

Bredly & for a soldier. It's an easy mistake to picture him as a pale & wan lover of ladies & letters, delicately decadent!

"A mon retour (hé, je m'en desespere)
Tu m'as receu d'un ~~Despas~~ baiser tout glacé,
Froid sans saveur, baiser d'un Despassé,
Tel que Diane en donnoit à son frere,
Tel qu'une fille en donne à sa grand'mère,
La fiancée en donne au fiancé
Ny savoureux, ny moiteux, ny pressé;
Et puis, ma lévre est-elle si amere?

Q. Wyatt's "Parchance thee lie withered & old" with R's "Quand
The Winter nights that are so cold"
vous serez bien vieille, au soir à la chandelle" & Yeats "When
you are old & grey & full of sleep" Horace: Ode I. XXV,
Yeats: Tasso: Aminta act. I scene I Ad Lydiam
Proust's theory that a writer needs a series of love-affairs
like some Magic steed fed on roses in a fairy tale —
they will prevent him from wasting his time on the hollow
stupidities of social relations; & though they will not bring
him happiness, the very unhappiness they bring will keep
his intelligence alertly speculating on the reasons why
human happiness is impossible. Contrasting Goethe &
Wordsworth, we may admit that this view contains
some truth; though remembering Montaigne or Hardy
we must add that it is far from containing the whole truth.

Ste-Beuve has described how Rousseau brought a
touch of green into the pages of literature. Stendhal found
the first trace in French of that touch of Nature in "La
Princesse de Clèves." They forgot R. R's view of Nature
is extraordinarily Greek — I know nothing like it before
Chénier — not merely in its resurrection of Aegipan &
Dread, but in the simple directness of vision. He does not
break his ants' backs with ponderous morals, he
does not vaporise his lasts into a spirit.

This is the way to use one's predecessors in poetry; not the modern method of plastering poems with pretentious quotations in half a dozen languages. Ste-Beuve BL damningly faint praise Ronsard the Master-Essayist: Generations have peered over Montaigne's shoulder into the bottle mirror when he studied himself, to find their own features looking back at them .... His quiet voice has filled our whole world with echoes. We meet us in "Hamlet" & "Measure for Measure" & "The Tempest". Webster wove its sentence into his bitter verse. Jonson remarked in verse as bitter how good Montaigne was to steal from. Bacon followed in his tracks; then Burton & Addison, & Sterne. His influence has crossed the Atlantic as easily as the Channel; it moulds Emerson & Thoreau. And in his own country, he has never lost his place; master of Pascal (though also detested), La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, Ste-Beuve, Renan, Anatole France. His book is largely an Imitatio Socratis, the very antithesis of "The Imitation of Christ".

Though he talks often as a pagan theist, the faith of his childhood always kept its hold on one corner of that restless agile brain.... In his scale of moral values, though he saw vividly how such things vary with years & frontiers,

his mind, left fallow, grows weeds & whimsies.

There were principles about which he never faltered. He never forgot his hero-worship for the great of antiquity; he never forgot his strong sense of what is becoming, & what is not, for "the natural bien née." Whatever he doubted, he kept his faith in sincerity & tolerance, in courage & mercy. He loathed the very idea of being caught, cramped, confined by any kind of bond or tie. He was half glad, he tells us, if an acquaintance was ungrateful, because it loosened the bonds between them. He would rather be cheated than face the drudgery of reading through a business contract. An entry in his annual accounts runs: "Item, pour mon humeur paresseuse, Mille livres." This untameable creature simply cannot live in captivity. "Oh! c'est bien que dans l'arrière-boutique."

He affects a certain contempt for scribbling. For this candid Montaigne, while poking great fun at people who pester themselves about their pedigrees, is distinctly disingenuous in suggesting that his own ancestors had held their lands for centuries instead of trading. He knows nothing, he says, of ortho-graphy;

yet he left minute instructions about it & his grandson. He knows nothing of punctuation; yet death finds him still altering his own & notably commas into full Stops. He attitude of Heredia—"Écrire, ce n'est pas mon Métier, C'est une de mes élégances."

Vivid & excellent translators as Florio & Cotton are (though Florio can render "poisson" by "poison"), they are not Montaigne. "Le parler que i'ayme, c'est un parler simple et naïf, tel sur le papier qu'à la bouche." (I, 26)

A certain lack in him of passion. He analysed himself a little too much; that he dried & hardened his heart by excessive dissection. His wife seems to have been little more than his housekeeper. His mother who survived him he never mentions. He refers to having lost "two or three children" in infancy. (I, 14) He would prefer to die in an inn rather than at home. He speaks fondly of friendship; but little of friends—with one exception. And that one is long dead. We should have a different impression, I think, had we known M. younger than Locke Johnson, he is elderly

Rousseau: "Jamais toute la morale d'un pédagogue ne vaudra le bavardage affectueux et tendre d'une femme sensée pour qui l'on a de l'attachement."

When we first come to know him intimately he was not cold; but he had grown afraid of warmth.

The Perfect Letter Writer: Good letters remain immortal though the chronicle the smallest deeds. Nor is this simply because time gives back with interest the value it at first takes away from little things, so that letters grow precious in a thousand years; it is because the real interest of good letters is one that grows cannot lessen — the attraction of human personality. The art of letters is the most social & one of the most civilised of literary forms. It stands nearer even than sermon or moral essay to the art of life.

Love-letters are the better for a love that does not run smooth, but has to fight its way thro' alarms & despairs, surprises & vicissitudes.

Though as weary of her suitors as any Penelope, Dorothy Osborne manages to get as much amusement as any Portia out of them too ... Hearing D. had an ague, Richard her suitor Goldsworth had one himself "so natural sympathy there is between us"!

* Crabbe.

The Poet of Prose: it is extraordinary what prosaic people poets can be; or, if you like, what poetic people can be poets. ... But look closer; mixed with their grey texture are threads of deeper & of brighter color — flashes of quiet heroism; sorrows felt passionately, though the words are few; & a lifelong loyalty to truth, sometimes sad, sometimes sardonic. He set out to sing the honeysuckle of Goldsmith's Deserted Village. It was not that C. had never known hard times himself; he had fiddled his vagabond way across Europe; it was a deliberate, not an experience, but a temperament. In this reaction against C. Crabbe first discovered himself, just as Fielding had begun by loathing & parodying Richardson. The style is the faded convention of 150 yrs ago; the sentiment might be that of a modern poet rebelling against Tennyson. We can understand how Johnson then, & Hardy a cent. later, felt at once the appeal of a mind so cleared of cant. —
Cowper lacked both Crabbe's knowledge & Crabbe's strength; indeed, the mixture in him of a maiden lady & tame sheep,

"How well my father liv'd!" she says. 'How well, my dear, your father's creditors could tell".

despite all its pathos, ends by exhausting the patience. Crabbe wrote too fast — 6 times as fast as Virgil — 30 lines a day. He never learnt what Boileau taught Racine not only to rime, but "rimer difficilement". * "Ti. du rhythme Corneille" Vc
To those who do not know C. intimately, it must always seem most extraordinary that Jane Austen should have said she could imagine herself as Mrs C. Prof. Elton quotes an amusing passage from one of her letters: "I have never seen the death of Mrs C. ... I'll comfort him as well as I can, but I do not undertake to be good to her children ... She had better not leave any." It seems too like a silk-gloved hand clasping a woollen one. But read "Flirtation: A Dialogue"; its disquisition on the Art of Weeping makes a pretty pendant to that on the Art of Swooning or Running Mad in Austen's "Love & Friendship". He is a realist, but the realist of a wider, as well as lower, world. There is another link between him & the author of "Northanger Abbey", in the fun both make of romantic extravagances. His landscape lies under a

* Thinking of making Ethiopians change their skins.
* Geoffrey Wagner in The Golden Horizon, cf. Cyril Connolly, p. 556: Beddoes often* death in the language of a love affair. His poetry with the heavy physical sensuousness of passionate sexual love. A longing for death in entirely physical terms: e.g. "the gloom of dreams"; "Rosily dying"; "sorrow", grey light, very different from the dappled sunshine in Miss Austen's Morning room. "The Improvisatore" st. 25, King John, Act III, sc. iv ("O amiable lovely death! / Thou odoriferous stench! etc.
He stands at the meeting of 2 cents. between reason & dream —taste his "Sir Eustace Grey." Pope would have thought him too mean, Johnson too minute & precise, while Wordsworth & Coleridge found him too unimaginative.
Dr Beddoes: A shadowy vision may rise in the memory an eccentric old gentleman leading a cow up his patients' staircases to improve the air in their bedrooms. The author of "Books & Characters" has wedded poor Dr B. to that cow. Man cannot put them asunder now, nor death part them — And yet Dr B. was famous.
Wordsworth in biography is a snare; & there seems to have been little enough in common between the self-confident father and the despondent son.
The Playboy & the Netherworld: Dr B. had bounded about with tireless zest & an undivided soul from bleaching negroes to blackening Mr Pitt. But when we turn his son, the author of "Death's Jest-Book", the contrast is complete. In our

The nicknames he invented stuck like burs
his "national anthem": Drink, Britannia! Britannia drunk your tea
For Britons, bores, & buttered toast, they all begin with B.
apple of his tree of knowledge, lay a little black wriggling worm of doubt.
Oh, a few observers saw that something new had been added to English poetry; but among them were Tennyson & Browning.
His jests serve him for shield as well as sword.
Such a mind, read what it may, imitate whom it will, imposes as invincibly as a distorting mirror its grisly quality on all its reflections. He was born with this gift of seeing in every square a 5th corner. But his fancy does not always glimmer thus coldly like a glow-worm on a grave; its flames can dance gaily enough, though still perhaps with a slight breath of sulphur.
What he needs is a good selection of short passages, often of two or three lines. The anthologists have merely concentrated on a few of his lyrics, which have the sort of prettiness dear to their pussycat mentalities. As a lyric poet B. can be lovely, but it is in his verse dialogue that he shows his strength, not only that power of phrase & image, but his grip of that Proteus among metrical forms — dramatic

blank verse. No one since Dryden has so recaptured the splendor of blank verse as a medium for dialogue, freeing it from that Marmoreal stiffness which Milton imposed. C's lines run rippling like wind along the corn. All the strangeness is the contrast which combines with this perfect music such a grimness of ideas, until his verse recalls that tragic conception of the Greek — the Gorgon Medusa, "the beautiful horror": the poison is given with a caress: the dagger tickles before it plunges home.

The Party of letters: "J'ai la vie en haine". It is not an easy life to understand, this drowning of a man's whole life-blood in his ink-pot, his slow suicide on the point of his own pen. While one half of him called the other half a fool for it. His work is marred at times by a slightly sadistic love of pain & horror, disguised as love of naked truth. He has Swift's taste for the repulsive. He writes to his mistress Louise Colet of a famous prostitute he met in Egypt: "Leur odeur nauséabonde se mêlait au parfum de sa peau ruisselante de santal."

Villiers de L'Isle-Adam: "Flaubert, pas de sentiment... s'il l'avait, cela il aurait tout" — motto derived from Conversation in Remy de Gourmont's Sixtine "la Pate Azyme"!

One should lead the cabbage-life y a bourgeois, turn off one side of one's heart like an Amazon, work diligently like a priest, in order to live wholly in that ideal world of Art where alone is salvation, or at least forget sufferings. "L'Amour" is a particular object of his scorn. A liaison may serve as a sort of armchair for occasional relaxation; but lovers' ecstasies are degrading. There is in this animosity against all earthly things, all natural desires, more than a touch of the attitude of mediaeval Christianity in its more fanatical forms. Flaubert recognized the resemblance himself: "Moi, je déteste la vie, je suis un Catholique".

What he detests is the French equivalent of our Victorianism. "La rage des phrases t'a desséché le coeur" said his mother to him once. Yet life took its revenge in the end. His niece relates that in later days he was found once kneeling before a child, in tears — "Voilà ce qu'il m'aurait fallu". Significant, too, is his own comment, in a letter, on this loneliness of his last years: "J'ai

été lâche dans ma jeunesse, j'ai eu peur de la vie. Tout se paye".
"Je suis né lyrique". It was true though he could never write verse. He complains to Tourgueneff & wonders like Zola & the Goncourts: "Ne trouvez-vous pas que nos amis sont peu préoccupés de la Beauté? Et pourtant il n'y a dans le monde que cela d'important!" With Flaubert the love of truth & the love of beauty were curiously matched. In his eyes, however hungry for beauty, often ugliness was truth, truth ugliness. Hence comes that oscillation in his successive works between the romantic & the prosaic, between the "princesse lointaine" & the grisette. He laments the same lack of beauty in his own "Education Sentimentale" because modern subjects do not admit of beauty. In 4 ways, I think, his obsession with human ugliness & imbecility was bad for his writing. Sometimes it made him over-romantic by sheer reaction; sometimes it made him indulge in stupid caricature; always it made him shrink too much from life; & it made him

Think too much of art.
"Mme Bovary" & the death of romance in the human soul.
Flaubert had a great admiration for Montaigne, but he rejected much more of life than M.
The Mystic of Memory: "Water jelly" the verdict on Proust of Lawrence. "Ploughing a field with knitting-needles" – verdict of George Moore.
Proust is at his best a master of character; but not more than Balzac. He is also a poet in prose, but not more than Flaubert. What astounds his reader again & again is rather his Mephistophelean & Machiavellian acuteness. To read him is in some way like listening to the conversation of a genius who should remain a genius in conversation. He exists like a nightmare tormented by doubts of its own existence. "Sentio et excucior, ergo sum" – such a compound of Catullus & Descartes might summarise his attitude. Life became for him an alternation of experience & suffering with recollection & analysis. Images suddenly unlocked from their cells within ourselves are "réels

Goethe: "Mysticism — unripe philosophy, unripe poetry."

Sans être actuels, idéaux sans être abstraits". The novelty lies in the special value P. attaches to his mystical moments of spontaneous recollection. & in the close analogy he draws between these & the vision of the artist. Yet the suggestion that such moments of recollection are somehow a triumph over time is due to some psychological peculiarity.

The novel is a satire by an ex-snob — unlike "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe" by one who is the literary descendant of that devoted pair, La Rochefoucauld and Mme de La Fayette. In P. indeed, Proust has added one more to her numerous penseurs, not to her few philosophes. e.g. "Toute mort est pour les autres une simplification d'existence." or Duc de Guermantes formula for epigr. telegrams: "Impossible venir, Mensonge suit."

"N'esthetisons pas, ne byzantinons plus."

Modern Criticism: Where there is learning, there will always be pedants also.

Mr Eliot's two chief critical works "The Sacred Wood" &

* Very good knocking some sense into Eliot & Read. But rather too severe on "theories" of literature & Aristotle. Sympathy all with Anatole France.

"For Lancelot Andrews" embody such statements as these: "Crashaw was a finished Master, & Keats & Shelley were apprentices with immense possibilities." "There is no place for romanticism in letters." "'Hamlet' is an artistic failure." "The most dangerous type of critic: the critic with a mind which is naturally of the creative order, but which turns some weakness in creative power exercises itself in criticism instead, e.g. Goethe & Coleridge". It is hard to resist an indiscreet curiosity whether Mr Eliot thinks himself a better judge than C. or G. on the theory that he has himself no creative power; or on the theory that he has no weakness in it. And what, again, of this flower of criticism tossed us in a coy foot-note — "I have never seen a cogent refutation of Rymer's objections to 'Othello'"? etc. etc.

Mme de Staël divided mankind into "trompeurs, trompés et trompettes."* Here, to be sure, is the living echo of Branston's "Man of Taste": This is true taste, & whoso likes it not, is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool & sot".

* cf. that silly & pretentious bk "Scepticism & Construction" by C. A. Campbell P. 3. "a broader culture is making it evident to all save the incorrigibly parochial that the Oriental absorption in "the Orient ?... Vedic literature" (etc. Mr Campbell is defending what he calls "Supra-rational Absolutism"

Idola Theatri, by Henry Sturt.

The passive fallacy is a disease of education, the overestimation of docility, the neglect of the fact that men are changing, dynamic beings interacting with the world of changing forces in which they live.

Intellectualism fails in so far as it ignores the volitional element of personal experience. I emphasise "personal" to make a distinction from "impersonal" Cosmic striving such as that of Schopenhauer.

Absolutism is the analogue in philosophy of Mysticism in the sphere of devotion — the passion for the Whole What Amiel calls l'éblouissement de l'infini.*

Nothing ever happens to the pan logist who denies the reality of time; he believes the Whole series of events to exist as a Totum Simul.

"Will is the self-realisation of an idea", says Bradley. But he ignores the element of decision in volitional action, & consequently cannot explain why one idea realises itself & another does not.

He thinks of society merely as a system of intricate

relations. By such an interpretation he gets rid incidentally of social discontent. "The non-theoretical person is at peace with reality" (Ethical Studies, P. 166). Has Mr Bradley ever talked with a London 'bus-driver. In the same spirit Mr B. affirms that by merging into the state which is "the embodiment of reason" the individual will find his whole end. The fatal flaw about this political philosophy is that it leaves no room for reform.

Or would Prof Bosanquet argue that just as discovery is an accident of knowledge (Logic i. P. 8.), so reform is a negligible accident of politics?

Mr Bradley in reaction from Hegel's intellectualism, lays most stress on Feeling; in illustrating the nature of the Absolute he refers most frequently to the immediacy of sentience & the self abandonment of strong emotional experience.

Bradley can do no more than assure us that truth & error differ in degree. He can never tell us how to

not books but overgrown pamphlets.

* the destructive criticism in 1st Pt. of "Appearance & Reality" receives a back-handed slap in passing.

Measure the degree — vide "Appearance & Reality" Chap XV;

You cannot prove that the New Jerusalem is golden by throwing dust & mud at your own dwelling place.

There is an immense mass of fact in Hegel, but it never stands there in its own right; its business is always to illustrate the Metaphysical System. The Hegelian system is a Coherent Whole: you cannot take part of him & leave the rest as Anglo-Hegelians do.

To the sensationist dictum, Nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu, Leibnitz had added the proviso Nisi intellectus ipse: the enforcement of this proviso is the sum & substance of Green's criticism of Hume, Mill, Spencer & Lewes.

A universal relating consciousness like Green's "Spiritual principle" can make no approach to holiness. Hence Mr Balfour's criticism that bare principle of unity is no fitting object of ethic love, reverence, or devotion. And as static Nature is no sphere for Moral

endeavor.
This difficulty does not occur in Hegel, since Reality being entirely thought, knowledge at any stage is simply identical with the corresponding stage of Reality. Mr Bradley's admission of a feeling element into reality — combined with his intellectualism, makes it impossible to bring knowledge & reality together.
Having proved every finite thing imperfect, one is no nearer to a perfect Absolute. And even granted the validity of Mr B's criterion of Absolute ['inconsistency'] it does not follow that there exists an Object which will satisfy it. Indeed, Mysticism forms the background of Mr B's thought — teste the introduction on "Reverence, Mystery & enchantment" (Ap. & Re. PP. 3. seq.). The very term "self-consistency" is one which Mr B. has no right to use, having proved "self" to be an "appearance" "in any case unintelligible." The more appropriate title for his book is "Disappearance of Reality". Mr B. is of the Kin of Browning, Pater, Rossetti. etc

in his insistence on the value of strong emotional & sensational experience. Cf. the view of modern poets in reaction to the old antithesis of spirit & flesh that the spiritual is reached most nearly thru intensification of the sensuous. Nature meant Mr B. for a mystic.

Very clever polemic, some good home-hit.

The Wisdom of Father Brown, by G. K. Chesterton

Poetry was there, in their place; but one felt that they were never allowed out of their place. A borrower's gap irritates the mind like a in a man's front teeth.

A massive head—the sort of head you bash a door with, as Chaucer said of the Miller's.

Without the by-your-leave of quotation marks.

a mind like a rag-bag.

White Horse & Red Lion, Essay in Gusto, by J. Agate.
Ho "Newgate Calendar" Kept the Bible company as the
2 favorite books of George Borrow.
Nature endowed Jonathan Wild with genius — a genius
is genius whether in trade or deal, horse-stealing & ship-building.
I look forward to the opening of the Flat Racing
season as eagerly as any pickpocket.
Even yet, so surely as May comes, the best loses the cause
to interest me! Even in Shakespeare I am conscious
of what is coming, whereas when I mount the steps of an
'bus there is no knowing what adventure I may
meet.
Mr Walkley — an unruffled Olympian. For whom 9/10
of humanity does not exist, & for 9/10 of humanity
this writer does not exist. He is one of life's takers,
not participators. Life with its rough-&-tumble
is to him bad form. I cannot imagine this exquisite
looking upon War, famine, cataclysm in any other
light save that of an interruption of life's amenities.
I know of no writer who has so much "sensibility"

and so little feeling.

187 My set — When I look at the list of Company which has so distinguished itself that Majesty would shake hands with it, I am abashed. I cannot find the name of a soul who has contributed to my happiness in anything like the same degree, as, say my Milkman. I look down the list of A's and draw blank. Bennetts there are in plenty, but alas! no trace of Arnold.

(Fay – Moloney)
Conservative paper Radical paper

A Hind Let Loose, by C.E. Montague.
by

like a voice that means more the tune than the words.
the abortive heir of his invention.
He make it his care to let cats out of bags by very
minute instalments; a finger-nail, or the tip of an ear,
enough to begin with.
Each night, as he asked Fay to write the leader in his
instead, there thrilled in his voice the fears of a Napoleon,
forced at a critical hour to turn over command to a
lieutenant, one who is capable, who will do his best,
but is not Napoleon.
"I am a journalist & ex-officio I've seen everything"
a typical, Universal Concert-notice, true of all Concerts
past, present & to be.
Memory feigned a sort of head-scratching. Some questions
one puts off answering, as one puts off paying bills
without real hope of escaping at last.
His was a perfect puzzling Sphinx, a Conundrum
two deep.
"You stand, if only one instant, in Creation's forge; your

very body shakes with the fall of the hammer that beats out the half-made world."
He had pity "for all souls in trouble, here or in hell".
Fay was not gone, past trying for; & then a swift instinct snatched at that heat, to use it; it was a match, a taper; more could be lit from it.

When Pope & Wordsworth talk of "following Nature" they do not mean the same thing, for the one is contrasting "Nature" with the fantastic, the far-fetched — True wit — work False or Mixed wit; the other is thinking of the opposite of Nature as the conventional such as "pseudo-poetic diction" and "a mechanical device of style".

Cross Currents in English Literature of the XVIIth Century

By H. J. C. Grierson, LL.D., Litt.D., F.B.A.

The conflict between the spirit of the Renaissance & that of the Reformation, seen in its full power in the fanaticism of English Puritanism, had affected our literature in a deeper & more complex manner than our histories always made quite clear; it had lowered the range & fulness of Shakespeare's dramatic achievement so that he has left no play that strikes quite such a high ethical note as the "Ajax," the "Antigone," the "Philoctetes"; it had narrowed Milton's genius & embittered his temper so that he "gave up to party what was meant for mankind".

I mean by Humanism a due respect for human nature in all its fullness (therefore including our natural desires & instincts) as distinguished from the claims of the divine, of the religious inhibitions.

Renaissance & Reformation: Face to face with the world of Paganism the early Church cut the secular almost clean away, & has never since found it easy to define its relation to the secular, especially in its freer manifestations, the arts.

waging a war of life and death with the obscenity of the ancient pantomime & the cruelty of the arena it was not easy for the Christian church to distinguish between the worse & the better elements in ancient literature, when almost all alike had their roots in that idolatry which it was their mission to replace by a purer spiritual religion. The cause of humanism, a fine humanism was the cause which the Church was championing — witness the less polemical portions of St Paul's Epistles. The Church conquered paganism. The pagan deities, fa devils as the early Church came to describe them — & Milton follows the tradition — faded into the background as allegorical figures. But in conquering paganism the Church made many concessions & compromises. Boissier in "La fin du paganisme" has shown how the Church found herself unable to dispense with the training of the schools of rhetoric in which ancient literature & mythology were the chief models, to supply saints to take the place of local deities & to make full allowance for that innate love of gaiety, revelry, and festival pageants which the masses

* Miracle plays
* the Quest of Holy Grail

will not for long allow to be baulked. † As the 11th cent. drew to an end the unquenchable secular spirit of man found a more artistic expression for itself in the lyrical epic of troubadour & trouvère. The background of medieval romance is Christian*, yet the spirit is secular. Their splendid joy in life & love, their cult of personal prowess & the service of Mistress are at the opposite pole from Christian humility, distrust of passion, & contempt for temporal glory. The dualism inherent in medieval love poetry makes his love of Laura at once the source of every virtue of which Petrarch can boast, & the great temptation which has made his life a long & weary aberration from its true goal, the love of God.

With the Renaissance, we find the same spirit of a secularism which no longer feels it necessary to apologise for itself, but has awakened to a serious interest in human Nature — e.g. Montaigne. Like Erasmus he has only contempt for the Ciceronian cult of style of the Italian scholars as described by Bacon in The Advancement of Learning.

Nor is M. a devout disciple of any revived school of philosophy. What M. learned from the ancients was a new interest in human nature. The scepticism of the "Apology for Raymond Sébond" is a scepticism about human nature rather than concerning dogmatic Christianity. Indeed M. accepts Catholic Christianity on trust, seeing that ultimate things transcend human reason. By introspection, he studied that "sujet merveilleusement vain, divers et ondoyant, que l'homme". In M. the natural man reasserted, rediscovered himself. He expresses one thing which the Renaissance was bringing back, the legitimate instinct of enjoyment. In the Middle Ages — ages of great saints, great sinners & great penitents — average human nature had been distorted under the sense of sin & judgment, & overstrained by the ideals of asceticism. The Renaissance produced the reformation & that the counter-reformation. The spirit of early Christianity was revived in Puritanism, intent upon the world to come & distrustful of pleasure, of pastime, & their great minister the arts. Spenser: "the tenets of evangelical doctrine are: complete

Sympathy with the individual
and pity for the type

Corruption of human nature, redemption by death of Christ, a complete breach with the world and its ways. The humanists will not dispute the weakness of human nature; & polite letters from Aristophanes to Bernard Shaw have presented the vices & frailties of humanity in vivid & poignant detail. Yet humanism rests ultimately on a conviction of the good as well as the evil that is in man.

The writing of Latin verse is a recreation which even a pious man may allow himself with perhaps some apology. Milton in his Latin verses gives free play to thoughts & moods which he did not give expression to in English. Latin verses of this kind were sports of wit on recognised models. The same is true of a good deal of English lyrical poetry of the 16th & 17th cents, e.g. Shakespeare's sonnets. Or of Blake & the romantics who weighted the lyric the song, which we no longer sing with intimate personal feeling & profound mystical thought. In earlier days a song was a song; serious thought you might put into a poem of more elaborate construction, & to pour

serious was generally to grow religious, though not always in Orthodoxy.

Spenser resolves the Contention of Petrarch & Dante touch. the ennobling power of love. But he is more akin to Petrarch than to Dante who carried through the doctrine of the ennobling power of love to its transcendental conclusion when Beatrice became divine theology. For S. love is at once an ennobling inspiration & a stumbling-block in the heavenward journey.

How far is "The Faerie Queene" a serious poem, entitling S. to the high praise of Milton in "Areopagitica": "Our sage & serious poet S. .... a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas." Prof. Renwick has shown Spenser accepts as his guide in poetic diction French & Italian Criticism. It was to be a work of art embodying all the new beauties of diction & ornament of the poetry of the Renaissance in Italy & France, yet preserving also the tradition of English poetry from Chaucer to Sackville. It was to "do as" even the "Orlando Furioso" in its revival of romance, the dream of love & chivalry. It was to be a courtly

poem, like its model, a poem reflecting the brilliant revival of courtly life which was a feature of the Renaissance. But the young poet & courtier is also a Puritan whose heart has responded to the appeal of Cartwright & he is anxious that his poem should justify itself to those whose supreme interest is a purer religion. His justification of his dalliance with romance is the allegory — But for his purpose S. was as unfortunate in the choice of his main image as Bunyan was happy. Christian life is a life of arduous yet inspiring endeavor & encounter with difficulties in which the struggler looks back with mingled thankfulness & awe upon what is past & forward with confidence & hope to what has yet to be faced; & what better image of such an experience could there be than a journey on foot beset by perils such as Bunyan describes? S's main image, that of romantic warfare, allows of no such vivid & convincing symbolism. & the unreality is only heightened when we know that the one set of combatants are vices who must of necessity be overcome by

the opposing virtues.
The tone of the poem is sincere & pious, but far enough removed from the passionate devotion of even the allegoric poem of his disciple Giles Fletcher. For S., religion is not a passionate aspiration after a richer, intenser experience than any that earth has to offer. It is an insurance, a refuge from the fever & fret of a world full of jars & disappointments. His imagination is in love with the world of the senses & with love. I know that Milton & Prof. de Selincourt assure us that in the description of the Bower of Bliss the poet displays the charms of the sensuous in order to emphasize the stern morality which destroys the Bower. But this is not quite relevant. The senses have their legitimate claims. There is no virtue in the mere destruction of the beautiful. The Moralist must convince us that the sacrifice is required in the interest of what is a higher good. It is this S fails to do imaginatively. Whatever doctrine one may extract intellectually from the allegory. His poetry flows with most freedom & joy when his theme

* a marginal note adds: "Shackspeer's plays are printed in the best Crowne paper, far better than most Bibles" Condemning all tragedies Greek as well as Modern. Evil accompaniments as dancing, singing, music. indictment because provoking "laughter".

enables him to escape from the inhibitions of Puritan ethics & expatriate over flowery meadows of irrelevance.

With the art of the Renaissance he is in love, the French poets of the Pleiade & the stanzas of Ariosto & Tasso. But nearest to his heart for the temper of his poetry is that of the Renaissance as we meet it in Marlowe, not of the Puritan Reformation as it sounds in Milton. The spirit of his poetry is that of the age which was passing away, the age of romance & allegory & the cult of courtly love, the religion of love. "The Faerie Queene" is the last poem whose direct descent is from the "Romance of the Rose" through Tasso & Ariosto. The values of "The Faerie Queene" are worldly Humanist, not Christian as Bunyan & Foxe understood Christian.

Drama: Comedy: Wm. Prynne's "Histriomastix" 1633 is the culmination an attack not really inspired so much by hatred of the actual immorality of the stage as by religious fanaticism, the conviction that play-acting was in itself a sin to bring down the wrath of God. *

Here are two powerful currents flowing counter to one another, the passion for amusement and the fanaticism of religion. 3 things happen: (1) Shakespeare & Beaumont & Fletcher avoided the raising of moral & religious issues in their plays & were content to accept the rôle of purveyors of amuse-ment for Court & City. (2) Dramatists who were also thinkers like Marlowe, Jonson & Chapman, when impelled to make the drama a vehicle for their thought about life, derive their thoughts not from Christianity, but from Seneca & Cicero & Plutarch & Epictetus. (3) The rapid decline of the drama after the 1st decade of the 17th Cent. Encouraged neither by Court nor people to strike its roots deep into life & the problems of life, it sprung up quickly & soon withered away.

But there were advantages as well as disadvantages in the fact that the stage was regarded as lying outside the pale of serious approval as something not to be reformed but abolished. It might have fared worse with Shakespeare had the stage been not abused by a Prynn

Greene on Shakespeare: "An upstart
Crow beautified with our feathers"
— Groat's-worth of Wit

but censored by a Milton, for in that case drama could not have escaped from the didactic purpose. Had the drama come too much under the control of serious thought as expressed in Sidney's "defence" or represented by the earlier Senecan plays, the result would have been a drama both pedantic & didactic.

In the dramas of Marlowe there is something which Shakespeare's work never manifests, a passionate spirit of resistance to accepted conventions & beliefs. What puzzles one in S's plays is that not frequently while presenting the story & characters so faithfully & vividly that it is difficult for the reader not to pass moral judgment upon it [sic], S. himself seems willing not only to omit comment, but to acquiesce in a view that to us is repellent, to accept standards of which his own vivid telling of the story affords the most effective condemnation. Take "The Merchant of Venice" for instance. What a strange moral confusion! For of all the suitors who come to Belmont, Bassanio best deserves the title of a

"worldly chooser". Again the Christians are not a whit less "bloody minded" than Shylock. As Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch says: "S. misses more than half the point when he makes the intended victims, as a class & by habit, just as heartless as Shylock without any of Shylock's passionate excuse". The Roman plays illustrate even better S's indifference to the ethical or political problem raised by the story his interest in men as they are, not as they ought to be. Nothing could be more striking than S's apparent indifference to the theme of freedom against tyranny, of Brutus & Cassius against Caesar. For joining the Conspirators Brutus can give no reason except that given absolute power, Caesar may commit crimes of which, so far, he has been guiltless ("Julius Caesar" Act II. Sc. i 12-22 et seqs). It is a very speculative ground on which to commit murder. S's sympathies are with him in the end but the sympathy is personal not political. Cf Jonson's "Sejanus" or "Catiline".

The Drama: Tragedy: A tragic happening is of the very

* In doing this the dramatist was more in harmony with the classical taste of his day than we are apt to suspect. Scholars also loomed at Greek tragedy through the medium of Seneca. I have suspected that the Hecuba speeches in "Hamlet" represent Shakespeare's conception of poetic kind to what Prof. A.E. Taylor defines as a Miracle one in which the divine purpose is obscure, in which there is, on the face of it, no sign of justice, mercy, benevolence, whatever there may be of power. This modern conception of tragedy comes from Shakespeare himself. But it is not the conception of the Greek tragedians, at least of Aeschylus & Sophocles. They thought the tragic story revealed the justice & mercy as well as the power of God. They vindicated the ways of God to men.

The Elizabethan dramatists derived the formula for tragedy from Seneca. That formula has a religious significance, if not a Christian one. It is a superficial & melodramatic version of Aeschylus' conception of retribution which has been crudely expressed by Cyril Tourneur as "When the bad bleed, then is the tragedy good": the proper theme of tragedy is, the learned from Seneca, Crime & Nemesis which overtakes it; & in Elizabethan hands this became too often simply a tragedy of Revenge which more often evokes horror than pity & awe.*

* of classical tragedy.

cf Hazlitt quoted by Raleigh, p. 164 * cf Santayana's essay in "Interpretations of Religion & Poetry" — C.S.C.

S's tragedy seem to me less religious than that of his contemporaries. There is a strange abstention in S. from any pronouncement upon the ethical or religious significance of the dire events which the poet presents with so much insight & vividness. One recognises a didactic purpose in the Senecan type of tragedy; even Middleton & Ford close on the moral note. Not so Shakespeare. To justify or to arraign the ways of God to men is not task for his. There are indeed comments religious & moral, but they are those of the dramatis personae. He seems not to be concerned with evil as sin, as the transgression of a divine law, an offence against God. He sees it on the human side, as the wrongs & cruelties that men inflict on one another. "Men's inhumanity to man." So Johnson & Swinburne were shocked by Cordelia's death. More than once in "King Lear" one feels the demand for some religious comment as the chorus in Aeschylus to adjust the balance.*

The tragic conflict in S's tragedies is not a conflict of

* Cf P. E. More's Essay on "Beaumont & Fletcher" in "Shelburne Essays" 10th series. —C. S. C.

principles or of principle without passion, but of passion with the limits set to human power. His greatest tragedies represent a great character swept from his mooring by a storm of passion & finally broken by the circumstances against which passion drives him in headlong career. Max J. Wolff says: "If one understands by virtue the conscious pursuit of principles recognised as good, then S's characters are never virtuous. They never act on principle." Such conflict as Richardson portrays in "Clarissa" & Charlotte Brontë in "Jane Eyre" was strange to S. & the Elizabethans. Both are the product of Puritanism. Whatever its errors, it was Puritanism which gave this strength to a moral principle. Emily Brontë's novel is more Elizabethan than her sister's. Heathcliff & Catherine know not of the inhibition of principle. They follow their feeling without disguise or question, but it is a passion which no irregular connection could satisfy. "It is characteristic of Emily that she does not waste a moment on the idea

Je union outside the law, such as Rochester proposed to Jane Eyre" (Oliver Elton: "A Survey") *

Does S.'s drama stand on the same footing as the naturalistic novel of today? Not I think even to the extent that a drama of Marlowe or of Ford might be classed with a novel by Stendhal. For the naturalist the only passions which count are the animal passions. But in S.'s drama human nature is made up of moral as well as animal passions, even if the imminent principles are not made explicit. The difference between S. & Marlowe becomes clear in those plays where S. is most obviously the disciple of his young predecessor & takes over from him as heroes the ambitious, unscrupulous, ruthless Machiavellians. While Marlowe is in close sympathy with his aspiring heroes, S. artistically & ethically disclosed superiority. He stands before the enigma of life in the same attitude as Meredith or Hardy, if less inclined to dogmatise than either. "The Tempest" is probably the most religious, even Christian in spirit, of S.'s plays, though there is not a

word in it of dogma or any attempt to interpret the mystery of life. But the root idea is that of sin & retribution with forgiveness take the place of vengeance.

To call S. a child of the Renaissance is misleading. Both he & the world he described are, as Carlyle observed, a product of the Catholic Middle Ages. For him Christianity & the life he led from day to day only touched one another at certain points. There was the faith in the background that guaranteed forgiveness when he sought it. It is radically different from Puritan conception of Christianity as nothing unless it penetrated every phase of life. Contrast with S., one might call Marlowe & Chapman thinkers, Jonson a Moralist, Massinger a pretty Ford an immoralist like André Gide. It is this fact which dates their work while S. who had no purpose in view but to provide amusement for Court & populace, is as fresh as ever.

Love Poetry: When the love-poetry of the Troubadours was transferred to Italy, the sensuous & the ideal strains

* too much protest of the indifference to the physical.

were both intensified & in consequence tended to part company. the transcendentally spiritualised love of Dante & Guinicelli and Cavalcanti vs. the sensuous love of Boccaccio in "Filostrato". In Petrarch there was a battle of both tendencies & they came at times into conflict with one another. This tradition the Elizabethan sonneteers inherited. Platonism on the one hand, & sensualism from Ovid etc. on the other. The great rebel against the tradition of Petrarchan idealism, the "Musing poetry" which Hotspur hated, was Donne who ~~gutted~~ the peaks of self-abnegation & adoration to immerse himself in the mud-baths of sensual passion & cynical scorn of woman: "Hope not for Minde in Woman". But his strange and sometimes revolting poems have in them at their worst a quality which distinguishes them from the more voluptuous, more cynical because more cold-blooded, sensuousness of Elizabethan idylls. The difference is that between the coarsest & most savage of Catullus' verses & Ovid's "Amores" & "Art of Love". Catullus & Donne are passionate

* cf. Petrarch's Laura
Sidney's Stella
} all married already!

* cf "Tom Jones" on Love & hunger.

Passionate Sincerity redeems the Cynical savagery of their poems. He is not a voluptuary a Sir Epicure Mammon or Volpone, for whom love is a pleasure of the same class as eating & drinking. * D is almost an ascetic in his disregard of physical beauty. He was a sensualist as Tolstoi was, one for whom woman was a curious & perpetual interest at once attracting & repelling.

Courtly love-poetry was the product of the leisure of the upper class of Feudal society. Idleness is the portress of the garden of the Rose. The love of the more popular romances is of a simpler character & the ideal end is happy marriage. It was just the simpler, more normal feeling that was the theme of Elizabethan drama. Prof. Herford in "Shakespeare's treatment of love & Marriage" "The commonest lobe at 1st sight, & once for all. Love-relations which do not contemplate marriage occur rarely." *

The subject of Spenser's glowing "Epithalamion" She that was clad all in White that seems a virgin best

*cf Bonamy Dobrée, Restoration Comedy, on "the English note against Marriage"

had already been twice married & was to have a 4th husband after S's death. The readiness with which Othello entertains Iago's suggestions, is explicable if one recall the common estimate of the Elizabethans of the risks a man was running who married & so put his personal honor in the keeping another. Spenser's idealization of romantic love found little to support it as he came to know the Court more closely. (Cfr. "Colin Clout's Come Home again" 771–794). The Puritans were in revolt against the licentiousness thinly veiled by Petrarchan idealism & they inevitably demurred to a too utilitarian conception of Marriage. The protest of Herbert & Vaughan against the love-poets of the day was ethical not mystical. The sanction of love, they said, is marriage — a new idea, for the sanction of marriage should be love.*

Young Milton's éducation sentimentale was based upon poetry, romances, Platonism, & Christianity. The disillusionment came to him thru his personal experience — the common in store for the idealist

Who believes that the vision has taken concrete form in a woman of quite ordinary mould.
Royalist libertines like Sir Charles Sedley, Sir John Suckling,
& Lovelace sang all the better that they did not take the passion too seriously. They had not felt, like Donne, its subterranean currents. They had not, like Milton, staked their whole life & happiness on the hope of realising a love "stronger than death." It was not in poetry that the more serious interest in love was to be found, but in the work of novelists from Richardson to Lawrence. In their novels we find again the complexities and conflicts of which Donne's poems & Milton's divorce pamphlets were evidence.
Milton: The life of Ruskin & the life of Milton might well be taken as examples of the dangers as well as the advantages which beset a too careful, a too ideal education under parental supervision, of the truth that, in education as in the government of colonies, there is much to be said for a policy of wise & salutary neglect. Milton's confidence in the high worth of his poetic endowment was not belied

by the work that he achieved, yet perhaps a touch of modesty might have given it more of the indefinable quality of appeal. For an experience to affect M. it had to be personal—his unhappy marriage, the presbyterian condemnation of his divorce pamphlets. No one except perhaps Shelley was more impenetrable by the general teaching of experience. All the bitter disillusionments of the Restoration never made him for the moment doubt of the absolute soundness of the abstract republican dogmas & the anti-clerical ecclesiastical tenets. M. was to live to see all his confident hopes disappointed, 'the deluded hope of the servants', but he never doubted the infallibility of himself.

M. is of the same caste as Spenser & Dante & Virgil, the poets who are not content to confine themselves too rigidly to a "language such as men do use" but claim for the poet the liberty to build for himself a stately speech. His early poems are Miltonic in their limitations rather self-centered. A kind of fastidious Puritan Epicureanism is the tone of these poems. Would he ever

I know the power of a self-forgetful passion! Johnson's criticism of "Lycidas" is not altogether unjust. When "Lycidas" grows passionate, it is of himself & his own fortunes M. is thinking. Prof. Herford in "Dante & Milton" points out an essential difference between Milton's celebration of Chastity in "Comus" & Dante's in the "Vita Nuova": "M's Chastity, sublime & exalted as it is, is at bottom a self-regarding virtue".

2 Views of "Paradise Lost": the 1st is the orthodox, the "accepted" view, which begins with Addison, & was acquiesced in by Johnson, who, however severe on M the man, has nothing but praise for the poet of "P.L". Even the revelation of M's unorthodox view made by the publication of the "De Doctrina Christiana" in 1825 had no serious effect on the accepted tradition, for No one studies M's prose works except perhaps "Areopagitica". Personally I believe that M. held the central tenets of Christianity to the last, however unorthodox he may have been on more purely speculative topics, however

*Cf Croce, European Lit. in the 19th Cent., Eng. tr. Douglas Ainslie, pp. 7-9 on Alfieri's admiration & sympathy w/ the tyrants whom yet he strikes down inexorably with the axe in his tragedies.

Wants his temper may seem to us in some of the more essential Christian grace — humility, forgiveness, charity.
2nd view: a distaste for Milton's thought, his theology as opposed to his art, — Landor, Pattison, Richard Garnett Sir Walter Raleigh, let alone Newman. All these in one way or another have endorsed Landor's words: "After I have been reading "P. L." I can take up no other poet with satisfaction..... M. had breathed into it unconsciously not a justification of the ways of God to Men as Orthodoxy understands, but an arraignment of Orthodox conceptions of God & the devil." (Imaginary Conversations, Southey & Landor). Milton, Dryden declared, would have been the greatest of epic poets after Homer & Virgil "if the devil had not been his hero instead of Adam" ("Dedication of the Aeneis")* What Dryden thus indicated, thinking of the poem as an heroic poem, & without reference to the theology, later critics have accepted as theologically true also. Blake: "M. was a true poet, & of the Devil's party without knowing it" ("The Marriage of Heaven & Hell"). Shelley: "M's

devil as a moral being is as much superior to his God" ("A Defence of Poetry"). E. H. Visiak: "P. L. is a product of inverted power. It is in the devils that M. expresses his deepest feelings" ("Milton Agonistes"). Denis Saurat: "M. throws himself personally into the struggle against Satan, & from the reading of P. L. one derives 2 inevitable impressions: the greatness of Satan & the greatness of M.... He it is & not God, or the Son that overcomes Satan" ("La Pensée de Milton"). Satan & the imagination carry us in one direction, M. & his impassioned reasoning in another. In M. the Creative imagination & the critical intellect did not work in harmony. The poem does not justify God's way to our heart and imagination — rather the opposite — it is only in M's passionate reasoning about reason & free-will that God is vindicated. This is why Satan holds the stage with such complete success. M. failed completely to penetrate with his thought the character & events of the story he tells. It is to the great abstract tenets of Catholic theology that D. gives poetic, symbolic expression. Whereas,

on the other hand, M's peculiar doctrines obtrude themselves, the effect is almost invariably to lower the temperature of the poem; at the best, to substitute poetic declamation for poetic creation. "Paradise Regained", a less great poem than its predecessor, is a more harmonious poem. The tone is not that of M. the poet but of M. the thinker. We miss in M's Christ the note of passionate self-forgetful love. He is too serene & forbidding, if noble & imperturbable. Commonwealth & Restoration: M. had tasted the sweets of the Renaissance poetry of Italy & England, & he accepted the Renaissance ideal of a complete development of human personality as the end of education & life. Witness his early Latin Elegies & "L'Allegro" & "Il Penseroso". .... The devil is as capable of taking a spiritual as a fleshly guise. Milton was perhaps a better man when he awoke like Wordsworth

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
& to spend his days

In unimproved pleasures free
than when he was denouncing the Anglican bishops etc.
Cowley's temper is more attractive than his art, & that finds its best expression in personal & occasional poems: the temper of a humanist spirit in an age of fanaticism & conflict, enamored of peace & leisure.
The Restoration was at its outset a restoration of the old order in wit & poetry & drama. But it was soon evident that this revival was a passing phase. (1) the new force which satire had acquired since the days of Hall & Donne & Marston. Hence Butler's "Hudibras." Dryden was to raise satire to the level of great poetry (2) the wit & fashions of the last age were not to the taste of the returned Court. Evelyn on "Hamlet" (16th. Nov. 1661"): "the old play begin to disgust this refined age." Pepys on "Othello": "Having sat all [illegible] read 'The Adventures of Five Hours' it seems a pleasant." Dryden on Elizabethan poets: "We can produce nothing so exactly wrought as Sir John Suckling, nothing so even, sweet, & flowing as Mr Waller, nothing so

* Haylett's phrase.

majestic, so correct as Sir John Denham; nothing so elevated so copious, & full of spirit as Mr Cowley" ("Essay of Dramatic Poesy"). (3) the lowering of the spiritual temper.

Dryden: If Spenser be the poets' poet, D. might be called the Critics' poet. Some of our younger critics have rallied to him: "Homage to John Dryden" is the cry of critics like Mr Eliot & Mr van Doren. But there is some deficiency in D's poetry which Wordsworth & Arnold, both true poets, felt. & in such judgments on poetry I prefer the verdict of the poet to that of the critic, however cultivated. Like as D's range is, some want has made him fall short of the greatest poetry & that want is the want of his generation — the want of spiritual content. D. believes in nothing, is interested in nothing except it be good verse. What "Absalom & Achitophel" reminds one of, is a political platform speech, not of Burke who is Miltonic, but of Lord Beaconsfield — the same blend of dignity & elevation

with passages of direct, incisive, effective satire. D's poetry is oratorical, witty, satirical, weighty, felicitous. But the difference between such oratory and poetry or prose which the quality of poetry, the prose of Plato or Pascal, is just that which Arnold indicated: "their poetry is conceived & composed in their wits, genuine poetry is conceived & composed in the soul." Nothing is more easy than to exhibit & admire the brilliance of Pope or the power of Dryden. But Arnold's criticism is a criticism of the spirit, the imaginative vision in which their art is rooted. Mr Van Doren's own study is just Arnold's sentence "wit larger." For what those false lights, by which, he tells us, D. was for a time misled, but just the lights which lead on to great poets, the stars by which they sail — Imagination, Passion, Insight, Vividness? None of these Mr Van Doren will allow to D. nor the inner music of the best poetry. "D. was most at home when making statements ... the poetry of declaration." But is not this

just to give chapter & verse to make good A's criticism?
He never writes as one inspired by his subject in itself.
D's wheels grow hot with driving. His eulogies have
no relation to the worth of the objects. Of all the
Elizabethans Fletcher is D's true predecessor in
the combination of swelling rhetoric & spiritual emptiness.
Even as a satirist one feels that D's art is greater than
the temper that in Jonson or Mr. Butler, to say nothing of
Swift, is inspired by a deeper earnestness of passion,
a sincerer hatred of the hypocrisy he lashes. With D.
it is all business. Take "The Hind & the Panther" for
example. The question has often been asked, was D's
conversion to Romanism sincere? That is a question
between D. & his own conscience & God. From his
earliest writing to his conversion he had pandered
to Protestant prejudices or Catholic sympathies as was
likely at the moment to be profitable!

It is interesting to compare Jeremy Collier's "A Short
View of the English Stage" with Prynne's "Histrio Mastix

His attack does not come from a Puritan in the historical sense of the word but from a high-church man. In almost every respect C's work is superior to P's. (1) C allows that the drama has, at least theoretically, a function to fulfil "to recommend Virtue & discountenance vice". (2) C. is not so sweeping in his condemnation & does not consign Aeschylus, Sophocles, etc. to the fire. (3) C. has read the plays he condemns & has a shrewd wit of his own. The licentiousness of comedy which it is idle & impossible to defend on artistic grounds, is attacked by C. with point. "You have here a Man of Breeding & Figure that burlesques the Bible, Swears & talks Smut to Ladies, speaks ill of his Friend behind his Back & betrays his Interest". In truth the day of the Court as a shaping influence in literature was over. The lyrical & dramatic poetry of the Restoration is the last chapter in the history of Courtly literature. The town took the place of the Court & the taste of the town formed by & expressed in "The Spectator" for "The Tatler"

* So it seems literature & arts once foes to religion, now become allied with religion to assert the "tender-hearted" aspect of life against the "hard-hearted" materialistic, rationalistic sciences. An interesting change of roles! Prof. G. forgets to was at least for decency & reverence, & was also affected by a temper which was neither enthusiastic nor licentious but reasonable, moderate. The spirit of philosophical rationalism was before the end of the century on the way to become a more formidable foe to Christian orthodoxy than the licence of court life & literature. The conflict between the secular & the religious, of the world & the flesh with the spirit was to shift its terrain from literature & the arts to science & philosophy. But the 18th cent. an "age of reason" would not prove to be an age of final unbelief & secularism; the conflict of the 16th & 17th cents. was to end in the final victory of the secular. Rationalism would not prove able to supply humanity with a rounded philosophy of life. The Romantic Revival would reassert unsatisfied cravings; & if romantic hopes were soon disappointed we have lived to see the foundations of rationalistic materialism crumbling. *

* I point this out, the American Humanism from which Prof. G. makes a point of keeping himself clear, is a case in point. C.S.C.

The Poet as Citizen, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, M.A.
Preface: "Our concentration on Aesthetic tends more & more
of late to distract the attention from the essential in any
given work to let curiosity play upon the reader's
"resilience" or "awareness" which at once transfers
concern from the thing itself to So-&-So's ego, or upon
the private life of the author.
Never in history has a Poet starved because a
Philosopher said he should. — "Men ride their argu-
ments as children their horses. They put their leg over
a stick, run far afield, & make believe that the stick
has carried them". (E.S. Dallas)
Horace: "Many strong men lived before Agamemnon
but all those are pushed away into long night —
Unwept, unknown, lacking a divine bard."
Horace knew these bad poets & rather crudely insisted
on some physical characteristics, more irrelevant than
they should be — long nails & untrimmed hair;
Much in brown studies, in the bath-room rare.
(1) A "Tale of Two Cities": the attractive withdrawal of

Man's concern with his immediate duties to the city of his habitation in this life, by promise of a better citizenship in a New Jerusalem beyond his Ken. It belittles the importance of Men's civic responsibility here in a way that no Athenian, no Roman, would have understood. It leads inevitably to hermitages, caves, monasteries. (2) The poets of Greece & Rome had dealt with their gods as hail fellows. With the rise of Christianity, Poetry was switched out of this friendly & almost domestic play with its deities to transfer its affection to One Deity incomprehensible invisible, above frailty above argument, in the pure Arctic of His own & strict law.

Definitions are the devil in a world hag-ridden just now by scientists & as little applicable to the understanding of life or letters, as a book of "Rules of Etiquette" to the unconscious acquired habits of good-breeding.

While undoubtedly the impression of those families does take its mark from the poet himself, after he has passed it through the alembic of his genius, there may

*a good point.

Yet be a very sensible difference in process. In not one
the instance has the poet started from his individual
self: he has taken a commonplace easy to anyone,
referred it home, passed it thru the refining self
and re-issued it as ours.*

Outrageously we deal by poetry with our sordid little lives.
Is it there fit for them? or, as the tone more often
suggests, there intellectual pride, assuming the God,
hurls flies for our sport, watching them crawl?

Mr Eliot to be sure in his Preface ("After Strange
Gods: A Primer of Modern Heresy") frankly disclaims
& rejects argument, "to state a point of view & leave
it at that." This, reduced to plain terms, amounts to
no more than "I am not arguing with you: I am just
telling you". The attitude is a dogmatist. hardening in
successive books into this oracular attitude. While
elaborately endeavoring to define tradition & orthodoxy
to separate them, in practice he is mixing them up &
confusing both with religion & politics. "The relation

Eliot: "his (artist's) criticism will be criticism, & not the satisfaction of a suppressed creative wish"

between tradition & orthodoxy in the past is evident enough. But "the past" is surely the vaguest of terms. e.g. Orthodoxy "in the past" before & after the Council of Trent carried for Catholic Europe 2 very different meanings: do the orthodoxy under Protestantism. "The Maintenance of Orthodoxy is a matter which calls for the exercise of all our conscious intelligence". The "Maintenance" then will be conscious; but Orthodoxy itself "exists whether realised in anyone's thought or not." Orthodoxy again, is "continuous" & yet "a whole generation might conceivably pass without orthodox thought". When he goes on to insist that Tradition requires to be "formulated, corrected & elevated by the continuous thought & direction of the Church", I must cry halt. I doubt if the tradition of any communion can ever be "formulated". Tradition is at once too various & too delicate a thing to be caught, constricted within creeds by any Church. And then What & Which Church? The real answer to Mr Eliot's question

Austere, bone-bare

"Why is most religious verse so bad?" is, I should contend, precisely in so far as it has submitted to its own theory. Mr Eliot hated liberalism, & imposed upon a foreign audience a description of liberalism which he quoted at 2nd-hand from the invective of an unknown writer instead of Newman's "Apologia". I define liberalism as a habit of mind which exercises Man's right to think for himself. This claim for the free operation of Man's Mind has been the fount & inspiration of the greatest literature.

Newman: "In a language's earlier times, while it is yet unformed, to write in it at all is almost a work of genius. It is like crossing a country before roads are made, committed between place & place. The authors of that age deserve to be classics, not because of what they do, but because they can do it".

Nevertheless, by working on the evidence he [Aristotle] had, & working on the method of examining definite concrete works, he derived conclusions by which we can test

Shakespeare himself.
First, if he be doing that which his art can do & no other, or can do better than another. and Secondly, if he paid another's province, with what success?
(1) The painter can, by pencil & color, reproduce a vision which is almost immediately recognisable as a definite image; or, if more slowly, as a suggestive image. & he can do it at one remove. The poet works in words: & words are but hieroglyphics which need interpretation — presented at a 2nd remove! (2) A picture flashes itself upon the optic nerve, & the flash is carried straight to the brain. Poetry has to be conveyed in a thin succession of words, which must accurately be formed into their meaning by the reader. (3) The appeal of pictorial art is not only quick & direct, but universal. Prof. W. P. Ker: "In the other arts there is nothing like the curse of Babel... the divine Idea of poetry... is broken up among the various languages." The fragments of words belong to so many nations

To a Frenchman, the word "Patrie" carries with it a thrill which "Our Country" does not quite convey to us. To an Englishman The word "Home" conveys a passion for which the Frenchman has not even a word — of "Home, sweet home" & "Douce chez nous" of "家" in Chinese.

Many of us could instantly without expert knowledge take the impression of a Persian painting. How few of us have the apparatus to take in a dozen words of a Persian poem.

The subtler thought of Man in Philosophy or, blent with emotion in poetry, can not be standardised to a hard metal currency & made our medium of exchange. The more deeply one understands the original the more deeply he will despair of the result.

The Continuity of movement is the last redemption of literature from its handicaps against paint: it goes on: & merely by going on, it suggests life & challenges the arrested moment of any picture.

Rather garrulous. Shows a falling-off in power. but 2 or 3 two good ideas.

The driest of dry sticks.
Charles Whibley: The Underworld of Letters.
More Books on the Table, by Edmund Gosse, C. B.
tucked away at the back of everybody's brain.
Mr S Bradley compares Queen Victoria's Mind to a small
smooth Crystal pebble "without a flaw & without a beautiful
Mr Housman is the poet of desiderium, of the unconquerable
longing for What is gone for ever.
Wesley asked why the Devil should have all the good tunes.
the metre of Frederic Myers' "St. Paul" is ambidexterous
— each line can be treated as one of 4 ft or of 5, at
the choice of the reader..... Its Cantos do not progressively
build up a poetic structure, but might be shuffled in
a bag, & then rearranged with no loss of effect. The
poem was the harbinger of a summer that never came.
He seemed to be living in a Leyden jar "immersed
in thundering Chaos." His essay on George Eliot would
be perfect — if it were not a little over-perfect.
It dwells secure in the library, till the crack of doom.
Eliza was a sentimental & even a Shandean siren, peculiarly
fitted to lead silly old men on to the rocks. Long
after Steme's death she played the same

Their "Minces tristesses"

Mrs Henderson Daingerfield Norman's Dr. of
Rostand into English heroic couplet.

sport with another elder rake, the Abbé Rignal. Sterne
flung his hysterics wide-cast over England & his lamentations
were none the less genuine because he listened with
complacency to their melodious echo.

At a moment when French poetry had become elaborately
subtle Rostand astonished the world with his prodigal
simplicity. He went to Hugo, to Banville, to the early
pure Romantics, & chanted, Lalelike morning star, of the
joy of life in numbers intelligible to everyone. While
all the audiences of two hemispheres were applauding him,
the inner circle of his contemporaries excluded him
altogether. At the moment of the triumph of "Cyrano de
Bergerac", the "Mercure de France" pontifically stated
that R. excelled in one art, & one art only, that of
writing bad French.

Not one who had yet closely studied "A Doll's House"
& "Rosmersholm", & with sympathy & admiration, could
have written "The Pocket Edition" (a parody by Austey).

The person to whom Molière was accustomed to

Poets who are physicians: Rabelais, Lodge ("Rosalynde"), Samuel Garth, Mandeville, Arbuthnot, Armstrong, Akenside, Goldsmith, Sir Thomas Brown, John Brown, Keats, Robert Bridges, Conan Doyle, Dowden

to read his plays before they were performed was not an old servant-woman, but Nicholas de Bussy Marchions of Boissy (Emile Magne: Une Amie Inconnue de Molière).

M. Burdett in "The Idea of Coventry Patmore" holds that in the history of the spirit 3 attempts have been made to make love the basis of a comprehensive philosophy: Plato's which is confined to friendship, Dante's etherealised into a pursuit of Divine Wisdom, or sublimated adultery with the Troubadours. In neither Marriage was an element. This bachelor Aristide left the ground free for Patmore to propound a new philosophy based exclusively on marriage.

M. Bourget's novels were studies of fashionable society a little too murky & precious for everybody's taste, & dealing mainly with the spiritual agonies of frail ladies of title.

This is foolish to lay before Oliver Twist. To ask for a second helping would be as inartistic as an encore at the opera.

La femme fatale (宿命の女)

Blake's designs for Gray's Poems. discovered by Grierson.

With great reluctance we have been forced, by the investigations of Sir Sidney Lee & other scholars, to recognise that what we had been accustomed to admire as the harmony & sweetness of the early lyrists is but in a relative degree their own. Prof Grierson: "Overall the Elizabethan sonnets hangs the suggestion of translation or imitation." Often the lack of individuality is double or treble; we have English imitations of French translations, Drummond's version of Desportes' copy of Tansillo's paraphrase of some classic poet. But see in to what profundities Dome drops his plummet.

The Whole of Lamartine's "L'Immortalité" is steeped in the sentiment of Young's "Night Thoughts."

Whitman is an optimist; if he strips away the raiment of humanity it is to show the world how beautiful is the body beneath.

I only reflect on the change which has come over America since Mrs Lydia Sigourney clothed the legs of her chairs & tables in trousers.

Wilde was the extreme type of dweller in glass-houses. Thru the iridescence of the artificial world he lived in all illusions became possible to others & to himself even the illusion that he was a great creative poet. As a matter of fact, he told the truth when he said to Mr Gide that "I put all his genius into his life; he only put his talent into his writing." Much more did he deserve to wear the golden butterfly than Whistler who was a golden wasp. "For Love of the King" a play by Wilde based upon a tale in "Told in the Pagoda" sent to him by Mrs Chan Toon.

No one in Oxford recognised Arnold as a poet except Swinburne. A's own family thought his poems "silly." Clough was "in suspense" about "Sohrab & Rustum." J. D. Coleridge was positively "vicious". The reputation of Arnold as a poet had started in "The Germ". The Pre-Raphaelites happened on one of the 50 copies sold & nailed it to their banner.

It is curious that while Gosse points out Vigny's indebtedness to Byron in "Le Deluge" to Moore in "Eloa" to Milton in "Moïse" to Scott in "Cinq-Mars," he should overlook the resemblance between

French Profiles, by Edmund Gosse.

Preface: Foreign Criticism must not pretend to view the literature from the front; unless it is satisfied to be a mere echo or repetition, its point of view must be incomplete & indirect. Must be that [illegible] who paints a face in profile.

Alfred de Vigny: It is impossible not to feel in him a certain Anglo-Italian gravity & intensity, a certain reserve & resignation in the face of human suffering which distinguishes him from all other other French writers.

"J'ai fait illustre un nom qu'on m'a transmis sans gloire." He did not propose to Delphine Gay because she "laughed too loud." "Et la beauté du Monde attendait son enfance" ("Le Deluge"). He buried the memory of Mme Dorval under "La Colère de Samson."

"Des Mondes passent devant mes yeux entre un mot qu'on me dit et le mot que je réponds."

Mlle-Aïssé: Her life exactly fills the space between the death of Sévigné & the birth of L'Espinasse. During this period of nearly 40 years no woman in France wrote letters which could be placed beside theirs except our Circassian [illegible] poem & "Samson Agonistes." Mme Dorval in intrigue with Dumas

* & we might add today, "Prince of Wales"

It was Guillerages who said of Pelisson that "he abused the permission that men have to be ugly."

Jules Barbey D'Aurevilly in "Le Bonheur dans le Crime," he frankly confesses his partiality for "la plaisanterie légèrement sacrilège" & all the philosophy of d'Aurevilly is revealed in that rash phrase. It is not a matter of a wounded conscience expressing itself with a brutal fervor, but the gusto of conscious wickedness.

"Du Dandyisme et de George Brummell." "Un Dandy d'avant les Dandys." The type has been, as d'A. does not fail to observe, mainly an English one. He points to Beau Nash, to Byron, to Lord Yarmouth, to Sheridan, & above all, "à ce Dandy royal, S. M. George IV*." But the star of each of these must pale before that of Brummell. All other Dandies have hid their tongues in their cheeks. But d'A. is doggedly in earnest.

"La critique a pour blason la croix, la balance et la glaive;" that is a capital phrase on the

without a pang of remorse, a crumpled
rose-leaf in their felicity.

Lips of a reviewer who makes himself the appointed Catholic
censor of worldly letters. More of the host peeps out in
this: "La critique, c'est une intrépidité de l'esprit
et du caractère."
His style, which Paul de Saint-Victor described as a
mixture of tiger's blood & honey, is full of extravagant
beauty. He has audacious phrases which linger in
the memory: "Le Profil, c'est l'écueil de la
beauté." (Le Bonheur dans le Crime) "Elle avait l'air
de monter vers dieu, les mains toutes pleines de
bonnes oeuvres" (Mémoranda). He made a gallant
stand against old age, he defied it long with success
& when it conquered him at last he retired to his hôtel
to rest & died with stoic fortitude, alone, without
a friend to close his eyelids.
Daudet: It carries the thought back to Scarron
who "souffrit mille fois la mort avant que
de perdre la vie".
Jules Claretie: "un réaliste ailé". He did not

fall into the error of Zola in his "Symphonie of odours".
We talk of his affinity to Dickens, but that relation
is much more strongly marked in "Le Petit Chose", than
in any of Daudet's mature works. It is quite certain
from what he has pestered over & over again that
Daudet's knowledge of all English literature was
extremely exiguous. You could probably have drawn
it thro' the eye of a needle without crushing it.
The Short Stories of Zola: The short stories reveal a
Zola considerably dissimilar to the author of "Nana",
& of "La Terre", — a much more optimistic, romantic
& gentle writer. It is delightful to find Zola describing
his garret as "full of flowers & light, & so high up that
sometimes one hears the angels walking on the roof." All
is gentle irony & pastoral sweetness. During the whole
this tempestuous decade Zola heard the voice of Nature
calling to him from the leafy hollows, from behind the
hawthorn hedges, of his own dewy Provence — the
Coal Provence of earliest flowery spring. When he

caught those accents whistled to his memory from the past,
& could no longer resist answering them. He was accustomed
to write a little conte, light & innocent, & brief enough
to be the note of a cage bird from indoors answering
its mate in the trees of the garden. His little studies
of peat impression "Aux Champs" are touched with a
charm kindred to that of R. L. Stevenson. "Pour
une Nuit d'Amour" is an exception to the general
innocuous character of his short stories. Stories in
the 4th collection "Vers Miconlin" belong to the
finished period of Naturalism & seem more like
Castaway fragments of the Rougon-Macquart epos
than like independent creations.
A First Sight of Verlaine: Mr Henry Harland who
knows his Paris like the palm of his hand, offered
to become my Cicerone.
I thought his countenance very Chinese & I may perhaps
say here that when he was in London in 1894 I
called him a Chinese philosopher. He replied: "Chinois —
comme vous voulez, mais philosophe — non pas!".

M. Henri de Régnier is the solitary swallow that makes the summer for which M. Mallarmé has been so passionately imploring the gods.

Mallarmé went on giving us intimations of what he meant, never the thing itself. His published verses are mere fallings from him, vanishings. Blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised. In a letter to myself, he protested against the charge of being Lycophron: "excepté par maladresse ou gaucherie je ne suis pas obscur"! People, he found, were curious of what his poems meant when the interpretation was only dawning upon himself.

Rather heavy-handed & elaborate. none of the lightness of his later manner.

* a fine portrait of Brummell in "Four Figures" of Virginia Woolf's "The Common Reader" and

The Works of Max Beerbohm Works & More (The Bodley Head series)

Dandies & dandies? Grego's drawings reveal the spirit of Mr Brummell's day. Grego guides me, as Virgil Dante, thru all the mysteries of that other world. He shows me those stiff-necked, over-halled, wasp-waisted Gentlemen. [10] ..... In all known images of Brummell we are struck by the utter simplicity of his attire. The "Countless rings" affected by D'Orsay, the many little golden chains "every one of them slighter than a cobweb," that Disraeli loved to insinuate from one pocket to another of his vest, would have seemed vulgar to Mr Brummell. For is it not to his fine scorn of accessories that we may trace that 1st aim of Modern Dandyism, the production of the supreme effect thru means the least extravagant? In certain conquests of dark cloth, in the rigidity of perfection of his linen, in the symmetry of his glove with his hand, lay the secret of Mr B's miracles. [11] There have been dandies, like D'Orsay, who were nearly painters, painters like Whistler, who wished to be dandies. Mr B. was a dandy, nothing but a dandy,

He was ever most economical (most scrupulous) of means.

from his cradle to that fearful day when he lost his figure
& had to flee the country. Thrice every day of the year
did he dress, & 3 hours were the average of his every
toilet, & other hrs. were spent in Council with
the Cutter of his Coats or with the Custodian of his Wardrobe. A single, devoted life![13] Drank, for its own
sake he had no love. He wished merely to be
seen by those who were best qualified to appreciate
the splendour of his achievements. He patronised
all his patrons.

[13] That anyone who dressed so badly as did Carlyle
should have tried to construct a plutosophy of clothes
has[14] always seemed to me one of the most Rabelaisian things
in literature. "A dandy," he cried thru the mask of
Teufelsdröck, "is a clothes-wearing Man, a Man
whose trade, Office, & existence consists in the wearing
of clothes .... Wisely & well". D'un sérieux: "Le dandy
sme est toute une manière d'être et l'on n'est pas
que par la côté matériellement visible. C'est

17: Consider the Words of Count D'orsay, spoken on the eve of some duel, "We are not fairly matched. If I were to wound him in the face it would not matter, but if he were to wound me, ce serait vraiment dommage!"

looked like straight in the face out of the corner of his eye.

Une Manière d'être entièrement Composée de Nuances, Comme il arrive toujours dans les Sociétés très-Vieilles et très-civilisées."

16 So long as Civilisation compels her children to wear clothes the thoughtless Multitude will never acknowledge dandyism to be an art. Not until Nudity be popular will the art of costume be really acknowledged.... 17 Few remember that the dandy's vanity is far different from the crude conceit of the merely handsome man. Dm. is one of the decorative arts. A fine ground to work upon is its 1st postulate. And the Dandy cares for his physical endowments only in so far as they are susceptible of fine results. They are just as much to him as to the decorative artist is the illuminate parchment, the form of a white vase, or the surface of a wall whose frescoes shall be.

18 3 essentials of a Dandy: Physical distinction, a sense of beauty, Wealth or, if you prefer the term, credit.

20 In one way dandyism is the least selfish of all the arts. Musicians are seen & escept for a voice not

19. The aesthetic vision of a dandy should be bounded by his own mirror. A few crayon sketches of himself – délectissimae imagines – are as much as he showed ever do.

25 No woman has wounded his heart, though he has gazed gallantly into the eyes of many women, intent, I fancy, upon his own miniature there.
43. One of its immediate sequels was the incursion of American ladies into London. The English beauties were rather angry, especially with the Prince of Wales, whom alone they blamed for the vogue of their rivals. History credits His Royal Highness with many notable achievements: Not the least of these is that he discovered heaven. Only for a once may you read what poet have written. All painters are not so generous as Mr Watts. But the dandy presents himself to the nation whenever he sallies from his first door.
21 True dandyism is the result of an artistic temperament working upon a fine body within the wide limits of fashion. The dandy is the "child of his age" & must love contemporary costume. Thru this habit of conformity which it inculcates, the army has given us nearly all our finest dandies, Alcibiades, Brummell etc
35 1880: "History" it has been said, "does not repeat itself. The historians repeat one another."
36 Gossip (alas!) has been killed by the Press.
39 In fact, Beauty had existed long before 1880. It was 44 Mr Oscar Wilde who managed her début.
In 1880 arose the sect of "the Mashers" (derived perhaps from "Ma Chère" or "Dashing, Mashing") which recognised no art save the art of dress & was contemptuous of the aesthetes. 45 with feet like black needles.

53 George III on George IV: "A lie is ever ready when it is wanted." (太平老话至今犹用
稽谭不会张仲景数之云诒演至眼画便别说功言必黄旗必紫与谭毘邻
笑仙平康精文也)

46.
To give an accurate & exhaustive account of that period
would need a far less brilliant pen than mine.
King George IV: We never find Thackery searching for
the most juste as for a needle in a bottle of hay.
Could he have looked thru the certain window by the
river at Croisset or in the quadrangle at Brasenose
how he would have laughed! He blew on this pipe & words came right,
50 We have our societies for the prevention of this & the promotion of that & the propagation of the other.
Our sexes are already nearly assimilate. Women are
becoming nearly as rare as ladies & it is only at the
Music hall that we are privileged to see strong men
51 stop at every tavern on the road to curse the host for not keeping better ale & a stench of more
cham. 55 At these entertainments great ladies & courtesians
brushed beautiful shoulders in utmost familiarity.
58 There are some scandals that never grow old &
I think the story of George's married life is one of
them. It has 74. geo friends are generally the refuge of unsociable persons.
When he died there were found in one of his cabinets
more than a hundred locks of women's hair.
74 He did not merely sit in his chair gaping primely
at their wit & their wisdom, but guzzled with the scholars
& argued with the statesmen & jested with the wits.

Nero's Mistress Poppaea 书名 50 年出版
书名 the "painted anecdotes of the Academy."

The Perversion of Rouge: [80] We need but walk down any
modish street & peer into the bottle broughams that
flit past to see how wide a kingdom Rouge
reigns.
[83] Artifice's 1st command to them is that the blood deposit
with bodily activity, their powder will fly their enamel
crack. They are butterflies who must not flit if the
love their bloom [84] 84. Nero's is the resupinate sex. on her couch she is a goddess, type so soon as ever she put her foot to the ground—like the Camp of the is the veriest little effigy of a quite done for. She can't rival us in action.... Yet stop not them [85] faces become
[86] all the good things that will happen with the full
lined with thought; beautiful & without meaning are their faces.
revival of Cosmetics is that Art face will finally be
severed from soul. [85] Too long has the face been degraded
from its rank as a thing of beauty to a mere vulgar
[87] emotion. We have come to trouble ourselves, not with the
index of character. And the use of Cosmetics, the
Charm of colour & line, but with such questions as whether the lips were sensuous, the eyes full
masking of the face, will change this [88] of sadness, the nose indicative
If a bad Complexion be inexcusable to be ill-painted
of emotion... Physiognomy
degrades the face as the fingers do
Chelsea Pot-Boy
is unforgivable. [90] There is only one White Lily & Who
that has ever seen—as I have—a lily really well
painted could grudge the artist so fair a ground for
his skill.

94. Fashion has made Jezebel surrender her monopoly of the rouge-pot
96. Our Haukes should be given to Science for nibbling at the old danger that was latent in the use of Cosmetics. Nowadays they cannot be charged with any poisonous element, do harm to the skin that they make beautiful. Poor old Bo she no more sowing the seeds of destruction in the furrows of time, no martyr to the cause like Maria, Countess of
95 Coventry, that fair dame but infelix, who died from the effect of a poisonous rouge upon her lips.

Written by an artist [Ovid] who knew the allurement of the toilet and understood its philosophy. "Ars Amatoria" remains without rival as a treatise upon Artifice. In the Bodleian Library there is treasured the only known copy of a very poignant & delightful rendering of this one book of Ovid's masterpiece. By Wye
97 Waltonstall.

The white cliffs of Albion shall be ground to powder for Loveliness & perfumed by the ghost of many a little violet. The fluffy eider-ducks that are swimming round the pond shall lose their feathers that the powder puff may be moonlike as it passes over Loveliness lovely face. We shall spill the blood of Mulberries at her bidding.

Dimuendo: I was angry that Pater should beat English as a dead language, bored by that sedulous ape Whose work he laid out every sentence as in a shroud.
115 Even then

117 I found that life of the place [Oxford], like the

* Splendid. Every word is true!
Around me seethed swirls, eddies, torrents, violent cross-currents of human activity. The place had lost its charm & its tradition. Oh, it's not but a bit of Manchester than which Apollo had once passed over for Lesbos, among the hideous trams & the brand-new bricks. Here, glared at by the electric lights that hung from poles, screamed at by boys with the "Echo" & the "Star"! — here, in a rout of vulgarity were remnants of beauty. Here were old remnants. So splendid was the train-service between Oxford & London that the one had become little better than a suburb of the other. * shall write no more.
123 2 This page no longer stands.
1 Already I feel myself to be a trifle outmoded. I belong to the Beardsley period.[124] Indeed, I stand aside with no regret. For to be outmoded is to be a classic, if one has written well.

ideés mées of which he has the grace to be ashamed.

The Peace of the Augustans, by G. Saintsbury

If Dryden's verse does not reach the empyrean of Shakespeare or Milton, it goes oftener above the reach & range of any typical 18th-cent. poet.

Not so much self-admiration as complacent contempt of the past — witness Addison in "Epistle to Henry Sacheverell."

Dryden did not absolutely avoid overrunning; & he deliberately engineered variety by admitting the triplet the Alexandrine, and even the fourteener. His powerful and subtle manipulation of word-values & sound-places within the line brought about an effect, syn-thonic rather than antiphonal, which gave to the couplet much more the varied value of blank verse with rime than the monotony of Beaumont's regular tinkle of answering bells ("one verse must meet another like a chime").

This necessarily gave a balance on a hardly shifting pivot, & that balance in its turn was assisted by further corresponding arrangement of antithetic epithets & nouns in 2 halves of the line.

In the whole batch of periodical essays the conventional, the tendency to overdo the type, the neglect of light and shade, appear. But Addison himself frequently & others sometimes have transcended even this limitation, while the presence of it positively enhances the faithfulness of the whole picture of life.

Besides Swift's Misanthropy or "Misozoia", Byron's is mere Mountebank's Mummery; Shelley's is faint & joyful; Leopardi's & James Thomson II's suggestive of the "stock to be melancholy upon". Yet in S. there is never any raving or moaning. Except in purely popular pieces, he is always quiet. It is a common fact that children read «Gulliver» without any suspicion of its being other than a "funny book".... Something of the Yahoo, the Man has always latent in him.

"Journal to Stella"—a spontaneous overflow of nature only unconsciously conditioned by the irrepressible artistic genius of the writer.

Pope emphasized to the point of making a sort of Continuous

Crease down the page, the importance of the central pause;
he redoubled the antithesis in the 2 halves of the same
line; he increased the separation of the couplets; he
toned off the final rhymes to as slight a character as
possible; & indulged very seldom in trochees for iambs.
He practically never thinks for himself or sees for himself
while, except in some touches of personal affection or re-
sentment he scarcely ever feels for himself. With the
possible exception of "the Rape of the Lock," in the comic
to serve as pendant to "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady,"
in the tragic vein the whole of P's work may be called translation
But the clearness without meanness, the rhetoric without
bombast, the easy procession of the phraseology which never
"brings you up" with anything strange & yet never lets the
familiarity of its words down to the vulgar, the cunning
climax & arrangement — all these have a perennial
attraction. Perhaps there is a natural connection between
the two kinds of this dexterity of fingering — that of the
artist in words & that of the pickpocket or the forger.

"Jimmy the Just" who
Read, & accounted, & paid, & abated;
Eat & drank, played & worked, laughed & cried, loved & hated,
As answered the end of her being created — Prior.

If you ask the one question of Criticism, "Has Pope done what he wanted to do, & done it well?" You cannot refuse the answer "Optime!"

If he has not Pope's intense craftsmanship, Prior has something of the "behind the veil" touch that Pope never even hints at.

Young shows a tendency in the mind of the time which afterwards took the form of "Sensibility" & provided a return to Enthusiasm..... Elizabethan satire had been injured by the fact that the pattern chosen had mainly been Juvenal & Persius with the exaggerated moral indignation of both & the contorted style of Persius. Dryden's satire was unsurpassable but wholly political. It was Young who, taking the hint from Horace, Regnier & Boileau but mixing something of Addison's prose manner, produced & taught Pope to produce, the famous style of half personal, half social persiflage.

(1) Thomson's own "return to Nature" induced others to select the subject (2) some of the blank verse writers went to Milton himself & found there what T. had missed

make the best of both worlds (or both sides of this)

The charm of Shenstone's diploma-piece, the "Pastoral Ballad" is perennial. Those who are insensible to it show that they are callous in their sense of poetic beauty. Shenstone with a not contemptible supply of actual music, has combined with it, not merely sonnet & and obscure echo, but sonnet & a perfume sonnet & a faint individuality of line & color which no true critic will give to anyone who is not a poet.

In fact, rank for rank, poetry has hardly ever received more & rarely so much honor than in [illegible] this age of prose. But some one may interjaculate "Grub Street?" In the interval between Pope & Macaulay there was nothing that the 18th cent. loved so much as a type, & the type of the "distressed Poet" — warranted by Juvenal down to Murger — gave it what it wanted. In his essay on Johnson Macaulay mentions Savage & Boyse as two definite examples of the pure Grub Street type. Is there anybody who having critically & dispassionately read the works & the lives of these two persons, believes that

Godwin – Peacock & Pinchbeck Plato
in gross & in detail

"Grub St" had anyth. whatever to do with their misfortunes?
If G.S. had really been responsible for guarding the ignoble race of gutter-scribblers like those, one might take a new view of the matter, & say: "All honor to G.S.!" No time & no place, no rate of payment & no system of society will save a man who alternate idleness with debauch.
Your G.S. hero was ex hypothesi a genius who came to grief. People illogically converted the proposition. Indeed G.S. was not too stingy or hard, but a great deal too liberal to its supposed denizens.
It is enough to say that it was not till the alteration of prose style effected by Dryden that the prose novel could well have been written.
The Cowley Papers are not a novel; they are but the materials of one. Much has to be added in the way of mere connection; at least one indispensable figure. The Widow has to be called out of her present vague condition into actuality.
Defoe was the 1st Englishman to compose on the great

the present writer most frankly admits that he never reads books in any other place than his own house when he can possibly help it.

Scale, prose fiction which should possess an interest of story. Nothing would induce me to read "Clarissa" & "Grandison" again, except the want of the Post or money Official duty, or the absence of another book in prison, on a wet day in a country inn or under other circumstances when one must read or die. Even in these latter cases I think I might be enough like Lord Tottington to prefer my own thoughts for at least a considerable time.

Bunyan's greatest absurdities are set down with an Aeschylic Matter-of-factness, without the very slightest touch of tongue in cheek or wink in eye.

Hawkins' book is dryness itself: but not with the dryness of wit or wine.

The worst of the actual deficiency of detailed information as to his life before Johnson was & has been the invention & creation of a legend for which Macaulay is more responsible than any one else. Johnson never came within very many miles of the shadow of Grub Street till he was 28—

at which time a man's manners, habits & so forth are pretty well fixed. Before he ever saw G.S. he had shown signs, some of the worst physical & mental symptoms of that scrofulous constitution. Above all, indolence & irritability of temper were his constant companions — companions by themselves sufficient to ruin any man's chances. ... Sir S Meates, received all but 50 £s for translating Sarpi a translation which never was finished or published. It is in regard to this very period that J. told Boswell the well-known story about living on 30 £s a yr. Though he made little profit he actually received £1500 for the Dictionary in the Grub St. period. That he would have been as cheap at 5000 £ a yr as many modern Cabinet Ministers would have been dear at 500 or the 50 itself, is the present writer's heartfelt belief. But can we declare in honor & conscience, after examination of the evidence, that it was the out-of-joint'ness of the times, & not the faults of nature & will in the man, which brought about his penury?

Tourgaénieff: "the reversed platitude"
pococurantish

It is the acknowledgment of this magnificent common-sense passing into, & leavened by a melancholy wisdom, higher in its sphere but more restricted in its operation than the common sense itself. His aphorisms & deliverances generally are not so much "what ought to be thought" but rather as well expressed "though they have a good deal of that too, as- "what all should know, but none have yet observed".

The famous quotation from "Julius Caesar" "With Ben Jonson criticises, but cannot be found in the play- "Caesar did never wrong but with just cause". J's melancholy did not take the form of Misanthropy or rebellion; & he was also intensely religious - christian-stoic (He hopes for nothing in this world, & into glimpses at least the possibility of despair as to the other)

J. certainly contributed much to Goldsmith's poems; there is every probability that he at least revised much. The peculiar tone of historical melancholy is eminently his, and it appears nowhere else in Goldsmith.

Of real poetry, real romance, real mystery, & even real passion

over-innocence
super-simplicity — "the floating thoughts upon the surface of the mind."

of any kind he had no share — no inkling even. It is pretty certain that if Gray had not been a personal friend, Horace would not have admired his poetry.

Arnold had the most uncritical weakness for taking a catch-phrase & working it to death. "Gray never spoke out" said some unlucky friend at his death & A. seized on these innocent words, undoubtedly descriptive of a peculiarity of the living man in society & wrought them into a pervading scheme of Gray's life & literature.

If Cowper's range of subject is somewhat small-beerish it is the freshest small beer that ever came from honest malt & hops & pure water. All attractions except the — "Grand, Epic, homicidal, six-feet-high" diffuseness are there.

But the ancilla theologiae, philosophy, is more attractive, as has been observed of the wicked in an metaphorical relationship — the maid is better worth attending to than the mistress.

"Ode to Vicissitude" is the only piece where the poet really

Je voudrais boire tout le vin
Et baiser tout le monde
He adds his tears to the water that drowned the cat.
Uses a language essentially non-18th cent.
Common-place — "Vulgaire" in the French sense, in which Mme de Staël applied that word to Jane Austen.
Arnold bestows much higher & more evidently heart-felt praise on the far more artificial & inferior "Progress" Poesy "than on the "Elegy." It is impossible to assign to any two almost supernatural gift of exploding from the narrow case of a lonely word volumes of suggestion & association & beauty. But he has almost discarded the heavy & obsolete phraseology of his other ambitious poems. All is subdued, half-toned. Sunt lacrimae rerum but the tears are not accompanied by shrieks or gesticulations.
The most absurd explosion that Collins ever permitted himself — "Their eyes' blue languish". A palette of "languishes" ranging thro the spectrum order from red to violet, would indeed be interesting. Collins is full of phrases & passages that you can murmur to yourself for luxury & consolation.
Chatterton's bastard jargon —

* The Peace of the Augustans was included in the World's Classics. Bonamy Dobree in a review (Spectator, Oct. 4, 1946) writes: "A great man of letters... If we read Saintsbury —& we ate a good deal of the poorer if we do not — he lead him to get refreshment!. his masterly handling of ideas, a broad sweep of history, his ability in fusing profound & varied knowledge with what we all know, a spontaneous wedding of ideas, infusing prose with a quality of poetry. How much spirit & life in his tickly colored, variegated style!"

Of the great curse of the century — "Poetic diction" Cowper never got cured, & it was almost impossible that he should, since his later studies was mostly in Milton, the god who, by adventure with very inferior daughters of men, he begat that gigantic error*

* C. C. Knights in a sneering note on Saintsbury's Shakespeare: "G. S. is likely to remain a myth for years to come — it is said that in his old age he had to be fed on Ph. D. Theses: he had read everything else. What such reading amounted to is a different matter." (The Criterion April 1935, P. 533).

He has vetted every line of the book
her slow burning blush smothers her like a
hot blanket.

* Speaking from Personal Acquaintance.

Criticism, by Desmond MacCarthy.

By way of A Preface: What is The Critic? That he is only one kind of reader among thousands is obvious, & that he is the most useless of writers unless his faculty reaches a rather rare degree of excellence is obvious. A Critic is one who has been given a pass-key into many rooms in the House of Art on condition that he does not dwell in any one of them.

Samuel Butler: He believed that compromise was the guide to life: every philosophy was nonsense when ridden home, & every moral ideal which outsoared the practice of average good men was suspect.

Butler's sense of humor often performed the service for him that dove did for Noah in the ark. It flew out into the unknown, brings back to him an indication that he would soon find solid ground beneath his feet. Things would occur to him 1st as jokes which afterwards impressed him as perfectly true.

*Though he was a great adept at poking gentle fun at people, he never snubbed them or scored off them,

For the shame of Samuel Butler, Shaw did much, I did a little, & Festing Jones most of all.

It sprang from his dislike of overbearingness. He liked mediocre humdrum peoples; they were at any rate freer from this odious sin than the intellectual & successful.

The importance of money as the means to a good life is a theme which B. vehemently emphasised. "Gold, or the value which is equivalent to gold, lies at the roots of Wisdom." (Note Books, P. 172). "The good swell is the creature towards which all nature has been groaning & travailing together until now. He is an ideal. He shows what may be done in the way of good breeding, health, looks, temper & fortune. He realises men's dreams of themselves, at any rate vicariously." (N. B. PP. 35-6). His distrust of ideals accounts for his depreciation of Plato, Michelangelo, & Beethoven.

He never fell in love with a woman; women represented a necessity for which he paid. The sex impulse was unusually strong in him from boyhood to old age, & he canalised it in that prosaic way which some men adopt who dread emotional disturbance in their lives. To the woman who figure

as a Madam" in his biography. When he used to visit twice a week, he did not even tell his name until he had known her for more than 10 yrs. So great was his caution, so entirely had he dissociated intimacy from such relationships. Nature took her revenge. The divorce between flesh & feeling lead in his case to one or two of his friendships being flushed with an emotion he hardly understood himself, & would have repudiated if he had— at least one gathers this from his book on Shakespeare's Sonnets— but was his friendship with Paul.

Santayana: While I am reading Mr S. I feel wiser than I have ever felt before, but when I try to impart that wisdom to someone else I cannot lay my hands on anything transferable. It is as though I had been dipped in fairy gold. A day or two ago, there, in the palm of my hand lay a round, engrossingly-minted piece of wisdom which I remember carefully putting away in my pocket: but now I dive & fumble in vain!.... There is a quality in his writings which induces passivity in his readers

He is so heavely sure of himself, so elegantly & sympathetically dogmatic, so indulgent to the prejudices of others, so frank in calmly maintaining his own, that it seems crude to ask him sharply what it all comes to. He is so round a man.... The 2 tests that he applies to a poet are (1) has he succeeded in creating or suggesting a rational coherent ideal that life has revealed. Even if he failed to attain it ☹, what is the value of this ideal to human beings? Those who excite and entertain by the use of rare, elliptic phrases are mere euphuists in his judgment, & euphuists, compared with the great poets, are as goldsmith & jewellers are to architects & sculptors." Poetry is not at its best when it depicts a further possible experience but when it initiates us, by feigning something which as an experience is impossible, into the meaning of the experience which we have actually had." We suspect him of often looking thro the wrong end of the telescope at objects which, as you may recall, gives a picture of them small & clear

bubble your private dreams.

"Prisons of flesh:"

but much diminished in size. He sees proportions more clearly than he feels magnitudes. He judges all things from an emotional distance. His scepticism keeps him equidistant from all things .... His Muse is the ghost of the Muse of a lesser Leopardi, a smaller Arnold. He sighs, but he never wails. When in the opening of a sonnet he asks us—

What riches have you that you deem me poor,
Or what large comfort that you call me sad?

it is not very easy for most of us to reply.

Donne: You cannot tell after how many knocking of flinty conceits together, the spark of genius will not glitter at last, bright—"As lightning, which one scarce dares say he saw,
'Tis gone so soon"

Often they are more explosions in a void, fading to ignite what follows.

"In leading a life of action Donne was continually frustrated. Indeed the greater part of his biography consists in the story of vain efforts to get his hands upon the gear

world. One thing stands out from his story: he never wanted to be either a priest or a man of letters. His ceaseless scrutiny of the machinery of human nature made him watchful of the subtle interaction of sense & spirit in himself as a lover, & the results of his observation made him impatient of idyllic poetry. Self-analysis & his impulse to reach the quick of every emotion coupled with his own intimate experience that fidelity to fact was the liberating condition of his own ecstasy, made the typical Elizabethan love-lyric seem to him tame & untrue. The hearts of such lovers, he thought "lived ten regions from their tongues".

"Love's not so pure, & abstract, as they use
To say which have no Mistress but their Muse".

He has written unforgettable poems, in which lust roars upwards, like a blazing fire, & in others he has touched the bright outward & pointed flame where it just quivers into air. Elegy XVIII "On his mistress going to bed" is one of the few fine lust poems in English lit.

"As lightning or a taper's light
Thine eyes & not thy noise wak'd me" — "The Dream." Donne

When we turn to the religious poems the 1st thing that [redacted] us is the monotony of the experience expressed. They are a contrast to the love poems; no such complexity of intimate personal experience is to be found in them. Browning: His early champions had underestimated the attractiveness of his preoccupation with religious & moral questions & overrated the drawback of his "difficulty." To the surprise of this band of brothers, B. became popular. His conceptions of God the universe were simple, cheering, robust & summary but the processes of his thought, his darting flashes of intuition, his enormous power of accumulating arguments, hints, facts, metaphors & welding them all into some sort of manageable mass, to be finally sent bowling down the hill like a great snowball growing larger & more formidable as it gathers impetus — these qualities made him more impressive than many more penetrating thinkers. He seldom attempts to express anything so vague as a mood. Passion is the right word for the

* all from Santayana: Essay on "Poetry of Barbarism"

Emotion which he expresses best; for on the one hand, that emotion is always imaginative & never degenerates into lust. While on the other, it never passes beyond the actual into a contemplation of beauty itself. His mind was keenly speculative, but in the temper of it was something antagonistic to that passion for order, certainty & reason which makes the thinker. He loved a world lit by broken, vivid lights than a clear. To him the mere spectacle of the ceaseless activity of man's will was itself an abundant satisfaction, while to the science of ends he was comparatively indifferent. He rejoiced in the big, blooming, buzzing confusion of the world. What does it matter, he seems to say, if the object be of little worth; it is the thoroughness of man's striving that is his glory. * Petmore: "My love not only dares the most searching light of philosophy, but requires it." Poetry was "splendor veritatis," "truth in the glory of its shining." Here is something in the spirit of Protestantism itself inimical to celestial passion; if it is in the expression of awe

& submission rather than of love that its poets have excelled. Yet to P. the ultimate goal of spiritual life, the union of God & the Soul, differs only in intensity & completeness, not in kind, from the most perfect imaginable union between lovers. It follows that the vocabulary of human passion is the one approximation to a language fit to express the supreme experience. "The most ardent lover is rather epigrammatic than lyric." Yeats: Read a poet as though he were the only poet, the inventor of poetry & then, only then, remember what other poets have done ..... He began as the poet of the Celtic Twilight. As time went on a change came over his manner – witness "A Coat":

I made my song a coat
Covered with embroideries
. . . . . .

For there's more enterprise
In walking naked.

T. S. Eliot: What distinguishes him first from other imag-

valors in verse to-day is his knowledge & his respect for literary tradition. He constantly looks over his shoulder to see how far he has travelled & he is always searching the path before him for the foot prints of predecessors. Both Mr E. & Mr Pound share the American love of bric-a-brac — witness their display of poly-glot & out-of-the-way erudition. In this as well as in their passion for adapting the vivid colloquialisms of contemporary speech to poetic purpose, they are descendants of Browning — cf. Fitzgerald's phrase on Browning: "That old Jew's curiosity shop". Now Browning's curiosity-shop is a huge, rambling place, cobwebby crammed, Rembrandtesque while Mr E's reminds one of those modern curio-shops in which a few choice objects are set out at carefully calculated distances on a neat cloth in the window. They are echoes tuned to a new context which subtly changes them. He does not steal phrases; he borrows them for their aroma. — to draw a subtle whiff across

Writers: Prophets, Priests & Purveyors
↓ ↓ ↓
Tolstoi Milton Shakespeare.

our Minds.

"Beckford en Beckfordium" — "Beckford", says Mr Sacheverall Sitwell, "is the most soothing subject for a nostalgic mind to contemplate." He becomes the patron in spirit of the imaginative who are not content to live in the imagination.

Gandhi: "India's attitude towards England is like that of an adolescent daughter who can live neither with nor without her mother." It seems rather ominous that he should already see in Proust's attitude towards experience a reflection of his own. Spontaneous response to life alone can nourish creation: he is too young to put up the Proustian shutters & regard the outside world as existing only for the sake of its reflection in his private Camera Obscura.

Why the greatest can survive a Boom. But a Boom for a middle-aged man like me who has already expressed himself is simply fatal. It may mean a year or so of big cheques & gratifying fuss, but afterwards

heart-breaking, draggle-tailed disappointment. Boom! There is something ominous in the very word. Boom! Boom! Boom! Listen, it is the sound of a cannon shattering reputations! Like Wordsworth's cloud, the literary sahib "moves all to gather if you move at all." They ever exalt their Chosen One to a pitch past bearing by those who Compare & remember. They cannot Expect the satisfaction that a little dark pot-bellied squat-legged image negroid art gives them, without declaring that Phidias is a duffer. Their minds are like little buckets which must be emptied of enthusiasm before they can be filled again.

Now the way to avoid going about in this miserable hang-dog fashion is to publish. Publish early, publish quickly. Let the cat out of the bag! As long as it is in the bag you will hardly be able to keep yourself from caressing it as though it were the most magnificent of tigers.

Those most contemptuous of literary estimates which

are based on morality, cannot disentangle their own moral convictions from their literary judgments. She who flushes with indignation on hearing the adjective "foul" applied to "Ulysses", will the next moment be heard applying the same epithet to Kipling.

Ruskin & Carlyle both possessed in a remarkable degree the whole cluster of talents which may help to make the novel glorious, except the one all-important, absolutely essential talent. They could not invent. Carlyle wrote his facts, his sensations, his characters gave him; he never became an historian. Ruskin required a work of art, a castle, a cloud, a mountain, a tree to release his imagination. Invention seems rather more common in novelists who make no pretence to be artists or critics of life; & the result is that their novels are often better than those of writers endowed with aesthetic sensibility, ideas & psychological insight. Reviewers & critics are seldom people with a talent for invention. On the other hand they are usually appreciative of literary ability & cleverness.

Keep your powers of description in reserve for the vital moments; they will tell with double effect if the narrative in which they are set is a little bleak. Don't stimulate the reader's optic nerve before you really want him to see something. In modern novels the station platform at which the heroine alights is often more vividly described, & actually remains more clearly in the reader's memory than the important scenes in the story. Your powers of description may not enable you always to rise to your great moments, but that would ~~always to rise to your great moments~~, would not be so painfully obvious if your portrayal of a cat on a heathrug on the preceding page were not a miracle of word-painting.

Imagine a woman just finishing arranging her hair for a party. You will find (if your patience holds out) that you have no difficulty in filling 3 pages of print with circumstantial details about the mirror, the dressing table, etc; but try to describe in a sentence

in a gesture the placidly-critical expression of a pretty woman giving the last pat to her hair before slipping off her dressing-gown, & you will find it extremely hard.
The attempt to reproduce in print the very texture of consciousness leads Mr Joyce to record, in page after page, the jabbering — I cannot call them sub-human, but they are certainly sub-rational — of the idiot or flat-headed savage who talks unheard in the backward abysses of our minds, & sometimes screams audibly in delirium.
The moment we dig down to the semi-conscious thought-stream in human beings, individuality tends to disappear. Psycho-analysis has had a bad effect on fiction because it offers easy short-cuts to psychological profundity —
Proust. It is the longest novel in the world, & yet there is no reason why it should not be ten times as long as it is. P's method rests upon a postulate that the whole of every life not only his own, but those of others lies spread out before the observer; so that while he

Contemplating a situation, say, in someone's middle life, the artist can look before or after, & see not what had happened & what was about to happen to that person or to himself. His novel resembles anything rather than a building, a pattern, or a picture; it is more like a plant, & such a plant as the prickly-pear in which leaves grow out of each other instead of from the branches attached to a stem.

P. has been too much set upon catching every association as it wings its way across his mind & upon pinning it down at once, to care how much he is complicating the drift of his sentences. The peculiarity of P.'s style does not check his own impressions by the common stock of experience which mankind has accumulated!... It is only afterwards that he knows what has happened to him. He only sees clearly in looking back. ~~Hardy~~ "Les vrais paradis sont les paradis qu'on a perdus". He is never conscious of the value of anything till its absence or destruction

a forms him that it was very precious to him.... It is an extraordinarily complete account of the life of an intellectual artist; of his unceasing efforts to comprehend existence & define impressions. His pursuit of any particular gleam of beauty is an object-lesson how to make the most of those moments when we are contemplative artists ourselves. ... It has often the pathos of the man who has been debarred from all action, of one whose sensitiveness is so acute that his responses are abnormally retarded. His own temperament made him exaggerate the importance of homosexuality. The proof that P. is not really a snob is that he never identifies "good" with "good form".

The note of English aristocratic society is self-confidence. In France it seems* to be a restless anxiety to make others aware that they are themselves entitled to peculiar respect by behaving either with an exaggerated affability or with covert insolence. In England, this is rather the mark of those who are on the climb, than of those who

* according to P.

* good point. P. is spatially ~~Continuo~~ extended
Woolfe-Joyce is temporally disconnected.

were born out the top. P's aristocrats strike me as having the social outlook which, in England, is the mark of the déclassé snob.

It is not a stream of time bearing all away with it. It is rather a whirlpool in which people & incidents revolve, vanish & come back, are whisked away & return again. He treats time as though it were a static element, in which he juxtaposes scenes arbitrarily as though they were rather in space.*

Fielding, when reading Richardson must have felt like a dog reading a book written by a cat.

He is a Peter Bell of letters; to him a primrose is a primrose, nothing more. His [David Garnett's] invention is fantastic, but his imagination is matter-of-fact.

Aldous Huxley: All authors are musical-boxes which play a limited number of tunes; sooner or later their readers become aware that they are listening to variations on tunes heard before

benign labricity of anatole France.

He has diagnosed subtly & mercilessly the disease of Modern self-consciousness, & described the ignoble comic falsifications of emotion which result from them. He stands out as the most widely cultured of modern novelists. What is disconcerting is the contrast between the extraordinary many-colored richness of the light he pours upon his subjects, & that these subjects are taken from small & stuffy corners of the big common world of experience. He is the most universal of novelists in his reference & one of the most limited in focus. His constant theme is love & sex, & the result of his investigations is dissatisfaction & disgust. The failure of the intellectually honest to fall in love romantically, & the failure of the frankly canine to get satisfaction without romance, the lovers who try to drag their feelings up to emotional heights, & those who endeavor to satisfy instinct without committing their emotions — He is a merciless analyst of emotional play-acting. He is an Anatole France only far more learned.

* Philip Quarles in "Point Counter Point." It hurts of on himself "wide & intellectual" not "solid & deep".

You praise the firm restraint with which they write —
I'm with you there, of course:
They use the snaffle & the curb all right,
But where's the bloody horse? —Roy Campbell

D. H. Lawrence: Like Carlyle, he valued earnestness, a state of feeling in himself, more than truth. Both, as writers, were the victims of their own passionate garrulity. There was a certain shallowness in all he wrote. Lawrence was just as dogmatic, just as sure that everyone round him was either sick or dead.

His peculiarity as a writer is that he succeeds so extraordinarily in responding with his whole body to what is before him. Possessed as he was by this imaginative craving for the closest contact with life, it was inevitable that the act of physical union between man & woman should for him the central experience.

How to preserve an inner integrity & hold themselves together in spite of rejecting all rules of thumb in conduct, and how to prevent sexual life degenerating into sensation now that belief in prohibitions is going. He has attempted to express the Lucretian poetry of lust. If he did convert the world, two things would disappear from it: the love-lyric (especially the "Du bist wie eine Blume"

sentimental lyric on purity) & the smoking-room story. There is an overwhelming emphasis in all Lawrence's work upon the physical, & he so dreads to allow the contemplation or even the recognition of beauty of character in a love-relation. He has to wrestle with the deficiencies of language our sex-vocabulary being composed of two equally distorting sets of words, one scientific & therefore useless for conveying emotion, & the other of the gutter with the wrong associations.

Rousseau's "noble savage" was a creature who, had he been a racehorse, might have been described as by the Savoyard Vicar out of Mme. de Warens; Tolstoy's the religious & resigned peasant; Whitman's, any young bus-conductor, hatter's assistant, or tripper to Coney Island (provided his friend) was more to him than his wife. While Lawrence's "noble savage" is a being of whom no conception was possible before the researches of modern anthropologists & sex-psychologists.

Of Gertrude Stein: Certainly more downright nonsense will

pass as wonderful today than ever before. The "dread
of offending against the Unknown Beauty" has
never exercised a more paralysing effect on
criticism. The wind of inspiration bloweth where
it listeth; & the fact that these passages are from
exercises in "Pitman's Commercial Typewriting Manual"
cannot rob this other artist of his need of fame.
Automatic, repetitive work: "Are these Six or Another
Question?" is the 157th poem which consisted entirely
of the repetition of its title. "Composition as Explanation" (Hogarth Essay); if the word "Explanation"
raises hopes, you will be disappointed.
The recent movement in painting originally had
for its defence the reasonable theory that the merit
of a picture does not depend upon its subject:
that seemed safe & sensible. We assented. But if
the subject was indifferent, why need it be recognisable when painted? Logically we could not complain.
We were reluctant to say with the Rev. Dr. Opinion

"I must take pleasure in the thing represented before I can derive any from the representation," so we were next asked to accept the dogma that so far as aesthetic emotion is concerned drawing & painting have nothing to do with representation.

The Goncourts: "The Beautiful is What seems abominable to uneducated eyes. The Beautiful is What your Mistress or your Cook instinctively finds hideous." "L'art n'est pas chose populaire encore moins 'poule de luxe' ... l'art est d'essence lointaine". Note the Hatter implicit in it. He will henceforth feel lifted above his fellows proportionally as the disagree with him. Those who put their faith in the verdicts of the few often present a comic spectacle when the many come round to their opinion. Like watching the ups & downs of reputations I have often found myself exclaiming "Ah! The rats are leaving the Hodting ship!" (++) Those who use the argument that the majority have been always unintelligent in the

the past omit to mention that they themselves often despise the same works which the majority once abused. Though it is lamentably true that Coleridge & Wordsworth were ridiculed, so was Mr Bowles. Even when minorities & majorities agree the corroboration may be valueless, for a work of art may be enjoyed at different levels — Hamlet, for example.

Balzac's "Contes Drôlatiques" were written in the style of the "Conteurs Gaulois" of the 16th. Cent. & they are very good pastiche. Indeed from the point of view of style, they are the best-written of his works. As a rule he is a most unnatural, pretentious, turgid, ugly writer; but in the "Contes Drôlatiques" he did for once write stories in a style which had quality. Without quality the rollicking lubricity of these stories would be flat & vulgar; without racines of phrase the world send no one's spirits up.

Joyce: He tells us he wrote his book to cure sick people with laughter. "A Portrait of the Artist as a

Young Man" throws light upon "Ulysses". It enables the reader to measure the depth to which a superstitious horror of the body & sex has been branded into his mind & explains why passages which appear pointedly nauseous in "Ulysses" came to be written: To the author they represent the most difficult spiritual victories over private inhibitions. The thing that spoils "Ulysses" as a work of art is that it is far too much a self-administered purge. There is wit in it, but to laughter only an approximation — a croak or a derisive snigger. ... He has only in common with Rabelais a gust for words & an exuberant command of them. ... Nietzsche's writings are spoilt by being obviously cathartic, so are M^r Joyce's & Huysmans' novels. Is his object to put life under a magnifying glass & show its very texture the stuff it is made of? M^r J. employs a far stronger glass, & devotes a vast book about 24 hrs; one sees the carpet from the point of view of a beetle.

Proust traces to the last tiny filament-root the sources of his impressions of joy or disgust

The importance of Mr J's work lies in its being a tremendous effort to stylise the contents of the sub-conscious. In this effort lies the difference between Mr J's work and Miss Stein's automatic writing. But are words capable of expressing wordless states of mind? He has therefore invented a language in which he hopes such expression is attainable.

In simpler ages bare assertion was sufficient to create conviction; description was unnecessary. The name for each thing was judged sufficient to evoke it in its reality. The hero came to a wood, a stream an inn — as the case might be; if he was afraid it might be mentioned that the wood was "dark" etc. Moods were treated in the same laconic fashion.

The Pleasures of Poetry, by Edith Sitwell.
Introduction: Shakespeare's songs when taken from their
Context, are dwarfed, & it is to my feeling, desecration to
separate the sonnets, & to take them from their exact place.
The pattern is broken — The Parthenon is in ruins.
The English, in their cunning over the matter of poetry, have
adopted the idea of equivalent syllables, that system
which produces more variations than any other devices.
Bridges: "It was Milton's artifice that helped to introduce
the metrical equivalence." Then, again, there is the system
of elision, that other device giving variation to the line.
Dr B. reminds us that elisions were more common
in Shakespeare than in Milton, who only used 4.
Pope goes from the heavy blundering appalling gait
of a world's stupidity into the formless softness of
the worm. Pope gives us a million ecstasies of the
difference between summer breath of wind, between
the secrecy of dew falling & the poignancy of the 157
heavy drops of rain. And these differences are not
produced by imagery, or by a change of structure, but

* Emotionalistic! Caught unawares. Cf. P. 62: "People whose looking for poetry is a purely sentimental one, are unable to believe that beauty is not dependent upon subject alone." But Miss Sitwell talks as if beauty were dependent upon by texture.

Certain blind people are enabled to know whether it is night or day simply by the sensation of the different lights upon their skin. The sense of touch is always of particularly acute sense with a poet because of the necessities of texture. The reason why Matthew Arnold fails entirely as a poet is that he had no sense of touch whatsoever. Nothing made any impression on his skin.

Herrick

There is no poignant emotion in these poems*; all his funeral songs are only for the passing of a honey bee, dead in the lap of delicate snows of roses.....
I know of no poet — not even Milton & Pope — who could manage substants better than Herrick.... as though the cherry were made heavy by that rich weight of dew. "Corinna's Going a Maying" is a coarse poem. because the short lines do not melt into the longer as they should.

A Laocoön entanglement S's.

texture alone.

Dryden's victims are not so much impaled (as are Pope's) in an everlasting, moving, heaving Hell of lava, as made into a thick & world-wide mud pudding (the supreme epitome of soulless matter), or buried alive beneath an immense tumbling fall of mountain. Dryden seems not so much to clear himself to a world's height & crash down on his victims from the very heavens (like Pope) as to be in the state of Goya's "Giant Dancing." He heads on these insects, & they are gone. Down comes the mountain upon Og & Doeg & nothing is left of them. Sporus still flutters dirtily impaled on Pope's terrible satire; but all that remains of Og & Doeg is the mountain which is their monument.

Great Branch

Pope's "Dunciad": "My hand, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all"
Dryden's "Amboyna": Till, at last, the sapp'd foundation fall
And universal ruin swallows all".
Pope's "Odyssey" (Bk 20. Line 357): "But universal night
usurps the pole" (Ringalls & mist over it) The sun died out

* Miss Sitwell talks as if they consisted of texture alone.

* G. W. P. Ker: "Form & Style in Poetry".

The pleasures of poetry are of the spirit & the mind & the heart, but not of these alone, for they are also the delights of texture, sight, & hearing.* Poetry is neither conceived in the wits alone nor in the soul alone; it is a matter also of the blood, of the surface of the skin, as well as of the heart & pulses. People frequently mistake a dislike of physical life, nurtured in some priggish solitude in an unaided study for the dark & lonely voice of the soul. Prof. Saintsbury in his "History of English Prosody" shows his unbounded learning not only as the learning of the schoolroom but as the experience of the happy gardener*. Now he advises gathering the flowers, now he advises pruning the fruit-trees. Sometimes again he becomes like a child in wide strange gardens — a child who has a thousand pleasures & will pause at the fall of the day .... Keats' rich & dewy fruits ... Even his perpetual quarrel with the limp & weak-backed Mr Browning is a pleasure.

* Goodness gracious! Led away by her "higher sensualism" this is certainly to take a greasy-catfish or kittenish view of a tyger! "soft"!

My own feeling for poetry is anything but platonic: I have never found myself "liking" any poetry. Keats could hardly be counted as an innovator in structure. In his "Endymion" I find a resemblance in form & feeling to Pope's translation of Odyssey — although Keats, no doubt, would have denied this in a fury.

"Dewy bosom of a bird" "Sweet May dews".

In the "Tyger" Blake uses thick consonants (soft* like the fur of the tiger)

Words meant little or nothing to Wordsworth. When he followed his written principles, his dullness was incredible.

Swinburne is a great poet, & some of FitzGerald's translation must be called great poetry. Nor can we withhold this word from certain of Tennyson's & of Poe's lyrics, unless we believe that greatness is a matter of size alone.

A lovely poem with no philosophy is preferable to a bad poem with philosophy. This is not, as a rule, understood.+

+ Quite so. But the 1st clause of the 1st sentence should not be taken literally.

a typical example of hyper-sensitive autosuggestion," as though under the influence of gas, Reed into the word properties which belong to the thing for which the word stands.
"The feeling of the roundness & the ripeness" of the fruit, of the dew!" "A feeling of dew falling on those round ripe leaves."
Rossetti's poems are too extraneous, too conscious, too conscious, too inflated in feeling though not in form, too fat in texture.
Tennyson's "Tears, idle Tears", heavy & dark as if weighted with dew.
In "Pine-apples, blackberries" ("Goblin Market") the word "Pine" is high & assertive, sinking again into the misted "blackberries". In "Apricots, Strawberries," the word "apricots" is a very full & ripe sound; "strawberries" is a darker, more secretive sound, as though, like the fruit itself, it were hidden under leaves.* bringing a sense of sharp, cold dew.
Emily Bronte's poems are as inferior & as manish as her novel is instinct with fire & passion.

Determined, David & Bone

Carlyle 比为 Darwin 更 quick. C. 无色彩，故不能美感；
无妻以失机，而死。

Contemporary Portraits, by Frank Harris

When Ste-Beuve compares Flaubert with Eugène Sue & George Sand, it is as if a man of science tried to classify an eagle with a bat or a finch.

Carlyle: The river shone like a ribbon of silk in the luminous air.

All the ladies buzzed about him like bees round a dish of sugar. "I see no reason to doubt yr theory, Darwin; but how we're to prevent this present generation from devolving into apes?"

Renan: Fat kindness & ample tolerance.

Comparing Paul with Jesus he says "He had not His adorable indulgence: His way of excusing everything: His divine inability to see the wrong. Paul was often imperious"! "Paul was an ugly little Jew."

Just as Renan has made Jesus beautiful, so he has made him heroic. But he is the conscience & not the courage of humanity, the impulse of the plant upwards to the light, & not the struggle of the plant with other plants to live. Those Parisian touches of irony

W. asked for Swinburne's article, hence his attack of S. was an outrageous response to an act of kindness.
*也Harris好宣习，也胜50次.雅一胜. Frightened out of fear
—"One can't live up to being always a son of God"—were revolting mistakes in the life of Jesus—a theme no one should approach save on his knees.
Whistler: "Pompous pretension & solemn silliness".
"He forget himself, but then he is quite right to forget what isn't worth remembering".
W's pettiest fault was that he had a poor memory for kindness done.*
"to take the buffets & rewards of life with equal thanks".
Davidson: He was down in the dumps.
Middleton: Heine: "I stand on the topmost wave of all the culture of my time"!
Sir Richard Burton. Catholic in his admiration & loving for all greatness, it was the abnormalities & not the doings of men that fascinated him
tossed a small post to him as a bone to a dog.
Do you remember the cage at Dachau, in which an ordinary man could not stand upright or lie at ease. Places under our government today are

What does he know of India! Poor man. What does he even know of himself!

Judging from the paper on "Arnold" it seems that Arnold got the idea of "saving remnant" in America from a typist to Harris!

Cages like that to all men above the average size."

Arnold: Grafted on Puritan hypocrisy is British snobbery — witness his regret at the publication of Dowden's "Shelley", his condemnation of Keats' "love letters", & his contempt of Heine's "Byronism" & condemnation of Faust as "seduction drama".

Kipling had the longer wind, though Maupassant plunged deeper into life.

Verlaine: "I could never understand how that Clergyman & Shakespeare could be of the same race"! Cf. "Harris as a Contemporary" in J. Kingsmill: "Frank Harris".

Some shrewd points. Most anecdotes doubtful. always ridiculous in Comparisons: e.g. France's Abbé Coignard as the "one organic figure since the Bazarov of Turgenieff." "Swinburne is What Shakespeare must have been" "No greater figure in English literature than Meredith except Shakespeare himself" Knowledge of foreign literature superficial, e.g. "German lit. weak in romantic elements"! Only the contempt of Goethe was good.

*& E. did write "The Conduct of Life" which according to R. Garnett whose book on E. Nicoll puts at the top of all G's writings, contains "good sense and practical sagacity."
A Bookman's Letters, by W. Robertson Nicoll.

It used to be considered the main business of critics to pursue with their little watering-pots the prairie fire of popularity.

Here's a story of 4 men meeting & reading that Meredith should be doomed. Those were Grant Allen, & Saintsbury, & Minto, & Henley, & another unnamed.

"Browning was born with a stammer, but I fear Meredith has cultivated his stammer". Swinburne went on to say that he had read the 1st draft of Meredith's "Emilia in England" & that it was written in pure, sweet, Thackerayan English.

"Dead lips smiling at life as in life they had smiled at death"

Saintsbury: "Boswell is a book rather for perpetual dips than for the long, steady swim".

Emerson was, on the whole of him, one of the shrewdest & coolest of Americans. From his work a book might be easily compiled on the conduct of life* which hard-headed business men would distribute among their employees.

Richard Garnett 校長
Reading Room addition 完成
Gissing 好評 客 知 最 好 書
好 評 好 批 評 の 多 先 人

好 Watts-Dunton
好 Other critics
thin & superficial.

work fall to my lot

Goldsmith: "Is he like Burke who winds into a subject like a serpent," Boswell: "But Johnson is the Hercules who strangled serpents in his cradle."

First Benson he wrote essays anonymously, but he was pulled reluctantly out of his burrows. Reviewers dismissed his essays as "amiable platitudes." Benson says that he likes to think there are so many intelligent people into the world who are wedded to familiar with ideas which have only slowly & gradually dawned upon himself.

Tennyson disliked the taking up of the chips of the workshop. He wished that his book should remain without various readings.

Mrs Gissing possessed neither face nor figure, nor a sweet voice nor any charm—she was just a female. Oliver Edwards to Johnson: "I have tried to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness was always breaking in." White to Hume: "I took it into my head to be a philosopher for some time, but tired of it most

immaculate in date & fact.

Confoundedly & very soon gave it up. I read two books, but I used to sit whole forenoons a-yawning & poking the fire." Walpole: "The French have taken up gravity, thinking it was Metaphysic & English"

I should like to know what right Buchanan had to complain of the world? He had hardly arrived in London as a mere boy when the most exclusive houses & the most jealously guarded periodicles were open to him, when the chief critics of the day were loudly chanting his praises, when publishers were competing to offer £400 for a vol. of his poems.

Lafcadio Hearn was striving in vain to handle the brush of Loti.

"Johnson without Boswell" a title first used by Wm. Cyples in "Contemporary Review." The main question is: If we had known S. Johnson only by his works & the reminiscences of his contemporaries would we have judged him as we do now with Boswell in our hand?

"Memoirs of Mark Rutherford." useful.

From a letter in the "Life of Albany Fonblanque" it appears that Crabbe was Macaulay's favourite poet & everyone knows that Jane Austen was his favourite novelist.

Studies of a Biographer, by Leslie Stephen.
When the old "Biographia Britannica" was coming out. Cowper made the unpleasant remark that it was

A fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot.

Could any good come of those painful rakings among the historical "Kitchen Middens"?
It is not upon the lives of the great men that the value of "D. N. B" depends. It is the 2nd-rate people—the people whose lives have to be reconstructed from obituary notices, or from references in memoirs etc—that provide the really useful reading.
Condensation is not only the Cardinal virtue of his style, but the virtue to which all others must be sacrificed. He must be content sometimes to toil for hours

with the single result of having to hold his tongue.

Style, by Walter Rayleigh.

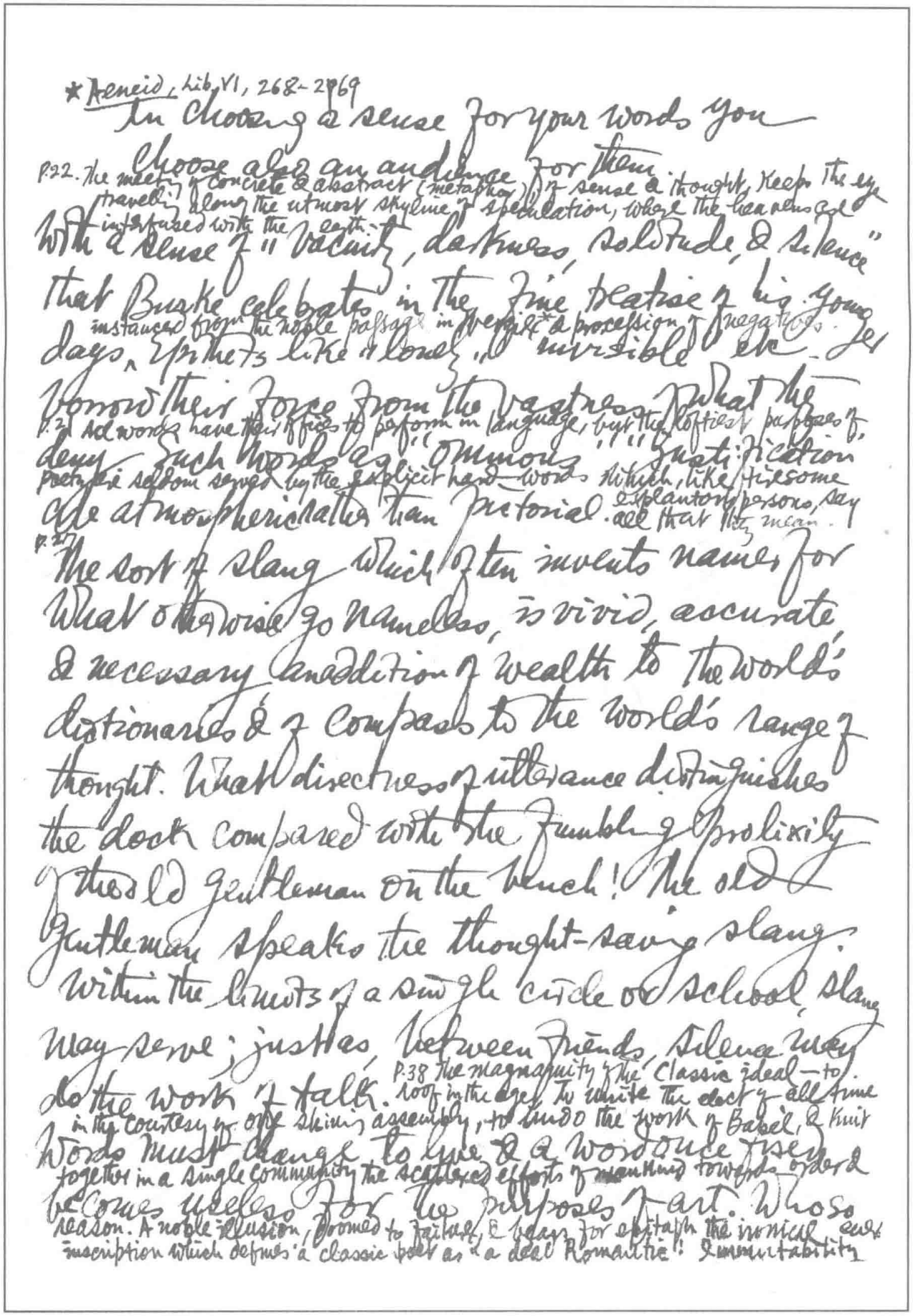
Style, the Latin name for an iron pen, has come to designate the liquid the art that handles the fluid elements of speech. The most rigid & inflexible of instruments has lent its name to the subtlest & most flexible of arts. A more benign evil besets the actor in that he can at no time wholly escape from his phantasmal second self. Devotion to his profession has beggared him of his personality. It is well for the soul's health of the artist that a definite boundary should separate his garden from his farm. But where shall the weary players keep holiday? Is not all the world a stage?

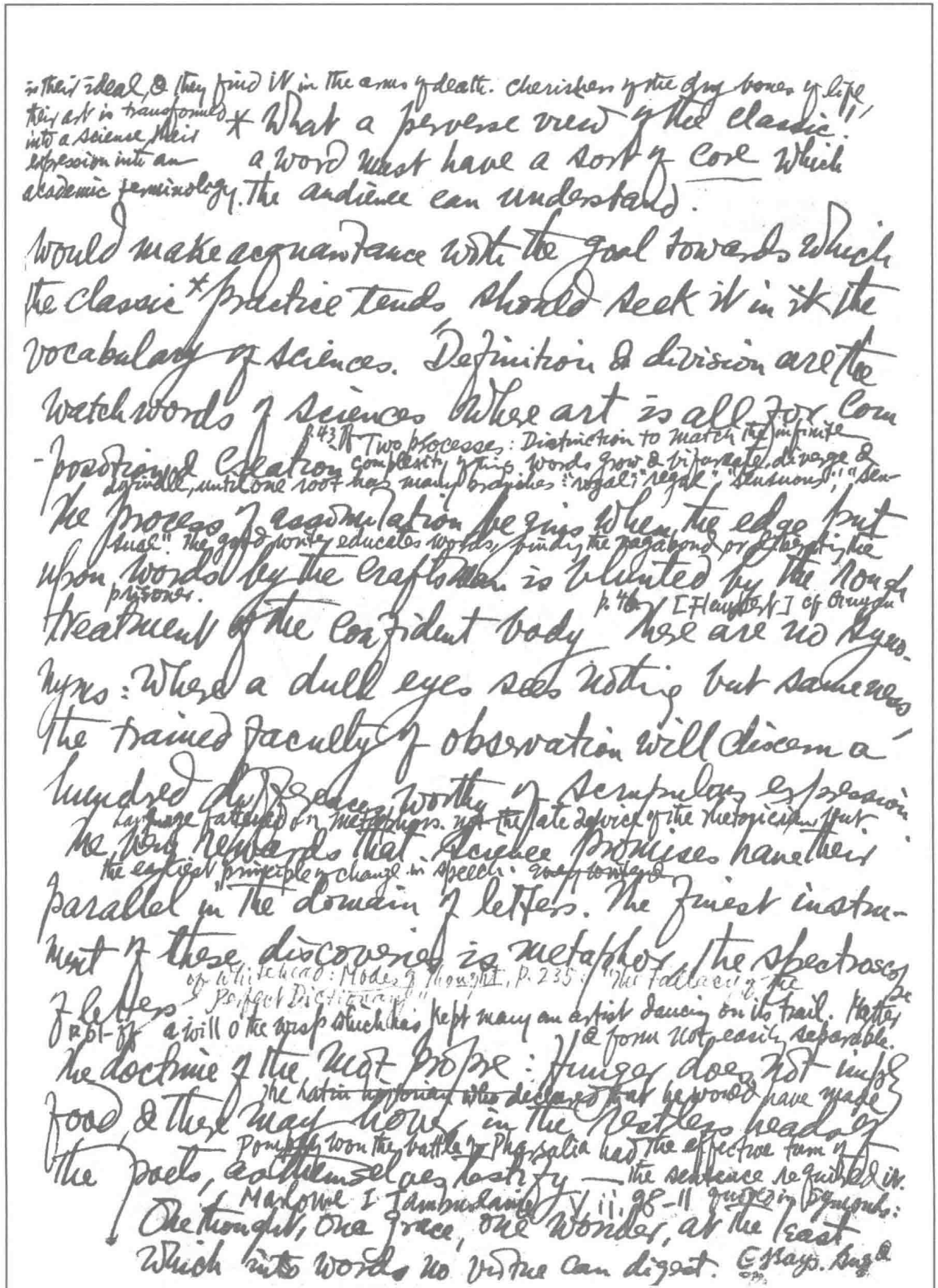
The fact that "style" can be used of architecture, music, cricket, the careful achievements of the housepainter, is the noblest of unconscious tributes to the faculty of letters. The pen, scratching on wax or paper, has become the symbol of idea that is expressive.

For the traffic of letters the senses are but the door-keepers of the mind. The mind of man is peopled like some silent city, with a sleeping consciousness of reminiscences, associations, emotions, to be

a flight of short syllables twittering like a flock of sparrows. the meaning must be tossed from expression to expression, mutilated & deceived, ere it can find rest in words.

awakened into fierce activity at the touch of words.
P. 10
It is the part of the writer to play upon memory, confusing
what belongs to one sense with what belongs to
P. 11 He can seize on the dance of words, the luminous movements call forth, as if by
another existing image or color at a word raising
memories, the likeness of some fugitive quality, time converted into space, &
– music begets sculpture. Picture, music but fan
ideal harmony without breaking the stillness of the
beginnings — transmuted to new forms. 17. Besides their chime in the ear, melody does
air. To attempt to reduce literature to its com-
laws prohibit rather than prescribe) & the images that they put before the minds eye (abs-
ponent sense-elements is therefore vain. The refutation
tractions acquire structure & fitness & color), words have, for their last & greatest
of those critics who make much of music & nature is
possessing a meaning for its sake, the tune & the picture are many times forgotten
contained in the following passage: "Neither death nor
or scorned, because without these the word can still do its business.
life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor
things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor
depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate
P. 18–19
us from the love of God" (St. Paul). Other arts can
affirm with all due wealth of circumstance & detail;
they can heighten their affirmation by the modesty of
reserve; literature alone can deny & honor the
denial with the last resources of a power that has
the universe for its treasury. It is this negative
their privative force
capability of words, whereby they can impress the mind


★ Aeneid, Lib VI, 268-269
In choosing a sense for your words you
choose also an audience for them
P.22. the meeting of concrete & abstract (metaphor) in sense & thought. Keep the eye
travelling along the utmost skyline of speculation, where the heavens are
interfused with the earth.
with a sense of "vacuity, darkness, solitude, & silence"
that Burke celebrates in the fine theatre of his young
instances from the noble passage in Virgil's procession of negatives.
days. Epithets like "lonely," "invisible" etc. Je
borrow their force from the vagueness. What the
P.23 old words have left it free to perform in language, but the loftiest purpose of
deny such words e.g. "Omnipotent" "Sanctification"
poetry is seldom served by the explicit hard-words which, like tiresome
explanatory persons, say
all that they mean.
ode atmospheric rather than pictorial.
P.27
The sort of slang which often invents names for
what otherwise go nameless, is vivid, accurate
& necessary addition of wealth to the world's
dictionaries & of compass to the world's range of
thought. What directness of utterance distinguishes
the clock compared with the fumbling prolixity
of the old gentleman on the bench! The old
gentleman speaks the thought-saving slang.
within the limits of a single circle or school, slang
may serve; just as, between friends, silence may
do the work of talk.
P.38 the magnanimity of the Classic ideal — to
look in the eye
in the courtesy of one shining assembly, to undo the work of Babel, & knit
Words must change to live & a word once used
together in a single community the scattered efforts of mankind towards order &
become useless for the purposes of art. Whose
reason. A noble illusion, doomed to failure, & vague for epitaph the ironical
inscription which defines a classic poet as "a dead Romantic"! & immortality



in their ideal, & they find it in the arms of death. cherishers of the dry bones of life
their art is transformed into a science their expression into an academic terminology. the audience can understand.
* What a perverse view of the classic! a word must have a sort of core which
would make acquaintance with the goal towards which the classic practice tends should seek it in the
vocabulary of sciences. Definition & division are the watchwords of science where art is all for com-
-posed & created. [43] Two processes: Distinction to match the infinite complexity of things. words grow & bifurcate, diverge & dwindle, until one root has many branches: regal; regale; regular; sturdy; a ser-
-vant. the good words educates words, finding the pagabond or the thief in the prisoner.
The process of regimentation begins when the edge put upon words by the craftsman is blunted by the rough
treatment of the confident body [46] [Haughton] of Orwyn
hyes: Where a dull eyes sees nothing but sameness
the trained faculty of observation will discern a
hundred differences worthy of scrupulous expression.
Language fattened on metaphors. not the fatal device of the rhetoricians but
the vital principle of change in speech. words tend
parallel in the domain of letters. The finest instru-
ment of these discoveries is metaphor, the spectroscope
of letters. [Whitehead: Modes of Thought, p. 235: "the fallacy of the
Perfect Dictionary"]
[81-87] a will o the wisp which has kept many an artist dancing on its trail. Matter
the doctrine of the mot propre: image does not imply & form not easily separable.
food & there may now in the restless head of
the poets, [The Latin rhetorician who declared that he would have made
Pompey won the battle of Pharsalia had the effective turn of
ourselves lastly — the sentence required it.
Marlowe I Tamburlaine V. ii. 98–11 quoted in Symonds:
One thought, One grace, one wonder, at the least
Which into words no virtue can digest. Essays. beg.

Will mince & lisp, as if for an
invisible audience even in their bedrooms.
the business of letters twofold: to find words for a meaning, & find a meaning for words.
Now it is the words that refuse to yield & mold the meaning
so that he who attempts to wed them is at the same
time altering his words to suit his meaning &
vice versa. So subtle is the connexion between
the two that it is equally possible to call language
the form given to the matter of thought or to speak of
thought as the formal principle that shapes lang-
uage. It is not until the two become one that they can be known for two. Language
the idea to be expressed is a kind of mutual
recognition between thought & language, which love
meet & claim each other for the 1st time, just
as in the 1st glance exchanged by lovers. The un-
born child opens its eyes on the world & pleads for
life. But thought, although it may indulge itself with the fancy of a predestined affiance, is not confined to one mate, but loves free & is the father of many children.
We exaggerate & distort, heaping epithet upon
epithet in the endeavor to get a little warmth
out of the smoldering pile. the public, like the delicate Greek Narcissus, is sleepily enamoured of its own other-paper lovers. Echo. name of the
In poetry simple words are raised to a higher
power & animated with a purer inner flame than do
carry in ordinary life. Heredith: "Writing for the stage would be a corrective for a too-inculcated style into which some great ones fall at times."

taunt of pedant. "Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter," — "My knowledge of thy knowledge is the knowledge that you possess" (cf Molière: les Femmes Savantes, I, 3.) "Nanny in Bartlett's Fam. Quot. 11th ed.

To a quality of style," say Pater, "soul is a fact." To resolve how words, like bodies, become transparent when they are inhabited by that luminous quality is a higher pitch than metaphysics will easily reach. ("Will: "Poetry is heard & poetry is overheard. eloquence supposes an audience; poetry, like unconsciousness of a listener."

Soul & form & so the body make.)

We are always quoting; all common phrases that do the dirty work of the world are quotations — poor things & not our own, e.g. "repay perusal" a powerful phrase jostling along in the midst of a clumsy sentence like a crowned king escorted by a mob. Tripe seller (the result of degradation of feeling & brain (ditto of intellect).

Style cannot be taught. The teaching must always be negative, bad habits to be broken down etc. The truth of the old Roman teachers of rhetoric is here rediscovered afresh, to be a good orator it is 1st of all necessary to be a good man.

a period too long even if imposed as a term of penal servitude.

Every sentence a fresh effort of appraisement.

Some Aspects of Modern Poetry, by Alfred Noyes.
Alice Meynell: Her restraint was not merely negative. It was sacrificial. Her silences were a part of her music — "strays / Amongst the winds, between the voices / Mingling alike with pensive lays / And with the music that rejoices." They were vital silences to which life returned "in all the pauses of her breath." Nor has her austerity anything in common with that sentimental negation, that easy reduction of the world to dust and ashes. "Nuns fret not at their narrow Convent-room" — a poem that might almost have been written by herself, in its restraint, its amplitude, & its demonstration that that the narrow room may yet unfold the heaven of heavens. Her critics fall into "preciosité" — "because they mistake the perfect expression of a thought for an "unusual" word." The three greatest [!!] sonnets are all written by Meynell: "Renunciation" (Rossetti's tribute to it is oft-quoted) "Thoughts in Separation" & "The Neophyte." This noble artist never once stooped to pride.
Shelley: Carlyle: "It is like the writing of a Ghost, utter-

infinite veil into the night, unable to help itself or any one else". Arnold: "beautiful ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain". Lowell: "an ineffectual fire, floating about the luminous points of his thought". Browning: "Sun-treader". Francis Thompson: "a child making bright mischief with the moon". George Moore: "Crystalline poetry". Almost every criticism that has been made of Shelley plays similarly with the idea of light, & flutters in a confused moth-like way around it without knowing to discover why..... There is hardly a single poem of Shelley in which he does not give some new effect of light and shadow that has never before been translated into words. His quite definite preoccupation with effects of light has not been properly observed, but merely suggested to hasty critics a vaguer general effect of radiance, & a sort of sub-conscious transference of this vague luminosity to their own adjectives. They remind me of the deaf old gentleman in "Punch" who with his back turned to a loudly trumpeting motor-car declares

a piece of lightning-logic, overleaping vast gaps.
b 对比 Emerson说 1) Holmes 对比 "Phrenology" 比 "Lycidas" "the Humble Bee" 比 "l'Allegro" 上: "lends the wings of shelley to the thought of Browning."
Could but his hearing has improved, for he can distinctly hear a bumble-bee. Incidentally, it may be remarked that Lowell's echo of Arnold's famous sentence is paralleled by the fact that A's own sentence is an unconscious echo of phrases used by Shelley himself in the preface & the last lines of "Prometheus Unbound": "If his attempt be imperfect..... down the "void" abysm.... Love folds his "wings." Criticism has missed the continuity of the imagery of light & of the idea behind it in the work of Shelley.
Poetry Old & New: There is neither new nor old poetry there is only poetry.... The song of Homer is alive today While the world in which it was created passed away. They seem to be taking the advice of an American critic and trying to popularise Keats by translating him into Billingsgate: 对比 Haigne Heave, "how blistering chill it was." W. E. Henley: "his crippled buccaneer is the prototype of John Silver in "Treasure Island."*
Even those who have praised him have done so without
* H. 在 his crutch 对比 Wilde 上 写 对比 Wilde 旁 上 写 对比

"Buffoon & poet, lover & sensualist" — Henley's "The Apparition" on R. L. S.

* Cf "Back Numbers" by "Star"!

perfection, & in phrases that might apply with equal fitness to W. E. Henley, to the weather, or to roast beef & plum pudding. He is the Rabbi Raeburn of English literature — our last, our only, & unapproachable portrait-painter in English verse. He hangs the naked corridors of the hospital with masterpieces of portraiture. Those who depreciate him as the "bottle-imp of the day before yesterday" are usually of a size that the old tiger per diem, could have swallowed by the hundred at one fiery Yawn of his capacious mouth.

Austin Dobson: Exquisitely painted butterflies, emerging from cocoons of golden silk spun by Théodore de Banville. The quality of his technique has been overestimated, while he is greatly under-estimated as a poet of affections.* Whenever he relies on his craftsmanship & his 18th-cent. furniture, his work is comparatively a failure.

The forms of English poetry were expanded & extended in a thousand new directions during the Victorian period

to muddy the springs of Helicon.

The plain fact is that the modern "revolt" is not against "set forms" but against form itself.

Stevenson: At its best, this lyrical note is enchanting as that of Herrick [illegible]. It is not necessary to go to the Greek Anthology to discover where the Shropshire lad learned to flute a country tune so haunting. The very manner, the very cadence, the very note — all are there in S.; & it was from S. too, that the splendid phrases on the hour "when heaven was falling" & the shoulders that "held the sky suspended," were learned:

For those it loves that under-prop
With daily virtues Heaven's top
And bear the falling sky with ease.

Coleridge: "The spirit of the artist must of necessity circumscribe itself with rules. It must embody itself in order to reveal itself. This is a necessity of the human mind, & all nations have felt & obeyed it in the invention of metre & measured sounds as the vehicle of poetry; & in the laws of order, harmony

"Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanese,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me?..."

Even descriptive of English grown-up psychology.

and proportion that govern the cadences of prose."

R.L.S.: "Give me a blue pencil, & I will make an epic out of a daily newspaper" — Art = selection.

Modern Poetry: Our world is now so highly specialised that it grows more & more difficult for us to relate our particular fragments of the truth to the whole. On every side there is a war in progress — not so much between falsehood & falsehood as between innumerable fragments of the truth.

We are not called upon to invent a new language any more than to invent a new keyboard in order that a musician may give us a new song.

Tennyson: Tennyson is by far the most savage satirist of what was false in his own age — witness "The Story British Stare" etc. It must have been disturbing to the complacency of some of our Moderns to find Mr Saintsbury placing Tennyson with Virgil among the 12 greatest masters of the world).

A long & devoted noviciate is required before any

* cf Birrell's Essay

Man can appreciate the finer points of any art.
The possession of this instrument of language (which enables him to express the secrets of his ideas in science and reconcile them with those of religion) connoted in T. the intellectual power that developed it & was in turn developed by it.
Dean Inge: T. is being depreciated because he did not glorify adultery.
Cambridge Poets*: A flippant view ascribes it to a reaction against the tyranny of Mathematics, an extension of the principle that poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song." 3 Colleges are close competitors for the honor — Pembroke (Spenser, Gradus, Gray) St Johns (Jonson, Herrick, Prior, Wordsworth), Trinity (Bacon, Cowley, Dryden, Newton, Byron, Tennyson, Thackeray, Fitzgerald) Christ's (Milton), Corpus Christi (Marlowe, Fletcher) Jesus (Coleridge).
Milton had the unique distinction of being the last to receive corporal punishment from the maternal hand

blind followers of the blind.

of Cambridge. Tennyson wrote an angry sonnet about Cambridge. Byron on dons:

> Unknown, unhonored live, unwept for, die.
> Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
> They think all learning fix'd within their walls;
> In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
> All modern arts affecting to despise;
> Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunk's, or Porson's note
> More than the verse on which the critic wrote.

When we come to the "Punch" tradition, Cambridge is 15 / again.

Modern Literature: "Free Verse"! as Mr Chesterton said recently "You might as well call sleeping in a ditch 'free architecture'!" The movement is backward from the highly & delicately organised to the indifferent homogeneous mass of the lifeless.

This book [*Ulysses*, though unnamed] ought to have been simply consigned to the sewer. I cite this extreme instance only because there are a thousand gradations

* Of course, Mr Noyes, your books sell like hot-cakes and you alone can "make epic pay"! Why this sneer at your less fortunate brothers of quill?

of shadow before their blackest depth is reached.
It has a profound metaphysical meaning, though it is touched in so lightly as a butterfly settles on a flower. Forgetting how Coleridge proclaimed it before him, he will proclaim that all poetry must specialise in the making of "images" & he will turn a sublimely blind eye upon the fact that all the great poets from Homer to the present day have filled their work with "images" & that they had advantage (including other things too).
Mr Kipling once wrote in answer to a line of praise from Tennyson: "When the private in the ranks is praised by his general he does not presume to thank him, but he fights the better the next day".

Whose tastes seem formed by the cinematograph. Their claims appear to be based on the extreme smallness of the sales of their books.*

Sound, good matter. Peevish tone. The parting of the 2nd & 3rd rate poets betrays a sort of "elective affinity". Too many reputations

Essays of An Ex-librarian, by Richard Garnett.

On Translating Homer: Ever and anon the world receives from some knight spirit a tiny golden book — Some Longinus on the Sublime, or Milton Liberty, or Arnold on Homer. The Homeric hexameter cannot be better described & exemplified than in Schlegel's Couplet, thus rendered by Coleridge — "Strongly it bears us along in swelling & limitless billows; Fore before & nothing behind but the sky & the ocean." If, like Cowper, the blank verse translator frames his verse on the Miltonic model, he may write fine, but he cannot write Homer. If, on the other hand, like Lord Derby, he writes a plain, straightforward blank verse he disarrays himself of his single robe. In English, accent takes the place of metrical quantity. The English hexameter advocated by Arnold, cannot, like the Greek, consist of dactyls & spondees for the conclusive reason that there are hardly any spondees in the language. The indispensable effect can only be obtained by recourse to the music unknown to Homer, the music of rhyme. Why assume that Pope's polished pattern has superseded

Ever other form of heroic Couplet? It is not generally remembered that in his "Odyssey" Chapman replaced the Alexandrine by the heroic line & that Coleridge commended him for doing so.

Coleridge: The injury which the 18th Cent. poetry suffers from conversion into prose is more detrimental to its form than to its spirit — the loss is not one of the spiritual aroma which it never possessed.

The poetry of the 18th & the 19th Cents. lie associated within the covers of his writings, & the impressiveness of the contrast is enhanced by the absence of any intermediate period. He begins as an 18th-Cent. poet and then undergoes a sudden conversion & a complete regeneration.... It is of quite another order to the inferior poetry of Wordsworth or Byron, its inferiority is not that of high powers impaired by old age or of brilliant talents striving to fill the place of genius: it is that of genius as yet unawakened & syllabling the old tongue from ignorance of the New.

hand on the latch of the magic casements
which were to open on the perilous seas sailed
by the "Ancient Mariner"

He slid naturally into the style which he found current around him, & required to be emancipated from it by a mind of more inventiveness.

Was Kingsley right or wrong in deploring that "Pope & plain sense had gone out, & Shelley & the 7th heaven come in."?

If Coleridge, when in Germany, instead of spending his time at Hanover, had gone straight to Weimar, the consequences might have been momentous to himself & to English literature. "Faust" would have been rendered into English with as great success as "Wallenstein".

Shelley & Beaconsfield: Having in "Venetia" to introduce Byron as Lord Cadurcis & Shelley as Marmion Herbert, he cuts Byron's relation with Lady B. off from C. & superimposes it upon H. "The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau"; the situation is Byronic, but the character is Shelleyan. The reader of S. who remembers that the "Defence of Poetry" was not published until 1840, may well start when

Got from Medwin's Shelley Papers.

he comes upon one of its most memorable dicta in "Venetia": "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."*

Beckford: "I wrote 'Vathek' when I was 22 yrs old. I wrote it at one sitting & in French. It cost me 3 days & 2 nights of hard labor. I never took my clothes off the whole time". ("Memoirs" Vol. i. P. 243) He should have said 21, for although the date of his birth has hitherto been given as Sep. 19, 1759, it is proved to have been Oct. 1, 1760, by the Contemporary notices in the "Public Advertiser" & "Gentleman's Magazine." It was also a work of Care & labor which occupied several months. The evidence exists in B's Correspondence with Rev. Samuel Henley, the translator, the annotator & as now appears, the original inspirer of "Vathek".

The pretensions of "Vathek" as a French literary composition are thus estimated by M. Mallarmé. Although Voltaire is evidently the model, Beckford frequently

† cf. Sully-Prudhomme: "Le Vase Brisé":
annihilating criticism † taken as a sample of the entire crop.

appears a precursor of Chateaubriand — persiflage & vague melancholy. "Tout coule de source, avec une limpidité vive, avec un ondoiement large de périodes; et l'éclat tend à se fondre dans la pureté totale du cours, qui charrie maintes richesses de diction inaperçues d'abord; ça naturel avec un étranger inquiet que quelque expression trop audacieuse ne le trahisse en arrêtant le regard."
Thomas Moore: There is little specifically Celtic in his genius except his wit & exuberance.
"Lalla Rookh" dismissed by Bridges as "these are not 3 lines together without some adulteration of common English;" is an assemblage of small brilliancies individually ineffective, but resplendent in the mass. It may be said of it in his own words —

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will.*
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

It has been M's misfortune to be overpraised, & thus to have a character forced upon him which he was

incapable of supporting. By restoring the old association between poetry & music he did much for both; & he is not to be judged solely by the impression his words as read from the printed page —

(Goethe) Ach! Wie how traurig wretched sieht in Lettern, me appears
Schwarz auf weiss das Lied much an
Das aus deinem Mund adored vergöttern,
Das ein Herz Zerreissen break can Kann!

Peacock: "Writing poetry or doing anything else that is rational, in this Hoath inferno, is next to a moral impossibility!"

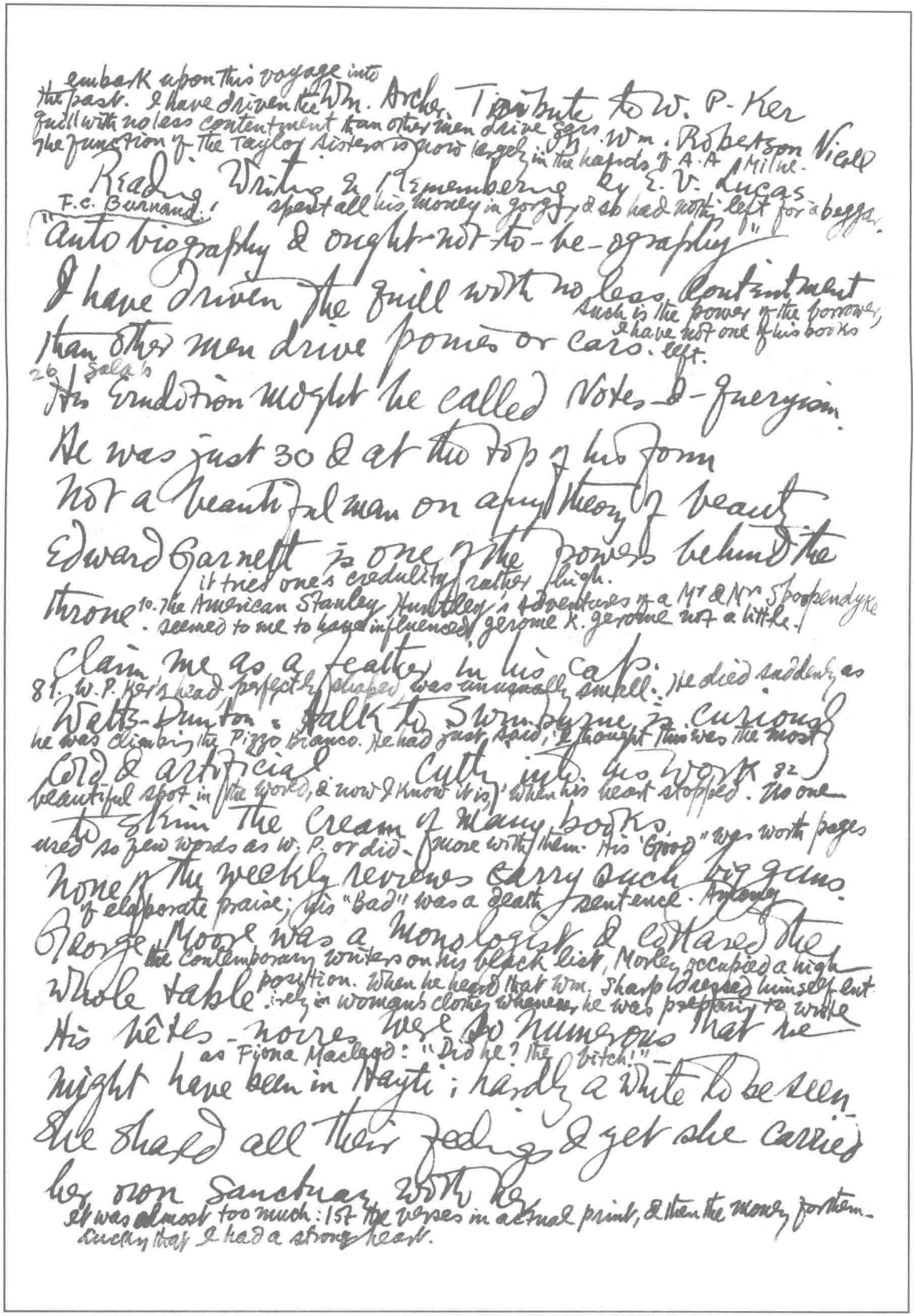
Arnold: To a certain extent A's work was a corrective of that of Wordsworth. In overthrowing a merely conventional orthodoxy, W. had inevitably given somewhat of a shock to those great models & eternal principles by whose constant following this conventionalism had been engendered. It was A's mission to restore the balance, inculcating above by example & precept the cardinal doctrines of

* cf. Sandsbury "Arnold".

antiquity. A. thought that much of the characteristic English indifference to form arose from indiscriminate admiration of Shakespeare. We are a nation of colourists & great colorists rarely became good draughtsmen. While W. assailed an aberration which in course of time would have corrected itself, A. denounced an inveterate vice & besetting sin.

Even Aristotle qualified for his Poetics by writing a good song. We should seek his nearest parallel in Gray* Emerson: No such event short of the day of Judgment or a Universal deluge, can serve as an absolute line of demarcation.

Oracular. We have in him a nearer approach to the Man Speaking than in any other modern thinker — hence his want of continuity. American Woodnotes Shelley's Views on Art [Fine Arts]. omitted.



A mouth fashioned to the saying of hard, harsh things. He is of the streets streety a bootsman with the widest set.
I tore open the parcel Arnold Bennet [2 vols] with the proud glow that can suffuse an author once only in his life; never again, for there cannot be two 1st books.

lacking the necessary grounding I was not able to do justice to his letters.

The impediment was neither a stammer nor stutter; it was interrupted current.

flesh is grass"
the horse bit his master. / How came it to pass? / He heard the good pastor / Say "All
is little attracts us/Us far more than it creates us/. A reader does not become a "sadist"
from perusal of the monotonous pages of the Marquis de Sade; it is because he is
that way inclined that he perseveres.
19 An Irish boy wrote to his girl in America: "Far away from Here I am now there is a
little gap in the hills, & beyond it the sea; & 'tis there I do be looking the Whole day
long for 'tis the nearest thing to yourself that I can see."
About John Drinkwater there is a definite suggestion of those ladies [Misses]
46. Arnold's last article "Civilization in the United States," (in the 19th Century uncollected): "Every
nation has the newspapers which it deserves"
48. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps's remark that if he ever chanced to see anything in anyone
else's house or in a museum that he thought he was more worthy to possess
& (obviously) more able to protect, than its owner, he had no scruples about
taking it. 51. appeal to the reviewers: "Kill not, for Pity's sake, & lest ye
slay / The meanest thing upon its upward way." Sidney Colvin had some
trouble with the letter r & called R. L. S. "Ah Welless".
Asquith gave the reporters less work in making him grammatical & fluent
than any other speaker. There was no need to join his flats; they were joined.
67. To hear great oratory the House of Commons is certainly not the place.
There are too many Cheers — & Counter cheers. Questions are flung in
& must sometimes be answered. The thread is lost & notes must be
consulted. But above all there are the members who talk & walk.
85 lines written on hearing that a French prof. has discovered beyond doubt
that Wordsworth, when in France in 1791-3, became the father of an illegitim-
ate child: "Lucky for thee that Byron never knew: / But we know now,
& O the difference! / Wordsworth, thou should'st be living at this hour /
England has need of thee, this barren land, / With indiarubber shops on
every hand, / And Marie Stopes increasing in her power," etc. →

So the most fascinating talker Walter Raleigh. With what joy I used to see his head towering over the screen as he entered the lunch-room at the Athenaeum! If another member possessed of the same absurd height, Sidney Calvin once said that he had but one grudge against him & that was that he led you to believe the Labor Theory of Value in Karl Marx by H.W.B. Joseph if it was Raleigh who had come in & then plunged you into disappointment!

The theory of the connexion of value in things with the labor bestowed upon them is older than Marx. There are traces of it in Locke's "Second Treatise of Civil Government". "It is labor indeed that puts the difference of value on everything." (cf §37 §§46, 50, 42, 43, 184). §40 In the 5th Chap. of the 1st book of the "Wealth of Nations" Adam Smith Contrasts the real price of commodities or their price in labor, with their nominal price, or price in money "Labor is the real measure of the exchangeable value of all commodities"! Ricardo in the 1st Chap. of his "Political Economy & Taxation" attaches 2 conditions to the doctrine that exchangeable value of commodities depends on the quantity of labor expended on them; the supply must be capable of being increased by labor & Competition must operate without restraint on the production of them. N. W. Senior in "Political Economy" P. 24: "The reply to Mr Ricardo is (1) the articles of Wealth which do not owe the principal part of their value to the labor which has been bestowed on their respective

95. Negros, when asked what were the advantages of taking out naturalization papers to become a British subject, : "Well, to begin with, I won the Battle of Waterloo." Poor Mr Kipling or the limitations of knowledge: "But varied though this knowledge is, it has its limitation. Alas, he doesn't know he's Dr Parker's wife's relation!" 102 Doyle accused Robertson Nicoll of loading the dice by multiple-reviews.

actual production, form, in fact, the bulk of Wealth instead of a small & unimportant portion of it; and (2) that as limitation of supply is essential to the value of labor itself to assume labor & exclude limitations of supply as the condition on which value depends, is not only to substitute a partial for a general cause, but fatally to exclude the very cause which gives force to the cause assigned." Richard Whately in "Introductory lectures on Political Economy" P. 234: "Now it is true it so happens by the appointment of Providence that valuable articles are, in almost all instances, obtained by labor; but still this is an accidental, not an essential circumstance. It is not that pearls fetch a high price because men have dived for them; but on the contrary, men dive for them because they fetch a high price." Marx deduced from the doctrine the corollary that the laborer who creates value, is defrauded of the value which he creates.

The value of anything is measured by the quantity of other things — particularly of money — which can be got in exchange for it.

105. A.E. Housman in a lecture at University College: "Style is the art of not using italics." The Village Footsmith. H. C. Beeching: "It all comes out of the books we read / And it all goes into the books we write." Francis Thompson had a little red nose as inadequate as Coleridge's. 119. Ponsonby Ogle: "Now Barabbas was a re-publisher!"

But if it can be shown that there is a value of things distinguishable from what they do fetch, determining what they ought to fetch the inquiry becomes momentous.

If all value be created by labor and justice require that a man receive the full value or equivalent of his labor, a man should receive more for a pair of boots if more labor has been spent on them; What reason is there in saying that the equivalent of each of the unequal labors of other boot-makers on a pair of boots is the value of that one boot-maker's ½ labor on a pair which happens to coincide with the average? How are we to adjust the conception of a value in an article depending not on the want of it but on the labor in it, & the conception of a value depending not on the labor in it but on the want of it?

If Marx's view is to work, we must reduce heterogeneous labors to terms of homogeneous simple labor before prices are settled. The only evidence that two unequal amounts of different specific labors are equivalent

To my dying day I shall count it for virtue against how many deflections from the right path, that I had the courage to reply to Watts-Dunton that I was still a stranger to his classic Aylwin. Every man has a blind spot; so in spite of Wainewright's patent spuriousness, Lamb believed in him. Nor can be no defence like elaborate courtesy. another regret is added to the increasing heap.

to the same amount of homogeneous labor is that commodities embodying them are exchanged at the same price. the answer begs the question. the conception of homogeneous labor confuses generic unity with commensurability in terms of a common unit. Now the distinction between concrete labor & labor in the abstract is the distinction between the specific diversities & the generic identity in different kinds of labor. To abstract from the 1st, & consider these labors as only human labor in the abstract, would be to ignore their difference & to treat them because all are labor, as alike & interchangeable. But what Marx means is an operation in which we do not abstract from the difference. Equal or unit lengths of these different labors are reduced not to the common denomination of units of labor, to be which is their generic identity, but to the common denomination of a so-called average or homogeneous human labor. It is as if I were to reduce the books in two libraries to a common denomination not by counting each as one book,

An Examination Paper on the Works of Lamb (1897-8). Andrew Lang performed the same service for Scott, Owen Seaman for Browning & for R. L. S. Stephen Phillips was the victim of excessive laudation & of his own inability to stand oats, as the grooms say. an improvisor of life-long convictions, he said everything with complete finality but by reckoning each as equivalent to a different number of copies of "Marmion". If I equate "Paradise Lost" to a thousand "Marmions", I am not abstracting from their inequalities but taking account of them. This labor is homogeneous in the sense that it is of one & the same kind throughout, so that different specific labors, by being reduced to terms of it, are made commensurable: not in the sense in which the various specific labors are homogeneous that they belonged to one & the same genus, labor. It is false to suppose that qualitative differences in the members of any genus can be expressed as quantitative differences of the generic character. If colors differ qualitatively I cannot state their difference as more or less of color. .... Unless the common unit be the money; for in spite of their differences they are comparable in respect of what men can get in money for exercising them. But such a reduction finds in their respective prices the basis of any quantitative relation between labors of dif-

& get bored the Compass several times in one evening. To the point where negligence & dandyism meet. interrupted by a man who still prefers the sound of his own voice. The definition of a friend as "some one you can be silent with" he can test to the full!

ferent kinds: & Marx professes to find in the quantitative relations between the labors the basis of their respective prices.

To prefer one pleasure to another on the ground of liking it better does not mean to expect to have merely the same feeling, or the same feeling more intensely by the one choice than by the other. Liking a pleasure is not just feeling the pleasure liked, & that a pleasure is better liked is not that it is felt to be greater.

202 Master George Wells after an operation, informs Master Frank Wells of his duty: Dear Frank— I hope you will not think me selfish, but I am in such great pain that I think you ought to get me a small pleasure —Your loving George. The knee of trousers-stretcher enables him to "have legs like paper-knives."

272 Augustus de Morgan: "Every man's mother is Mrs Nickleby & every man's wife Mrs Candle" The Prime Minister began to hoard voice lozenges. He approaches the subject on his own feet, disdaining a lift.

Reward Examination

Leaves & Fruit, by Edmund Gosse.

The main feature of "A Song to David" is ecstasy. With the 30th stanza, we find a change from the 18th cent. verbiage. In the 51st stanza, the word is reached to which all has been leading up, the mysterious word "Adoration" which from this moment incessantly recurs with the blare of some brass instrument in an orchestra.

He sees blue as a bull sees red.

But who did more than Pope to civilise it — who so much? If a monkey inspired the "3rd Epistle," it is a pity that we have not all got tails.

Always dipping his bucket & bringing up new treasure.

Mme Vinron de Lauclos's "La Coquette Vengée" resembles curiously "Les Précieuses Ridicules". A character in "Tartufe" resembles the hero of that play as indeed, Tallemant recorded that Vinron proposed to Molière the celebrated type of the arch-hypocrite.

His text is hardly one of those sacred arks of style which the profane commentator may not so much as touch.

chit-chat
You can not pick out the singer because of the chorus.
the stars but a Milky Way
It was not the Cosky Cobber of the comedies and the farces of
Whom Pope was speaking, but Cobber as Poet Laureate.
Notice over the door of the restaurant "le Chat Noir":
"Passant, sois Modeste" The French poet has never possessed
a Nonconformist Conscience.
"Laugh & the world laughs with you, Weep & you weep alone".
There was something in Casaubon, nothing Dickens:
he was a humanist whom poverty pressed into the mould
of a novelist.
His admirers said that there are too few obscure authors
in French. Tired of the nudity of Logic, they welcomed a
figure swathed in a robe of Isis. All life is "still life",
to Mallarmé; his gemmes, profoundly veiled, haunted a
chilly region of glaciers, lilies, swans & diamonds.
4 "Contes Indiens" not the least obscure.

*"Le Reniement de St-Pierre"

Baudelaire, by Enid Starkie.

Preface: The Baudelaire generally known is the one built out of the elements of a reputation gained when he was of undergraduate age. The reputation followed him into maturity because he published his 1st book of poems at the age of 36, & many of the poems had been conceived & written 15 yrs earlier & thus at publication no longer represented completely his state of mind. It has been difficult to discover any reliable information about B on account of his pride & reticence. Gautier: "In his conversation which was generally of a metaphysical character, B. spoke a great deal of his ideas, very little of his feelings & never of his actions" ("Portraits & Souvenirs", P. 219). 4 Periods of "Les Fleurs du Mal", with a very marked break occurring after the 2nd period when the works of Poe & Swedenborg gave a new direction to his poetry at 25. Conscious originality. Trying his hand at different styles. Lesbian poems. Blasphemous* & Satanic poems. Erotic poems. One poem in a later vein "Le Crépuscule du Matin" (2) from his "Conseil judiciaire" to the Coup

d'état of 1851. Poems of depression, "Spleen" poems, City life poems. (3) Spiritual poems "Benediction" "Les Phares" etc. greatest articles of Criticism. (4) Publication of the 1st "Fleurs du Mal" in 1857–1864 the date of his departure to Belgium. The poems express horror of time that is flying past recall, terror of the gouffre yawning at his feet. Poems expressing the value of suffering, of la fertilisante douleur. "Obsession" "Le Goût du Néant" "L'Examen de Minuit" "L'Impévu". A pessimism profounder than the pessimism of youth expressed in "Spleen" poems.

B. has too often been used as an illustration of a pre-conceived theory, a case book for the pathologist & the psychoanalyst. His "Epigraphe pour un livre condamné" epilogue to the trial that damned his poems for obscenity, is the best prologue to his work & to any study of his life.

His Early years: Caroline Dufaÿs was left an orphan at any early age & she had lived in a dependent position, brought up out of charity by an old friend of her father. She had come to Ste. Catherine, i.e. she had reached her 25th birthday without

riches beyond the dreams of avarice

having been exiled in marriage. She had to stay less high & be satisfied to take what she could find — an old widower François Baudelaire (died when Charles was only 6). And this love which should by right have gone to a man of her own age, husband or lover, she lavished on her baby son; she was jealous of anyone who approached him, even of his nursemaid Mariette — "la servante au grand cœur dont vous étiez jalouse" ("Les Fleurs du Mal" (X). She played on her little boy's emotions, unconsciously perhaps, & expected from him a precocity of feeling which should be encouraged in no child. This jealous enveloping love of his mother's is responsible for the undoubted morbidity of his nature.

Life had been so cruel & parsimonious to her since the day of her birth; she had never possessed any of the things which youth feels are its right; she was now close on 35, & the time for enjoyment would soon have slipped away for ever. Biographers have always been too hard on her, & have never tried to sympathise with her point

*例如B.晚言他父亲与母亲及B.和休室之处
掷窗外，使不被闻听。

of view. She could never have guessed how disastrous the second marriage was to seem to Charles when he grew up. We cannot credit all the things which Charles said about Ambassador Aupick, because they are obviously the result of the clash of two strong & different personalities. Aupick was genuinely fond of B. & proud of his intelligence But he was of the older pre-war generation, brought up in a hard school which had tended to form a strong character rather than a subtle personality. He disliked eccentricity & affectation in any form & thought that his step-son's will & obstinacy had to be broken.

Baudelaire was at that time going thru the usual Weltschmerz of any artistic & self-centred youth; he felt out of tune with his surroundings & ascribed all his unhappiness to the fact of his having a step-father. Much nonsense has been written about B's "Oedipus Complex". Many of the foolish stories in support of this theory were invented by Charles himself later on in his life when Aupick had become for him the loathsome symbol of middle-class

* "Oeuvres Posthumes" ("Verlaine" P.55
Lycée 的文章不知何故隐名作者以为是 B. 的友
美可从中得到线索便可证明不被爱养不幸法国学生有拉丁区云云!!!
evidence anywhere that B. as a child, felt any real
antipathy towards his stepfather. On the contrary, in all
his letters, we see how much he longs to please him
& to be thought well of by him.
He read Ste-Beuve: Whose "Poésies de Joseph Delorme"
and "Volupté" contributed to crystallise what was to
had been vague & undefined in Charles—

J'en ai tout absorbé, les miasmes, les parfums,
Le doux chuchotement des souvenirs défunts,
Les longs enlacements des phrases symboliques,
— chapelets murmurants de madrigaux mystiques,
— Livre voluptueux, si jamais il en fut. *

the Latin Quarter: The L.Q. has lost its old character after
the building of the fine new boulevards of St-Germain &
St-Michel. At that time, it was still a maze of evil-
smelling & badly lit narrow streets as in the day of Villon.
The students considered that they owned the place &
used to wander about the streets in their bedroom
slippers.

Patrick 兄及陸爸，命之车班，13. 赴孟買，至 Mauritius 服役 114
後人到印度有被诗之遇，人皆信之. Banville 云 cf. "Souvenirs
* cf "La Vie Intérieure"

*Like many other persons, when there is no fear of being detected in the rôle of Baron Munchausen, he was romancing in order to give himself an interesting personality in the eyes of his friends, & to be considered by them a regular desperado. And the stories he told, on his return, to an admiring circle of spellbound students were very similar to those told by Sindbad the Sailor or Ulysses Home to Ithaca.

His journey to the East was the turning point in B's life: he never again forgot the short weeks of the balmy lotus-eating life in Mauritius*. The long months of inaction on board ship, when there was nothing for him to do but to gaze on the vast expanse of open sea, deepened his inclination towards reverie. He came back from the East with a nostalgic yearning in his soul for rich warm countries for far-off climes, for exotic splendour & beauty impossible to find in this world, & his poetry was never to lose this peculiar quality.

Beau Brummel: Roger de Beauvoir in the Hôtel Lauzun was the kind of dandy that Baudelaire strove to emulate

Deroy 给 B. 的年时印象 long, oval face 白皙的长脸
arches of eyebrows 细的弯拱 dark eyes "deux boules
de Café" as Banville says. 21岁
On an income of 1/10 of his. He was the kind of life which be-
med fashionable & notorious by Huysmans' "A Rebours."
He harried his tailor just as later in life he was to drive
his publisher to the verge of madness with his insistence
on correctness of detail. He would demand fitting after
fitting until he was entirely satisfied. It was in those
years at the Hôtel Lauzun that B. gained his reputation
for eccentricity, affectation & immorality... "That was just
about the time that I murdered my poor old father"
"Don't you think that the cheese they have given us this
evening has a faint taste of child's brain?" (cf. Thomas:
"Curiosités sur Baudelaire" P. 29) It was he himself who
told the fantastic stories of his love-affairs, in which he
said that he could never feel desire for any normal
woman, but only felt attracted towards monsters like
giantesses or dwarfs. He added that it was a pity since
these freaks of nature were always so delicate. He had
already lost, he said, several giantesses from consumption
& 2 dwarfs from gastritis. "One of them was only 7½

* cf Murger: Scènes de la Vie de Bohème: Un personnage d'un roman espagnol, qui faisait maigrir les jambons rien qu'en les regardant (épilogue des Amours de Rodolphe et de Mlle Mimi). Et. Slim-built: a Spanish gentleman who goes on spectacle whole eating cherries in order to see them bigger in Scott's letter quoted Humphrey Ward: English Poets IV P. 163 Lamartine Œuvres complètes tome VII. cf Paul de Saint-Victor: "Pour le lire il mettait des lunettes bleues à cause du coloris de son style (in B. reached manhood in the reign of the "bourgeois king" Louis-Philippe, an extraordinarily vulgar, prosaic age. And so it came about that certain sections of the literary world who felt out of sympathy with the prosaic middle-class ideal banded themselves together to shock and astonish. Their behaviour no longer strikes one as strange if one compares it with that of the other wonders of the period—Nestor Roqueplan who used to keep his glasses on at night when he went to bed because, being so short-sighted he said he could not see his dreams; Gerard de Nerval who went for a walk in a public park, leading a live lobster on a pale blue string.

La Vénus Noire: Jeanne Duval, an inferior actress in a low-grade theatre in the Latin Quarter called le Théâtre du Panthéon. She is said to have possessed little talent for acting & her part consisted in saying, once every evening, "Dinner is served, Madame!" (A. Séché: "La Vie des Fleurs du Mal" P. 45). . . . He was never less

* G. Nadar: "Baudelaire Intime"
"Le Poète Vierge"

than courtly with every woman, & he is said to have treated each servant-girl as if she were a Court lady & he her most devoted suitor.

Was B. merely trying when he stated his liaison with the mulatto, to astonish? Or was it genuine attraction that he felt? Accounts vary so much that we do not know for certain that she was beautiful. He talks of her extraordinary beauty & expresses surprise that no one should not have realized this. She was a tall, dark girl with eyes as large as saucers, Nadar* says. her nose & mouth were perfect, while her hair fell in waves & curls in a dark foaming cascade over her shoulders. She glided in & out of the room with feline grace, in the fortuous & sinuous movements of a Javanese dancer, with her shining silken clothes billowing round her. Whenever he have a glimpse of her, it is always sitting in silence for hrs on end, or reclining half dressed on her couch, gazing into the distance with languid unseeing eyes**

**a "Le serpent qui danse"—"Tes yeux, où rien ne se révèle"

* "Les Bijoux"

Nadar makes it clear that she considered him as a generous kind-hearted lunatic, rather than a satisfactory lover. She went into paroxysms of laughter whenever B. was mentioned in the character of a lover, as if this were indeed the best joke she had ever heard. She could never have appreciated his sensitiveness, his shyness his love of perfection. But he did not ask her to understand; it was not what she was that concerned him. He asked merely to be beautiful & to permit him to gaze at her in worship*.

B. has analysed his attitude towards love in the novel "La Fanfarlo". Was this aesthetic worship all that there was between B. & J.D.? Nadar states categorically that B. never possessed J.D. nor indeed any woman. It is possible to read into most of his diatribes against women his feeling of infériorité towards them & his despair at his physical inability ever to give them complete satisfaction "J'ai toujours été étonné qu'on laissât les femmes entrer dans les églises. Quelle conversation peuvent-elles avoir avec Dieu? La femme ne sait pas séparer l'âme

*Cf Fusées 1: "L'amour veut sortir de soi, se confondre avec la victime, comme le vainqueur avec le vaincu, et cependant conserver des privilèges de Conquérant" (此处引法语译作俗谚).

du Corps. Elle est simpliste Comme les animaux — Un Satyrique dirait que c'est parce qu'elle n'a que le Corps". ("Mon Coeur Mis à Nu" lxxi) Both Nadar & Rops state that B. died vierge. J.D. told him that B. was "un doux rêveur inoffensif un maniaque dont toute la flamme s'épuisait en rimailleries". Her dissatisfaction may perhaps have been the inspiration of "Sed Non Satiata." In a letter to his mother (6th May 1861) he tells her that he contracted Syphilis when very young presumably when 20 or 21. After the study of B's erotic poems one inclines to the view that the most intense physical sensations he ever received were thru the organ of sight, sensations amounting almost to orgasm. A passage in the "Journaux Intimes.." hi st almost lead one to believe that he had been, on occasion, a voyeur*: "Je crois que j'ai déjà écrit dans mes notes que l'amour ressemblait fort à une opération Chirurgicale ..... (l'autre c'est le sujet, celui-là ou celle-là c'est l'opérateur ou le bourreau; la victime.) Entendez Ces Cris, Ces Râles, Ces Soupirs, prélude d'une tragedie de déshonneur,

*cf. Schanne: Souvenirs de Schaunard

Scorn on all the "entrepreneurs de bonheur public" who persuade each man that he is a thing whose kingdom has been snatched away from him.

Ces jouissements, ces cris, ces râles, qui ne les a provoqués qui ne les a irrésistiblement extorqués ?... Ces yeux de somnabule révulsés, ces membres dont les muscles jaillissent et se roidissant comme sous l'action d'une pile galvanique; l'ivresse, le délire, l'opium, dans leurs furieux résultats ne vous donneront certes pas d'aussi curieux exemples." ("Fusées" iii).

une espèce de morte... je croyais faire un sacrilège en appliquant le mot "extase" à cette sorte de décomposition

His sensuality seems to have been cerebral rather than physical. Such a poem like "Le Léthé" suggests the expression of exasperated desire rather than fulfilment.

To keep in her good graces he was obliged to suffer every humiliation & torture; she was unfaithful to him even with his friends, even with the basest people who came to the house*. He saw her in those moments of bitter clear sightedness as the woman he describes in "Les Métamorphoses du Vampire". Passionate love for J. D. seems to have been over towards 1845. It was surely her he thought when he composed "Le Cheval de Race", at a time when she was old & had lost all her beauty.

nerve himself for the ordeal
dandle a baby

He wrote "Le Crépuscule du Matin" in the vein which was to be one of his most successful & original, the lyric poetry of the modern city. But this form he has struck out on his own & has imitated no one. In "Une Charogne" he expresses revolt against the tyranny of the flesh. It could be used as the text for a perfectly orthodox sermon on the theme that all here below is vanity & on the inevitable return to dust & ashes. Most people, reading this poem, have misunderstood the feeling which inspired it, & have rashly seen in it a morbid interest in putrefaction & decay. St. Beuve had written poetry in this vein in his "Poésies de Joseph Delorme" & Gautier had composed a whole collection of poems entitled "La Comédie de la Mort."

Rachelle came into B's life, never again to leave it. It was he who handed him out his meagre pittance every month, it was before him he was obliged to bow & scrape to obtain even a small advance to pay the most pressing bills. B., at the end of his life, came

platitude after platitude, each of which was diluted in an endless flow of wishy-washy chatter.

to realise & appreciate Ancelle's friendship, when he felt abandoned by everyone else.

He shows Lamb: "With the Conseil judiciaire B.'s life changed completely. Gone were the days of youth & luxury. He was never seen again in anything but black broadcloth. He was suddenly pitchforked into a rough & vulgar world.

The "Salon" of 1845 ended with a significant passage of constructive criticism. He begs the artists to seek their inspiration in their own time & not to consider prosaic the manifestations of modern life. He was later to appreciate the incarnation of his views in Courbet, Manet, Degas & Guys. The "Salon" of 1846 foreshadowed his later theory of "Correspondance". This is seen in his elaboration of the opinion of Hoffmann that colors produce certain vibrations on the soul not to be distinguished from those created by sound, that painting like music has its own harmony of light and shade. "On trouve dans la couleur l'harmonie, la melodie et le contrepoint."

Charles Asselineau = B's most intimate & devoted friend who wrote: "Baudelaire: sa Vie et son Oeuvre"

He ends the "Salon" on the same note as the previous year, expressing a hope that artists may arise who will see the beauty in contemporary life — la beauté moderne.

La Bohème: His Bohème which came into existence in the early years of the '40's was very different from the light-hearted Bohème called the Jeunes France or the Bousingots. His was now a grimmer Bohème, a world of ratés, of those who perhaps through no fault of their own, had not succeeded, in the eyes of the world, in making good. B. was one of them because he no longer had the means to live in the society he loved. The Bohemians thought him affected & one & all they despised him.

Poe: B. was drawn from his state of apathy & lethargy by his passion for the works of Poe. Asselineau say that B. drove his friends almost to the verge of madness by his incessant questions & talks of Poe. A doctorate thesis has endeavored to prove that B. owed all his talent

* The author does not know the anecdote of Pater reading Poe only in B's translation (A. C. Benson: "Pater") Also of Murry's essay on B. with Lawrence's essay on P. for similarity in style - C.S.C.
to Poe (Patterson: "L'Influence de Poe sur B") Yet a great many of "Les Fleurs du Mal" were written before 1843. B. drew from P. nothing which was not already in himself. His most valuable gain was confidence in his own aesthetic principles & the courage to continue cultivating the vein in which he was convinced his real genius lay. Writing to a friend about Manet who had been accused of imitating Goya, even though he had never seen his pictures, B. said: "And do you know why with such infinite patience, I translated P? Because he was like me. The 1st time I ever opened a book by him, I discovered with delight & terror, not only subjects which I had dreamt, but whole phrases which I had thought written by him 20 yrs before" (to Théophile Thoré May 1864 & also letter to Armand Fraisse Dec. 1858). In his admiration for P. B is unjust to himself. +

Gautier was constitutionally incapable of understanding B.; he was never able to go below the surface of things. "I am afraid that B's case will be similar to that of

* What G. & other more advanced poets saw in B. was an erotic & Satanic poet.
** So is Poe in *Al Aaraaf*: "All Nature speaks, & ev'n ideal things
Principle begin on Flap Shadowy sounds from invisible Wings": also Poetic
Petrus Borel. In the days of our youth people used to
say 'Hugo must look to his laurels, for when Petrus
Borel begins to publish his poems, his reputation will
go up in smoke!' .... Nowadays they threaten us with B.
saying that when he appears Musset, Lamartine & I
will cease to exist. I don't believe it; B. will
miss fire like P.B." (Maxime du Camp: "Souvenirs
Littéraires" vol. II., P. 83) *
The influence of Swedenborg colors his interpretation
in Heaven & its Wonders, the World of Spirits, & Hell for
the significance of Poe. Swedenborg was convinced that
pp. 89-90
the whole natural world "corresponded" * exactly to
the spiritual world, not only conceived collectively,
but in all its individual parts; everything here below
was a hieroglyphic which needed only a trained mind
to decipher. B. was convinced that only poets who
had attained a high degree of spirituality would be
successful in finding the images, the metaphors, the
analogies to render the meaning of life. "Tout est
hiéroglyphique .... Or qu'est-ce qu'un poète, si ce n'est

* cf André Gide: "Traité du Narcisse" P. 15 ("An
"Poe idéaliste et original, Baudelaire sensualiste, catholique, charnel .... Il n'y a rien
de commun entre les alexandrins austères de B. ou l'étrange musique de P."
Régis Michaud's sensible article in Revue de litt. comparée (oct-dec. 1938) "Baudelaire
un traducteur, un déchiffreur? Chez les excellents poètes
il n'y a pas de métaphore de comparaison ou d'épithète
qui ne soit d'une adaptation mathématiquement exacte
dans la circonstance actuelle, parce que ces comparaisons
ces métaphores et ces épithètes sont puisées dans l'in
épuisable fonds de 'l'universelle analogie' et qu'elles
ne peuvent être puisées ailleurs" ("A Bk Romantique"
P/305). Réflexions sur quelques-uns de mes Contemporains" F. Victor Hugo
* It is easy to see how this spiritual theory sep-
arates B. from the aesthetes. Hoffmann in the "Kreisle
-riana" said that he was frequently struck when he
heard music, by the existence of the hidden & profound
connection between colors, sounds, & perfumes.
The emotion kindled by a poem of B. can be likened to the
ripples created by a pebble which is thrown into a pond.
The ripples stretch in ever-increasing & widening circles
away from the pebble which has long since fallen to the
bottom of the pool.
He held it his highest bliss to be permitted to live in
the shadow of the woman he loved, asking nothing in return
cf Poe: une mise au point".

Letter to Mme. Marie (B. 向未婚妻 Mlle.) 婚 Mme.
Sabatier (La Vénus Blanche) 成 B. 真诚，"你也多许
向 B. 吟降服逃自言 Saved nothing against the rainy day
理想之美，如之太多，称为被累。
Comme aux pieds d'une reine un chat voluptueux"
("La Géante").
To hide his physical disabil— he built up among at
his friends the reputation of a man who hated love &
despised women; this personality became for him a
steel armour rivelled to his very body, a mask clamped
to his face to the day of his death. He was left solitary
& alone, a poor shrinking little figure inside his
glorious armour.
La Vénus Blanche: Mme. Sabatier became not only
his dream but his superstition as well, & he thought
of her unceasingly. Whenever he did anything particularly
foolish, he used to say to himself: "What would she
think of me if she knew this?" "A la très-belle,
à la très bonne, à la très-chère" "l'Ange gardien,
la Muse et la Madone". "Le Balcon".
Criticism: B. himself believed in the ultimate value of
his critical works & considered them as of equal
importance to his poetical work. "It is hard to die",

he said to his mother, "without having at least published my critical works."

It must not be thought that B. was incapable of appreciating classical beauty; he was a better scholar than either Gautier or Leconte De Lisle. He concluded that it was only intellectual suicide to disown the Christian civilisation. He said when writing on Guys: "Toute notre originalité vient de l'estampille que le temps imprime à nos sensations" ("L'Art Romantique" P. 292). All forms of modernity were capable of becoming classic & if this did not occur the fault lay with the artists & not with the age. On the other hand B. disliked realism: "Et aussi, comme nos oreilles ont été harassées dans ces derniers temps par des bavardages d'école puérile, comme nous avons entendu parler d'un certain procédé littéraire appelé 'réalisme' — injure dégoutante jétée à la face de tous les analystes, mot vague et élastique qui signifie pour le vulgaire, non pas une méthode nouvelle de création mais une description minutieuse des accessoires" ("L'Art Romantique" P. 399.)

* cf Lord Morley on Wordsworth
"Sanctified vegetables"
des légumes "sanctifiés"

He espresses an almost 20th cent. horror of photography. Those who asserted that art was a faithful copy of nature had found their prayers granted in an almost miraculous manner, as if by some evil Genius, in the person of Daguerre ... B. could not endure the romantic idealisation of nature: "La nature n'enseigne rien, ou presque rien. C'est à dire qu'elle contraint l'homme à dormir, à boire et à se garantir tant bien que mal contre les hostilités de l'atmosphère. C'est elle qui pousse l'homme à tuer son semblable, à le manger, à le réfugier à le torturer* ... Le Crime est originellement naturel. La Vertu au contraire est artificielle, surnaturel ..." ("L'Art Romantique" P. 96). "La nature extérieure n'est qu'un dimas incohérent de matériaux que l'artiste est invité à associer et à mettre en ordre ... il n'y a dans la nature ni ligne, ni couleur. C'est l'homme qui crée la ligne et la couleur" (ibid. P. 15). Art was not to

*"Il est une autre hérésie .... une erreur qui a la vie plus dure, je veux parler de l'hérésie de l'enseignement, laquelle comprend, comme corollaires inévitables, les hérésies de la passion, de la vérité et de la morale." cf. L'Art Romantique : Prométhée délivré et August Barbier.

imitate or reform nature, art was to do better what nature had often only hastily conceived. "La Peinture du visage ne doit pas être dans le but vulgaire d'imiter la belle nature et de rivaliser avec la jeunesse. Qui oserait assigner à l'art la fonction stérile d'imiter la nature?" (Ibid. P. 90). "Ce qui exaspère l'homme de goût dans le spectacle du vice, c'est sa difformité, sa disproportion." (Notes Nouvelles sur Poe). In a letter to Swinburne, he said that every work of art must naturally suggest some kind of moral, but that it is the part of the reader to discover this moral. He expressed disgust of the views set forth in the preface of „le Fils naturel„ a play by Dumas Fils where the dramatist says: "Toute littérature qui n'a pas en vue la perfectibilité, la moralisation, l'utile en un mot, est une littérature rachitique et malsaine." To this open didacticism, B. opposed. "La poésie n'a pas d'autre but qu'elle même" ("Notes Nouvelles sur Poe"). He would not have denied that all great art, by

B. 屢談 St. Beuve 的评 Ste-B. 不喜爱 Feydeau 之 "Fanny" 的评论的 St-B. 评 Poets of the slaughter house & Charnel 别诗集不聖祝禁 house.

reason of the Spiritualist could raise humanity out of the rut of material life. "Je ne veux dire que la poésie n'ennoblisse pas les moeurs — qu'on me comprenne bien, que son résultat final ne soit pas d'élever l'homme au dessus du niveau des intérêts vulgaires; ce serait évidemment une absurdité." (Ibid).

The end of a Dream: Was it only that he was still timid & shy? Or was he still thinking of Jeanne Duval? Mme. Sabatier had a picture of J. D. which she always kept, & underneath she had written the native & revealing remark: "Son idéal"! The ideal relationship which he had hoped to enjoy with Mme Sabatier lay in fragments at his feet. He wrote no more love poems & love letters; this was the end of that chapter.

To his mother: "You are always ready to stone me with the crowd"!

He was able once more to sleep peacefully at night

G. T. Clapton * cf. Letter to Armand Fraisse
"B. et De Quincey" 39-44 n2 pub. by Crépet in Baudelaire P. 193.

without the sensation of sinking into a pit.
"Les Paradis Artificiels": "Haschich" & "Mangeur d'Opium" (Translations from De Quincey). His intention is to condemn the machine-made heaven, the fool's paradise which can be reached thru drugs. His attitude is not one of delight that these substances have been granted to man to gain escape, but rather horror at the fundamental immorality of endeavoring to obtain something for nothing, to reach heaven by a gratuity pressed into the hand of the keeper of the gates of paradise — "l'immortalité impliquée dans cette poursuite d'un faux idéal"! * cf. his lecture in "P. A." P. 7
Brussels in May 1864: "or je veux faire un livre non de pure physiologie, mais surtout de morale. Je veux prouver que les chercheurs de paradis font leur enfer"! His attitude is very different from that "P. A." P. 319
of Cocteau who in his "Opium" compares life to an express train moving at lightning speed towards its inevitable goal, death; he says that a man who

feasible project

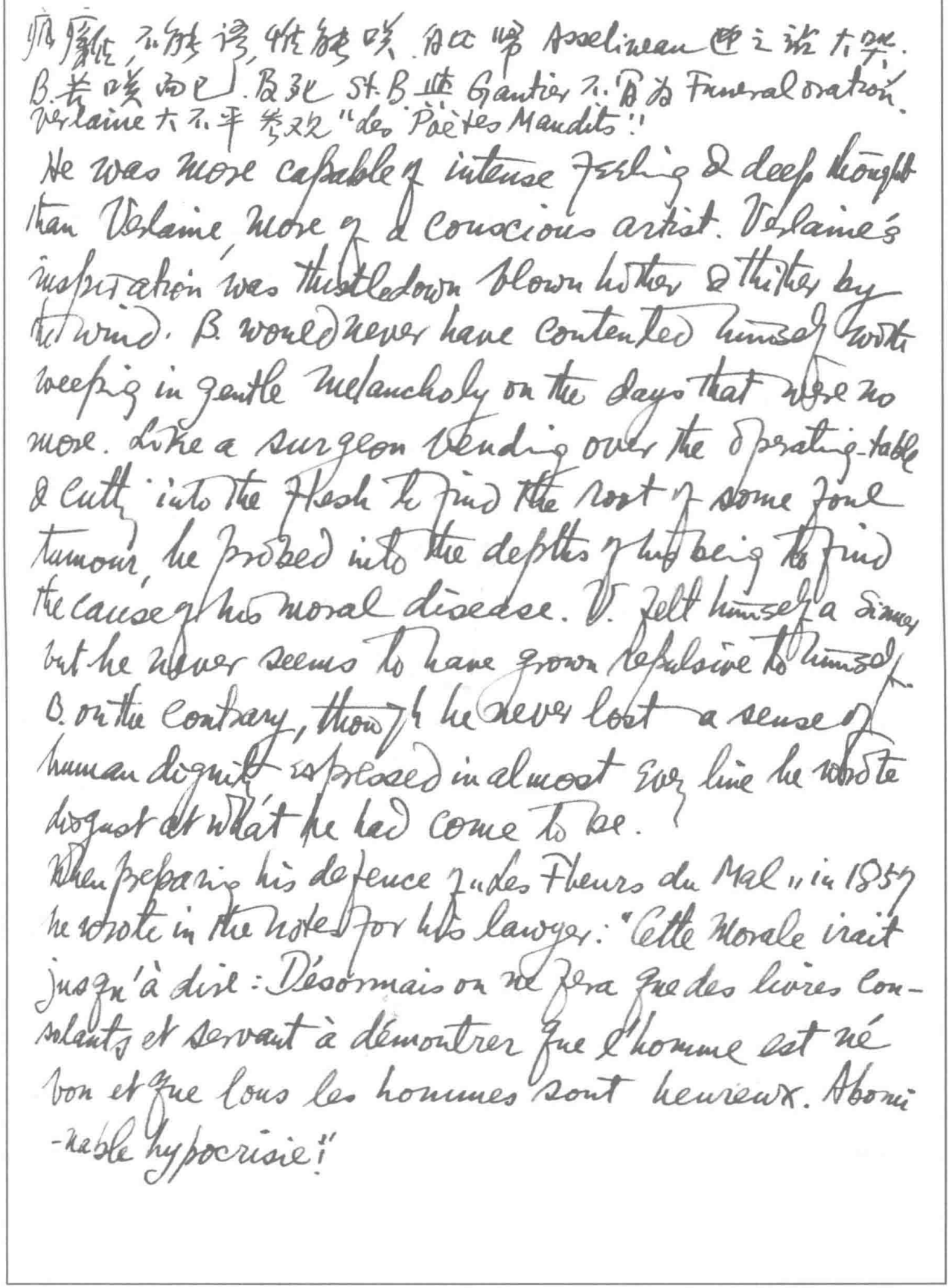
smokes opium is enabled to jump down from the swiftly moving train — Whether he disables himself in so doing Cocteau does not state — & occupy himself in the green meadows along the track. B. would have known well that however much he played on the bank amongst the flowers, he would be caught & forced into the train which would always wait for him at the next station. Even Léo Varlet a protagonist of the paradise of hashish, who asserts that B. had little practice in the taking of hashish ("Aux Paradis du Haschich" P. 23), stands confounded with his own words when he says that it is difficult to recapture the joys of the major & the minor paradise that with repetition the other life becomes, at length as boring as the real life around us. (Ibid. P. 169) B. came to consider the taking of drugs as a kind of moral suicide. « En effet tout homme qui n'accepte pas les conditions de la vie tend son âme ! (P. 64). Then follows one of the most

Poulet Malassis 印刷所的破产, B. 去哈也失业片版 是 Candidature
For election to the Academy 山落空的 人误解为 trick.
St-Beuve 极不赞成, 为何级去 aloof 而 Patroniz. Vigny 的
系列读 B. 书面大胜之, 太赞之为 "Fleurs du Bien".
Significant passages for the understanding of B's
spiritual development, his assertion of the value of
suffering. Henceforth he will write of "la fertilisante
douleur & l'indispensable douleur, since it is
thru suffering alone that the seed of goodness within
us can be fertilised & bear fruit. (P. 65). This moral
teaching displeased Flaubert who was otherwise
satisfied with the book (F's letter in Notes of P.A. P. 309).
The Ghost of the Dead years: Even in his waking hrs
there was no peace for him, he could almost feel
time as a living entity, mocking him, taunting him
with his incapacity. He could not work with this
obsession of the flight of time, & the feeling of being
crushed beneath the weight of the ill-spent yrs.
He removed the hands from his clock & wrote on
the face of the dial: "It is later than you think" ("Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et des Curieux 30. Sept.
1905). Cf. "L'Horloge".
"Un Fantôme": J. D. a paralysed drug-addict borrowing
money in his name from all his friends.

吸收了 Petits Poèmes en Prose. 2节 "L'Impréva"
2段一节 Christian humility 集. 并B.到比利时讲,第一讲德
Sneered his pitch. 等道歉,第二讲云,也好全忘掉

"Je suis d'autant plus touché de l'accueil que vous avez bien voulu me faire, que c'est avec vous que j'ai perdu ma virginité d'orateur, virginité qui n'est d'ailleurs pas plus regrettable que l'autre!"

As they sat together that evening, B. was busy making calculations on a piece of paper & when Catulle Mendès asked him what he was doing, he answered that he was adding up all that he had ever gained in his life from his writings: "Fifteen thousand 89 francs & 60 centimes, & you must not forget the 60 centimes, the price of a Cigar." Later in the night, M. heard B. weeping in the dark & vainly trying to stifle his sobs. "Mon Coeur Mis à Nu" a poignant document of B's death-agony. efforts at reading an ideal no longer merely literary, full of prayers to God. The last words are words of peace: "To say every morning my prayers to God, the fount of all strength, of all justice, to Marie & to Poe, to beg them intercede for me" etc. (P. 110).



He was more capable of intense feeling & deep thought than Verlaine, more of a conscious artist. Verlaine's inspiration was thistledown blown hither & thither by the wind. B. would never have contented himself with weeping in gentle melancholy on the days that were no more. Like a surgeon bending over the operating-table & cutting into the flesh to find the root of some foul tumour, he probed into the depths of his being to find the cause of his moral disease. V. felt himself a sinner but he never seems to have grown repulsive to himself. B. on the contrary, though he never lost a sense of human dignity expressed in almost every line he wrote disgust at what he had come to be.

When preparing his defence of Les Fleurs du Mal in 1857 he wrote in the note for his lawyer: "Cette Morale irait jusqu'à dire: Désormais on ne fera que des livres consolants et servant à démontrer que l'homme est né bon et que tous les hommes sont heureux. Abominable hypocrisie!"

My note on "Correspondance": We must attend to both sides of the medal — "Correspondance" & "Differentiation". The nature or virtue of the Medium used does count for a lot. Certain aesthetic effects are more easily or completely attained in one art than in any other. Even in one & the same art the difference in materials results in the difference in effect. Cf. "Symphonie en blanc majeure" with (say) "Symphonie en rouge majeure". Both may achieve the effect of "Symphonie" but what a world of difference in their effects! Cf. Pater's Essay on "The School of Giorgione

* Very inadequate. Too much padding from Ker's essays.

Collected Essays of W. P. Ker.

Introduction: If ever a man were born into this world to mitigate "the curse of Babel", to batter the walls of that tower it was K. He took all knowledge for his province. He would put nothing & nobody under the ban. "The spirit of the age" said he "is a dangerous demon"; "march of intellect" he hated more profoundly than Peacock himself; & he points out with a sly irony that Shelley was the 1st to use the one phrase, Keats the other — Charles Whibley.*

Dryden: He is at his best when he has set himself to try the value of dogmatic rules & principles; cautious, respectful, seeming to comply with them, till the time comes for the stroke that ends the encounter & leaves the arena to be cleared for the next antagonist. St. Evremond found it to be the fault of the English that they dug too deep & lost themselves in the windings of their own thoughts before they could bring anything to the surface; as, on the other hand the defect of the French was that they would not follow an argument home & were too easily contented with the sound of their own voices. This balance of faculties is secured in Dryden.

"Les plus honnêtes gens du Monde, ce sont les Français qui pensent, et les Anglais qui parlent". D. is not to be rejected though he may be proved to have thought too highly of Rapin & Bossu among critics, Fairfax & Waller among English poets. His virtue is that in a time when literature was pestered and cramped with formulas he found it impossible to write otherwise than freely.

Heroic Poem:— The patterns of Epic or the Heroic poem & of Tragedy or the Heroic play are those that chiefly concern D. From the day of Petrarch to those of Dr Johnson, "Heroic poem" was a subject that engaged some of the strongest intellects in the world. There might be difference of opinion about the essence of the heroic poem or the tragedy, but there was no doubt about their value. It is easy to pass by Davenant's "Gondibert" and Chapelain's "Pucelle", but "Paradise Lost", was begun & carried out under the same principle & no small part of Mr's motive was the same keen ambition to embody the abstract form of epic in a

modern vernacular work. Like Ronsard, Tasso, Davenant, Chapelaine, Desmarets, Scudéry, Le Moyne, he was under the spell of the phantom epic, the pure idea of a Virgilian poem. The heroic poem was an embodied ghost that might choose for the habit of its earthly life either the story of Paradise or that of the Round Table; just as the tragedy which is "Samson Agonistes" might have been "Samson Hybristes" or "Parasophistes" or even "Solomon Gynaecocratumenos" as noted by Milton in his list of subjects in the Trinity MS. Dryden's position is very like that of Tasso & Corneille both of whom felt themselves obliged on the one hand to pay reverence to the Ancients & on the other hand to consider their own genius. With Tasso's "Discorsi e Lettere Poetiche" D. was well acquainted; from Corneille's essays in the 1660 edition of his plays, D. seems to have got a quickening of interest in critical discussion. Corneille began writing before the Unities were much thought of as D. began in the older "Metaphysical" manner before the complete establishment of the reforms of Waller. The difference in situation between

C & D is that C. is a master reviewing the work he has already done & explaining it; D is a master of forms of poetry not dramatic, trying in his dramatic essays to find his way into provinces not his own. Much of his dramatic criticism is taken up with non-dramatic subjects; the essay "Of Heroic Plays" is an essay on epic poetry.

What was the right way to think of the Ancients? What was the right way to make use of their example? They were questions that might be made inconvenient by any pedant to any poet as by Gabriel Harvey to Spenser. Tasso's "Discorsi" are an attempt to make a compromise without giving up either respect for the Ancients or any rights of the Moderns: if Romance had existed in Aristotle's time, it would have come into "Poetics". In D's time the debate between Ancients & Moderns was not merely between classical precedent & modern liberty. The superstition of classical authority brought its own Nemesis in the most singular way. The champion of the Moderns claims a hearing not because

the moderns want more freedom, not because they are more correct, more "classical," than the Ancients.

Here is one idea common to D. & all his contemporaries. Which in spite of its ambiguity, is seldom misleading; Nature "is at once the source & end, & test of Art." Neither D. nor Pope wish in this respect to avoid conforming with the rest of the guild. The idea of "Nature" discouraged the invention of Conceits. When D. found "Nature" turned into an excuse for dullness he spoke out in the "Apology for Heroic Poetry". In the "Parallel of Poetry & Painting" he gives a clear statement of the current Idealist theory of Art & Nature which was taken up in the "Discourses" of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Himself according to Congreve's evidence, acknowledged Tillotson as his master in the art of familiar discourse; and there was Cowley too. The ancestors of D's prose are to be traced in Chapelain's Preface to the "Adone" of Marino in Mesnardière's "Poëtique" in the dialogues & Essays of Sarrasin in the Prefaces of Scudéry in the Discourses of "Examen" of Corneille. What criticism might be without the examples

the French is shown in the Preface to "Samson Agonistes." In date it is some years later than Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesy"; in tem per it belongs to the Italy of a hundred yrs before.
In "Annus Mirabilis" D. had not yet fully appropriated the lessons of Waller—witness the insistence on the use of technical details: "We hear indeed among our poets of the thundering of guns, the smoke, the disorder & the slaughter, but all these are common notions. And certainly as those who, in a logical dispute, keep in general terms would hide a fallacy so those who do it in any poetical description would veil their ignorance." The "dedication of the Aeneis" contradicts this: "I will not give the reasons why I writ not always in the proper terms of navigation, land-service, as in the cant of any other profession. I will only say that Virgil has avoided these proprieties because he writ not to mariners, soldiers, astronomers etc. but to all in general & in particular to men & ladies of the 1st quality, who

St. Evremond:" 'Je sais bon gré a M. d'Aubignac' dit M. le Prince 'd'avoir si bien suivi les règles d'Aristote; mais je ne pardonne point aux règles d'Aristote d'avoir fait faire une si méchante tragédie à M. d'Aubignac".
have been better read than to be too nice] knowing in the terms." In "Annus Mirabilis" D. agrees with Ronsard: "Tu practiqueras bien souvent les artisans de tous mestiers .... et de la tireras mainte belles et vives Comparaisons avec tous les noms propres des mestiers, pour enrichir ton oeuvre et le rendre plus agréable et parfait" (Abrégé de l'Art Poëtique Francois) In 1697 D. has given up the technical dictionary & gone over to the school of general terms, whose principles were formulated by Buffon in his "Discours sur le Style 1753): "A cette première règle dictée par le génie, si l'on joint de la délicatesse et du goût, du scrupule sur le choix des expressions, de l'attention à ne nommer les choses que par les termes les plus généraux, le style aura de la noblesse."
"An Essay of Dramatic Poesy" — the dramatists of the last generation, Shakespeare, Jonson & Fletcher ("Theirs was the Giant age before the Flood") are vindicated by D. against the "Mechanic" view of dramatic art. Corneille was a

great help to D. in getting through his perplexities. Although D. saw that a good deal of the French "correct" drama was pretence, still he could not help admiring the protest against slovenly & ill-braced drama. (a) The Unity of action requires no more than one single theme of interest in a play "Single & separate, not compound parts" (Jonson; "Episodes" rejected). It is in the liaison des scènes that Corneille exhibits the efficient working of this Unity of action, & it is here that D. follows him with least reserve. The Unity of action is proved to be valid when the exits & entrances explain & justify themselves, when there is no sudden break in the middle of the act to introduce new actors & a change of interest. D. must have felt that C's accounts of the plots allowed too little room for movement & variety. The English drama was fuller of body & more substantial than the French; but there was no reason why it should not be improved. (a) The Unity of time. Sir Philip Sidney's protest against

* L'Art Poëtique, iii 398.

the licence of the stage in the "Apology for Poetry" is to be found, with very little difference, in Cervantes & Boileau.* The popular practice came to approximate to the learned ideal: practice in dramatic writing taught the playwright to work for concentration, & without pedantry his natural instincts led him to restrict the time of his story. It helps the effects of the Drama to have the imaginary action taking up no more than the 2 hrs required to play it. But more time may be taken, if necessary. D. thought of it in the same general way as Corneille, & in the same way as he thought of the Unity of Action: both were good negative or corrective rules, prohibiting waste of time & incoherent plots; but they were not to be allowed to fix any positive limit for the dramatic poet. (C) D. found comfort in C's explicit refusal to accept the Unity of Place as one of the ancient rules. Action & Time were to be considered by the dramatist in shaping his story. Place was naturally restricted along with Time & Action & did not need special consideration until it came to

In "The Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy" influence of "my friend Mr Rhymer" in emphasis upon moral instruction which in earlier essays D. treated lightly & submitted Shakespeare to rules of Ancients.

he a question of the decoration of the stage, a matter for the scene-painter. The Elizabethan stage, not being hampered with scenery, made no necessary difficulty for the audience in changing the scene; the change must be criticised by reference to the standards of Time & of Action, not of place. In France, because of the tradition of the Medieval stage management which required all the different scenes in the play to be represented on the stage at once, the Unity of Place meant a different thing. The Unity of Place offered new temptation to the English dramatist. When Addison in "Cato" went out of his way to copy the French pattern, Dennis showed up his contradictions in the passage of criticism preserved by Dr Johnson in "Life of Addison". Dennis's method was that of Neander in D's "Essay"

"Preface to Third Miscellany" :- "Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic" This is meant for Rymer, by whom D. had been "seemingly Courted

"His chariot Wheels grow hot with driving"

+ Coleridge: *Lectures on Shakespeare & Milton* on Reviewers, Shelley: *Fragments of Adonais*, Disraeli: *Lothair* chap. 35, & *My Magindia* & Secretly Undermined" in the short Drew of Tragedy" just published + to Leslie Stephen: Hours in his library on Disraeli's novels quoted & praised by Edward Dimes in *Movements in Modern English poetry & prose*, p. 149 for Ker's "Vigilance"

The 18th Cent.: For the 18th cent. is coming again into favor. "Our excellent & indispensable 18th cent." Arnold's phrase expresses a very common 19th-cent. opinion. We can't do without the 18th cent. but we don't want to think of it more than we can help. We sometimes forget that Carlyle the chief opponent of the 18th cent. gave half his time to 18th cent. history & literature & that not in order merely to refute & explode but to explain, even to admire—witness his essay on Diderot.

"Philosopher" came to be a common term applied to any gentleman who was known not to believe in the Devil. This is a fair caricature of "Enlightenment." But the witch trials of the 17th cent. make up a record of cruelty unparalleled in the history of the world, & it was time to relieve the Prince of Darkness from the loathsome calumnies of the witch-finders.

We might see in the architecture of Wren how far

different is restraint from restriction, & moderation from
meanness; what thrilling life there may be in simple
harmonies of spaces. It is not negation or privation
to be content with the right lines, to refuse the
wrong ornamentation.
The philanthropist combines love of the whole human race
with indifference to John, Peter, Thomas & so forth.
The horses are Swift's Utopia we are told. If Course
they are, & so is the King of Brobdingnag whose
opinions on the art of government are not very
different from Sir Thomas More's.
It is the convention of a school or a tradition, such
as keeps the artists from eccentricity, vanity, &
"expense of spirit". The 18th cent still retains the docible
quality of the Middle Ages when the artists worked like
members of a guild.
Gibbon read as much as the most learned dunce
in the "Dunciad" & his best work is as elegant as the
"Rape of the Lock".

Thomas Warton: The enormous schemes of education propounded by Rabelais & Milton show the spirit of the Renaissance in its greatest ambition – the spirit of Marlowe's Faustus. Another mode was presented in the "Utopia" where the aim of study is not infinite knowledge but just so much as may be available for the lives of ordinary men. "Utopia" is the nobler counterpart to Browning's Grammarian – not the contrast as B. gives it: His small man goes on adding one to one,

His hundred's soon hit –

but another sort of man, whose study is so proportioned & arranged that every hr in the day's work contributes to the meaning & value of the day. The Renaissance worked itself out to a sort of thin culture or polite literature which found substantial erudition much too laborious. Even Dr Johnson, who has so much of the old-fashioned regardless love of reading, makes little use of it in his works, apart from the "Dictionary" his depreciation of history & historians is well known!

Lecture on Joseph Ritson.

Shadows of music.

But it was from history that fresh supplies had to be drawn, to save polite literature from dying of inanition.

Some historians of lit. go wrong & spoil their work by writing as if their matter were all past like events of history — kept at a distance from the eye, de-realized though permanent possibilities of sensation.

Warton did more than anybody to correct the narrow Culture, the starved elegance of the preceding age. His work as a commentator was largely the tracing of resemblances & possible borrowings — an estimate in detail of the reading of Spenser & Milton. But it is more than the Belesenheit of authors. Nor is it like the work of those "parallelists" (the word is W's own) who "mistake resemblances for thefts".

The brothers Warton make the same distinction as Hurd in his memorable phrase between "good sense" & "fine fabling". Cf. J. W. in his note on "Comus" ver. 195. with T. W. on "Pope." Joseph goes much further than Thomas.

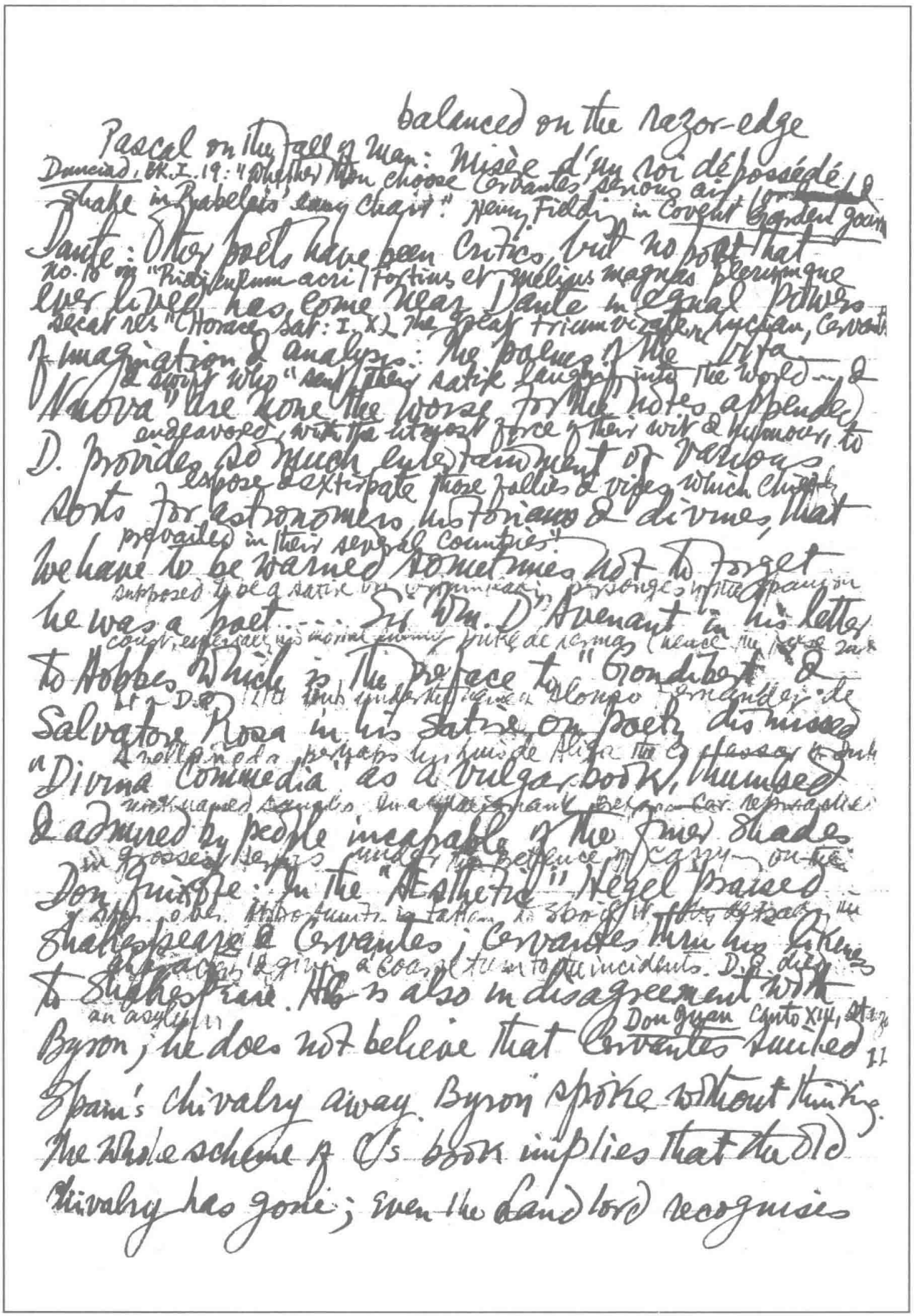
Dr Slogs Brandl: "After Goethe, the great work of Germany was the school of research in America".

wander an inch beyond the understood limits of the subject. He speaks of Dante's "sublime & original poem." Thomas admires D. too but is more apologetic for his "grossest improprieties" & "absurdities" & his "prolixity" because "everything is related circumstantially without rejection & not in those general terms which are used by modern writers." Joseph will not have "general terms": "Among the other fortunate circumstances that attended Homer, it was not one of the least that he wrote before general & abstract terms were invented". The brothers are not of one mind about poetic diction, & Thomas is the more old-fashioned of the two.

Hazlitt: "Gusto" a favourite term with Hazlitt, is originally a term of art criticism. H. uses painting terms like "Texture" "ground" etc [re. Burke] because he knows as a painter from experience what they really mean.

One remembers Goethe's deadly saying about the hearts of sensibility: "any bungler can touch them".

the strange, homeless quality of medieval poems.



Pt I Bk IV. 21
405
P. 74 of p. 97 Pt. I, Bk III, chap 2. p. 408
that there are no real Knight-errants now. If you take
chivalry in another sense to mean simply high-flown
notions of honor, then it is equally absurd to say that
Chivalry was exploded by Don Quixote. The point of honor
is more emphatic in the Generation of Calderon than it was
[illegible] "before D.Q." is a literary burlesque, not a Partisan
a womans piece as the Count of Leondos after having taken up a
Chivalry but a gibe at the ridiculous style of the poor
Comic-Realistic invention of the degenerate prose romances
pt I, Bk I, chap. VI. p. 31
The books of Chivalry are the books of all the people;
the Curate knows all about them before he delivers
pt 2, Bk IV, 303
them to the secular arm; Dorothea reads them & talks
their language when she is in the person of the Princess
Micomicona. The book were composed by a man who
held sharply most of the literary superstitions of his race
Whose original powers were disabled by literary Conven-
tions & formalities. What are the books on which he
prided himself? "D. Q." no doubt; but even more the
"Galatea", the Arcadian pastoral romance compared
with which the crudest book of chivalry is life-like.

Cicero
imitatio vitae, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis
Hamlet III. 2 "To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature"!

And his latest book is "Persiles & Sigismunda" an imitation of the Greek rhetorical novel. Cervantes in his literary opinions is almost an echo of Sir Philip Sidney — the chaffing of popular drama by the Canon of Toledo in "D. Q." Pt. I. Bk IV. 21 "D. Q." is the most careless great work in the world. [illegible] of Defence of Poesy on Gorboduc [illegible] allusions to the distraction of his pleadings, the pedantic The Philosophy of History: One of the stones in the life of Hegel tells how another philosopher asked him to deduce his full plan i.e. to prove a priori on metaphysical grounds a particular accidental thing. The philosopher in dealing with history may work out a formula of development; but to do this effectively must he not neglect the accidents & chances of the mortal life which is the matter of history? No imaginative writer has a stronger interest than Hegel in the persons who seem to be the most extreme contradiction to all abstract & universal formulas of history. He recognises & appreciates character, in the

*It is the humanist Ideal, in the words of Dante's Ulysses: "Considerate la vostra semenza — Consider the seed from which you are sprung: you were not made to live as the brutes live but to follow virtue & knowledge".
8 F. Gregorovius: "Zur Literaturgeschichte" (Gesam. Werk. VII, p. 133)

sense which the word has for the leader of novels. Taine "deduced" the English genius from the English climate.

The ordinary historian is not so much exposed to be confronted & outfaced by his subject. His subject is all in the past & much of his matter is only half articulate. But the historian of art is dealing with things present & alive. Statesmen & generals are past & gone, & cannot resent their treatment by the historian but when the historian is talking about Rembrandt & Milton, he can never be quite safe. R & M. may walk in at any moment & put out his little light.[8]

"Classical" vs "Romantic": the modern journalistic tragedy — "Tragedy in Euston Square" etc — belong to the school of Hugo rather than Sophocles.

The modern Crusading romantic passion for what is vague & distant & beyond the horizon.

The Humanist Ideal:* the older humanists agreed with the Middle Ages & the Ancients in their interpretation of the Liberal Arts. The Liberal Arts are Sciences; the terms

Je prends mon bien où je le trouve; no wise lecturer will ever invent when he can borrow.

artes liberales, Scientiae liberales, artes ingenuae are synonymous. The main distinction of studies is not between literature & science, but between studies for the sake of knowledge & studies for some other end. Cf. the letter of Gargantua to his son & the letter of Milton to Samuel Hartlib. Both Rabelais & Milton write in correction of faults & abuses. But Rabelais R. censures the old lazy medieval customs M. finds fault with the time spent in Latin & Greek to the exclusion of substantial knowledge. Here M. agrees with Bacon. The "advancement of learning" is in danger of the Schoolmen on the one hand, the "delicate learning" of the Ciceronians on the other. So the humanist ideal contradicts itself.

The worst of ever renovation is that it puts ideas into people's heads who would not otherwise have been troublesome. Tennyson in the "Holy Grail": the King's judgment: "Lo, one hath seen, & all the blind will see!"

solid & shrewd, but no gusto or finesse in enjoyment. In purely aesthetic matters, no central grasp. Flat, cold, not sufficiently warmed before the fire of literature. Hence invariably "hedging" when dealing with acknowledged masters like Byron, Keats, Tennyson, Browning &c. Short breath, non-sequential style. Under-statement overdone & pointless.

He it is who has made English Studies in Oxford what they are. Literary antiquarianism — happy only in dealing with people like Warton, Ritson — Every tenet & crotchet of David Nichol Smith adumbrated here — teste on Dryden's Criticism of Shakespeare — on Warton, on Ritson. A more learned, more original more thoughtful pedant.

their style resembles glue thickened with sawdust.

Idealism: A Critical Survey, by A. C. Ewing.

Introduction: On the whole, the realist argues better but the idealist arrives at wiser conclusions.

"There can be no physical objects existing apart from some experience"; this might be taken as the definition of idealism provided we regard thinking as a part of experience & do not imply by "experience" passivity, and provided we include under experience not only human experience but the so-called "Absolute Experience" or the experience of a God such as Berkeley postulates. By "existence apart from experience" I mean existence as unperceived. If we took as our definition of idealism the view that nothing can exist apart from experience we should exclude Kant but we do not if we take as our definition the view that no "physical thing" can, for whatever mean by "physical thing", we certainly do not, as Kant recognised, mean by it unknown thing-in-itself.

Did not one of the ablest representatives of the new logic himself say:—"The chief danger to our philosophy, apart

* Ramsey: "Foundations of Mathematics & Other Essays P. 269. But let us not confuse "vague" with "subtle", "nuance" and "elusive essence" and "irreducible surd" from laziness and woolliness, is scholasticism, the essence of which is treating what is vague as if it were precise & trying to fit it into an exact logical category"*

Epistemological Idealism: Berkeley may be charged with having confused 2 different usages of the word "conceive": to "conceive" thoughts (what we conceive is in our mind if anyth. can be said to be so) and "conceive" that" where the that-clause stands for a fact, a truth, a reality as opposed to our thoughts of it. Likewise "concept" is sometimes used to stand for a thought & sometimes for a feature of reality, & "relate" means "put into relation" as well as "recognise as already related." The phrase "in the mind" also has a threefold meaning: (1) a part of our mental process (2) dependent on the mind (3) apprehended by the mind (witness the colloquial phrase "I will keep this in mind") Berkeley argued from the 3rd sense to the 1st & 2nd. Further the idealist case acquires a fictitious strength from the correlation between "subject" & "object." But it does not follow that what

is the object of thought cannot exist without a thinking subject; it only follows that it cannot be an object without a thinking subject. No author would argue that he had saved his readers' lives on the ground that without him as author they could not have existed as readers of his book. Again I obviously cannot "know that S is P without my knowing it" if the last words are taken as qualifying the main verb "know"; to say I can is self-contradictory. But if "without my knowing it" is taken with "S is P." in the subordinate clause the contradiction disappears altogether. The idealist argument rests on a confusion between the truism that I cannot know what is to exist without its being known by me & the falsehood that it cannot exist without being known by me. Any fact which ever comes to be known must be in that respect related to the knowing of it & the knower; but this is saying very little, for the relation may be altogether unimportant to the fact

known. We cannot know nothing about anything, but we can know something about nothing; so the term unknown becomes relative. Thus the opponents of the thing-in-itself were right when they said that no real thing could be absolutely unknown, only we must hasten to add that what we know of something may be very unimportant compared to what we do not know. .... The same epistemological argument which is held to prove physical things to be dependent on us would prove equally that all human beings other than the person who asserts this doctrine, and all facts about such beings are dependent on his knowledge of them; that is no past or at any rate he cannot be justified in asserting the occurrence of any past events, so that memory is a complete delusion; that all the laws of logic are valid only when he thinks them & that he has no right whatever to affirm the truth of the very principles which led to his conclusion. It is useless to invoke a Universal Mind. If the universal mind is immanent it only knows in & thru acts of knowing

by finite Minds: so our objections still hold good. If however the Universal Mind is transcendent, what basis can we have for making assertions about the Absolute's knowing except our own knowing? If the Absolute's knowing is not analogous to our knowing, we have no right to make any positive assertions about its nature on the basis of our own knowing; if it is, then either on the idealist theory it is subject to our objections or on the realist theory it does not make or create the objects known.

It is a self-defeating enterprise to try "to discover apart from a knowing mind what the thing is" but not to try "discover what the thing is apart from a knowing mind."

"Mental Construction" is at the best a metaphor taken from our experience of making external objects & conveys a misleading impression. We have to ask what it is that we make.

To know is [redacted] something & this something cannot

be just our knowing it. To cognise something I must not only remake it in my mind but realise that my remaking of it is patterned on an object which is independent of the act of cognition in question. The argument would be on a par with inferring that because we need microscopes to see bacteria, bacteria cannot live without microscopes. The most an idealist can maintain is not that the two are identical but that the one necessarily implies the other so that e.g. a shape cannot exist without the consciousness of it, though it is not the same as the consciousness of it. In Kant's terminology it is not an analytic but a synthetic proposition that he is defending.

Reality may change as much as you like, yet those qualities in it which we know may still not be changed by the knowing of them.

Physical objects Kant treated in a characteristically idealist fashion, reducing them to elements in human experience & leaving to the realist only the unknowable thing-in-itself.

Pure a priori judgments, i.e. judgments which contain no element given in experience, are impossible. Arithmetic involves an empirical element, namely the experience of numbered things or at least of order, not in abstracto but in particular cases, just as logic presupposes the experience of particular judgments & inferences. The a priori character of mathematics & logic need not consist in dealing with purely a priori concepts; it may consist solely in the fact that their conclusions follow a priori by logical entailment (Kant's "necessity") from the concepts with which they start, though these are derived from experience.

Internal Relations:

(1) It is sometimes said that all relations are internal in the sense that they all "fall within the nature of the related terms."

To sum up, we must admit that all relations are internal in the 1st & 4th senses, i.e. they always presuppose terms which have the characteristic of standing in the

* But Bradley & Bosanquet never mean "internal" in this sense, see "Appearance & Reality" P. 26 ff. "Logic" P. 279.

relation in question, & they involve a genuine, though very partial unity between their terms (But we must not jump to the conclusion that because there is some connection between 2 things, they are as much admit as are different states & or qualities of the same thing. It does not necessarily follow, as many Hegelians have held, that because human minds depend on each other in many ways, they all constitute one single Mind). We can positively deny that any relations are internal in the 3rd sense (to say that "A is related to B by relation r" = "A has the quality of being related to B by r") because relations are not qualities or they will not relate,* & also in the 4th sense because they presuppose some positive character in the terms related which is not itself constituted (or even modified) by the relation, the nature of no term being exhausted by any one relation. We can also deny that all relations are internal in the 2nd sense – essential to their terms, while admitting that some are (so far from all relations being essential to their terms, some

relations in which a thing stands are quite unimportant to it). We can assert that every relation is internal in the 6th sense (Bosanquet: "grounded in the nature of related terms), i.e. follows either logically or causally from the nature of its terms or from a set of conditions including as necessary factors its terms (Even mere juxtaposition in space presupposes a common determinable, i.e. whatever is thus related must at least be spatial itself). We can not say that a relation makes a difference to its terms (7th sense) because we can not say that either of terms could not be the same in other respects if the relation were not present. In the 7th sense we have neither proved nor disproved the proposition that all relations are internal, similarly with the 8th, 9th & 10th senses.

On Bradley's argument against relations one might similarly argue that it was impossible to tie two things together with string because you would need another piece of string to tie the string to each object & so on.

Causality & Internal Relations: The older schools of philosophy assumed that the connection between cause & effect was a species of that between logical ground & consequent. & from this it would follow that, since everything in the world we know is, directly or indirectly, causally related to everything else, the world is a logically intelligible system. Against this it is now commonly asserted that there is no such thing as causation except in the sense of regular sequence. Logical implication is for the scientist not a relation that could hold between events in the real world. Mr Russell in "The Analysis of Mind": that C causes E. "means simply that C is a set of conditions such that [What can be meant by "such that" if not "such as to cause them to happen"?] (a) Whenever they are all fulfilled E happens & (b) Whenever E happens they have all been fulfilled." This view carries with it the startling implication that if, e.g. A shoots B. the shot has no more intrinsic connection with B's death than an earthquake at the other end of the world. Other factors besides regular sequence or concomitance

Which are frequently supposed to be present in Causation are: (1) the effect is held to be continuous with & dependent on the cause (2) the cause is held to explain the effect & help to make the occurence of the effect logically intelligible (3) the cause is held actively to produce or determine the effect in a sense in which the effect can not be said to produce or determine the cause (4) Causality involves necessity.
The only arguments in favor of Mr Russell's view fall under 2 heads: (a) the difficulties involved in other views of Causation (b) the fact that the regularity view keeps closest to the empirical evidence. (a) can not carry us very far, for, as Prof. Broad points out the fact that we cannot give a satisfactory statement of what else there was in Causation would not prove that there was nothing else beyond regularity. (B) a dilemma. Is he to maintain "regularity" in the sense that any event which occurs once will always occur under the same conditions, thus identifying causality with the

Principle of the Uniformity of Nature? In that case he is himself going far beyond the evidence of experience. Or is he to interpret the principle as simply covering only the observed regularities of the past? In that case he must answer the question how induction & the sciences based on induction can be anything more than an illusion.

If regularity were the only sense in which causality was true of the world, in what sense could I possibly say that something occurred because I willed it, or even just that I did something, or that my motive for a certain action was so-&-so? If the regularity theory be true, all practical wisdom would become worthless. Memory, beliefs due to inference would have to go also. Prof. Whitehead has rightly insisted on the causal efficacy

The relation of causation shares with non-causal logical entailment at least its important feature, namely, that it justifies inference, though logical entailment is not the only relation present in causation.

It is an additional objection to the regularity view

* cf. Stout: Studies in Philosophy & Psychology P.77
Shand: Foundations of Character, P.19. Köhler: Gestalt psychologie, Engl. ed. P.265 ff.

view that it is impossible to identify "could not be otherwise" with "always is". The effect can not be contained in the cause, for otherwise all causation would be simultaneous; & it can not be identical with the cause, for otherwise it would not be a different event. There is something present that was not present before. If there is a logical connection between cause & effect it must still be a synthetic & not an analytic connection. Even though we can not prove that there is any a priori connection between cause & effect, the assumption that there is such a connection has been implicit from the earliest ages in our demand for causes & in our inductions.

In the psychological sphere we do have faint glimmerings of such a priori insight.* It does seem more reasonable on other than inductive grounds to suppose that if A loves B. that will tend to make him sorry when B. dies than to suppose that it will make him glad.

I do not suppose that men perceived this general principle to be true in advance of experience; as with all general principles we 1st apprehend it in particular instances in our experience & then by a kind of intuitive induction reach the general principle.

That "mechanical" causality is a category inadequate to reality is a discovery anticipated by the despised idealists. The conception of "mechanical" causality fails us not because the universe is too little of a system but because it is too much of an interconnected system for a view which uses only one narrow set of characteristics in its causal explanations to be true.

Causality is internal in the 6th sense, i.e. it follows from the nature of its terms in some sense of "follow" other than that of regular sequence; in the 7th sense, i.e. it could not have been absent without at least one of its terms being different; in the 9th sense, i.e. neither could one of its terms have existed without being followed or preceded by the other.

The Coherence Theory: The strength of the Correspondence theory lies in the fact that a judgment is at once different from & yet dependent for its correctness on the object judged about. Whatever metaphysical creed we adopt we are forced to admit this fact. If a judgment bears a certain relation to its object it is true, if not it is false, & since this relation requires a name it has been called Correspondence. It will be safest to give up any attempt to explain what correspondence is in terms of any other relation & simply to treat the relation between a true judgment & its object as unique & unanalysable. If Correspondence theory be right, to know that something is true is just to know that it corresponds, & so its truth need assured not be tested again by looking at reality to see whether it does correspond. One may object that if all true judgments correspond to reality, the judgment that this is so will also correspond & so on ad infinitum. But this is no objection unless it can be shown that we

could not legitimately make the 1st statement without 1st making the whole infinite series. It only shows what in any case is true & can be shown in various other ways, i.e. that an infinite no. of potential judgments are true. Besides the objection, if valid, would apply to any universal proposition about true judgments whatever.

The doctrine "degrees of truth" may be summarised as the doctrine that all judgments are both partly true & partly false. One can quite agree with Bradley that there is this essential inadequacy in thought. Complete knowledge could not be attained by any number of judgments however true. Reality could not be reduced without remainder to a set of logically connected universals such as would alone satisfy thought. Facts are only what they are in their context & therefore the abstractions necessary for thought must vitiate the truth.....

It may be impossible for something to be a fact without a vast no. of conditions being fulfilled, & yet possible for us to judge it rightly to be a fact without our knowing

all these conditions. It may be impossible for A. & B. to be separated in fact, & yet possible for us to know them separately. Inclusion is not entailment: the conditions on which a proposition depends & which therefore it entails, need not be included in the proposition itself. In most cases our relative absence of exhaustive knowledge as to the conditions may impair the certainty of our judgment, but it does not follow that, because the truth of a proposition is uncertain, therefore it is only partly true.

The doctrine of degrees of truth is true as applied not indeed to single propositions but to any considerable bodies of opinion or elaborate theories outside mathematics & outside the plain facts of memory & actual experience — politics, theology etc. It is of great practical value as a much-needed exhortation to tolerance & caution. In one sense all propositions asserted must be either absolutely true or absolutely false, but the false ones do not all diverge equally

from the truth. Such false propositions are not only of practical but of theoretical value: e.g. we are in a much better position even theoretically in regard to truth, though we are still making a false judgment if we think that a Mountain is 20000 ft high while it is really 21000 feet, than if we think it to be only 5000 ft. high. Coherence must not be confused with self-consistency. What is meant is not merely that the different facts do not contradict each other, which would be compatible with them being all quite independent to each other logically, but that they stand in some positive logical relation of entailment to each other. This ideal of coherence is admittedly realised though only within a limited sphere, by Mathematics. (1) Its insistence on the Whole is in principle sound this is the reason why it is difficult for a layman to appraise the value of specific arguments within a science. The Whole as a criterion is not a transcendant Metaphysical entity but only the Whole of our previous experience, knowledge

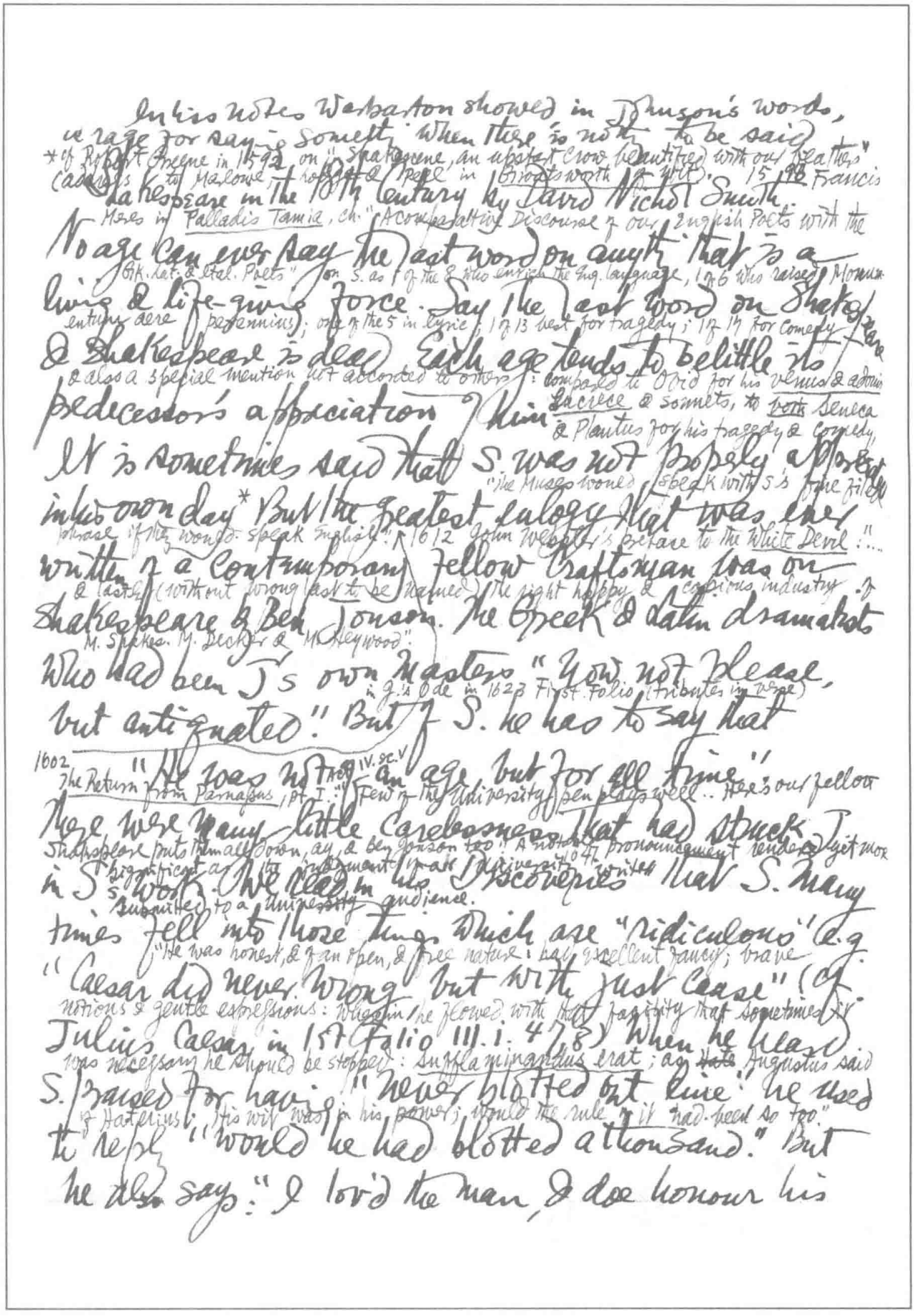
& belief — this point has been admirably developed in Bosanquet's "Implication & Linear Inference" a book unduly neglected & less defective in exposition than the authors other works (2) It rightly emphasises the fact that the consequences (not the practical) of a principle may help to justify the principle as well as vice versa. This provides a way of justifying fundamental principles which would otherwise have to be taken either as based on an irreducible self-evidence or as arbitrary postulates. (3) The only rational justification for induction — the hypothesis which comes nearest to making experience a coherent system is one which ought to be accepted. It emphasises comprehensiveness & is a growing system to meet new experiences. This does not mean that we can dispense with logical analysis. Logical analysis is the necessary minimum condition towards coherence. That our science generally must fall short of the coherence ideal is no more an objection to the hea-

"Intuition" is indeed infallible by definition, since, if we think it wrong, we decline to call it intuition.

than it is an objection to a moral ideal that our practice perhaps falls still more short of it. (4) a broader view of logic than one which restricts this subject to inferences capable of being put in definite syllogistic form.

The Subjects of the Geisteswissenschaften show the possibility of a tertium quid between the individually subjective & the realistically objective. "It is the peculiar merit of idealism to have led the way in the philosophical study & appreciation of those worlds which the mind not only contemplates but creates & sustains as organs of its own realisation ... Society & Civilization .... Spiritual worlds which mind has erected on the basis of & thro mastery over Nature" (Hoernlé: Idealism as a Philosophy P. 13).

Most impartial & sane criticism. The fact that the author proceeded to Cambridge from Oxford explains his attitude — one of balance. But it would be a better book if the author can cut out some of his unnecessary distinctions & refinements & hair splittings.



In his notes Webster showed in Jonson's words, a rage for saying something when there is nothing to be said.
* of Robert Greene in 1592 on "Shakescene, an upstart Crow beautified with our feathers" Cadmus to Malone, rob Peele in Groats-worth of Wit. 15 Francis Meres in Palladis Tamia, ch. "A Comparative Discourse of our English Poets with the Gk. Lat. & Ital. Poets" on S. as "of the E who enrich the Eng. language, 16 who raised Monum. entitys were perennius; one of the 5 in Lyric, 17 13 best for tragedy; 17 14 for Comedy, & also a special mention not accorded to others: compared to Ovid for his Venus & Adonis Lucrece & sonnets, to Plautus Seneca & Plautus for his tragedy & Comedy, "the Muses would speak with S's fine filed phrase if they would speak English". 1612 John Webster's Preface to the White Devil :... & lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy & copious industry of M. Shakes. M. Decker & M. Heywood".

Lakespeare in the 19th Century by David Nichol Smith.

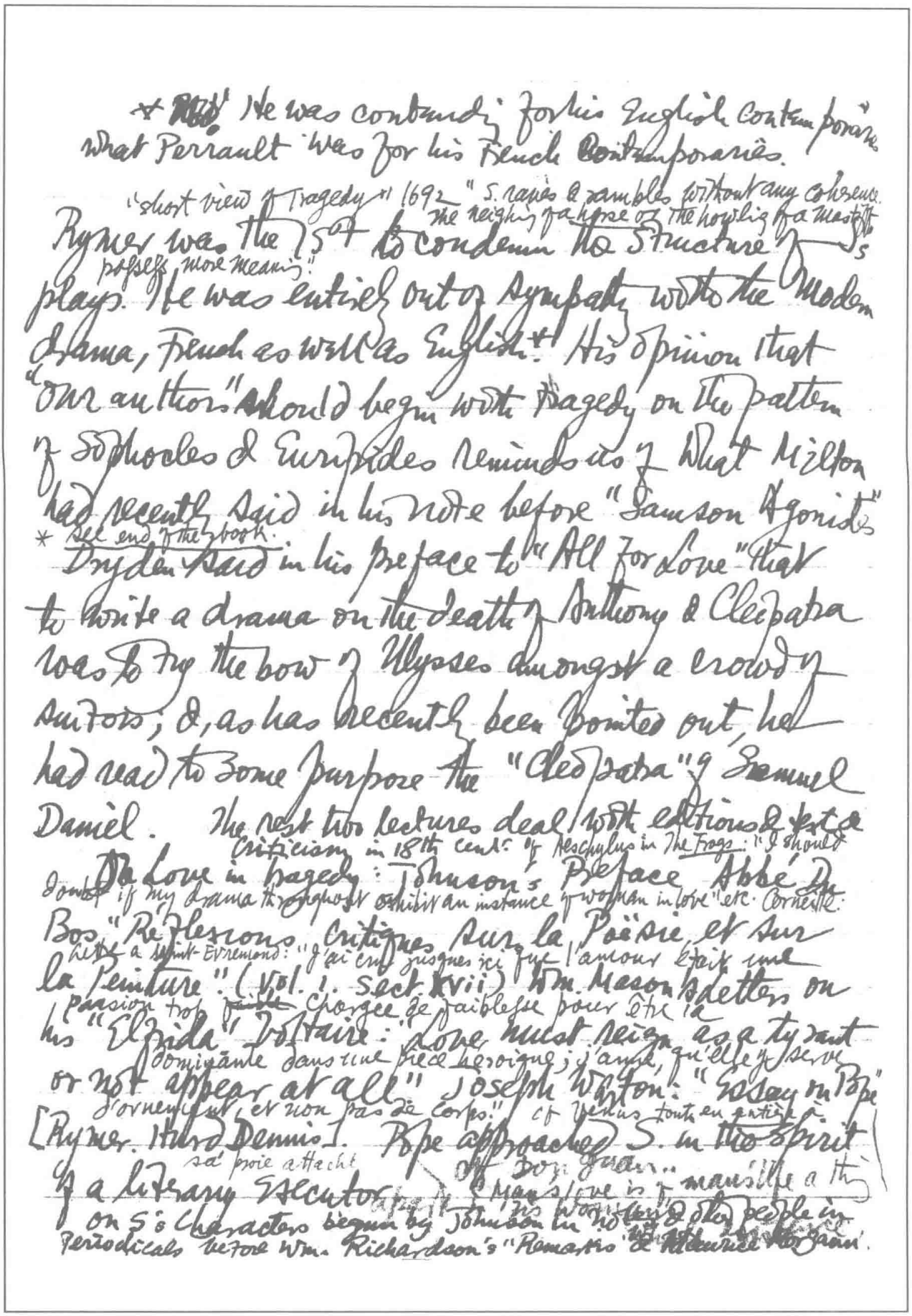
No age can ever say the last word on anyth that is a living & life-giving force. Say the last word on Shakes & Shakespeare is dead. Each age tends to belittle its predecessor's appreciation of him. It is sometimes said that S. was not properly appreciated in his own day. But the greatest eulogy that was ever written of a contemporary fellow craftsman was on Shakespeare by Ben Jonson. The Greek & Latin dramatists Who had been J's own masters "You not please, but antiquated!" But of S. he has to say that

1602 "He was not of an age but for all time"
The Return from Parnassus, Pt. I.: "Few of the University pen plays well.. Here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down, ay, & Ben Jonson too." A noted pronouncement tended to get more significant as the years passed. Universities writes that S. many times fell into those things which are "ridiculous" e.g. "Caesar did never wrong but with just cause" (cf. Julius Caesar in 1st Folio III. i. 47 8) When he read S. praised for having "never blotted out a line" he used to reply "would he had blotted a thousand." But he also say: "I loved the man, & do honour his

though Theobald preserved many of Pope's groundless emendations he places P's edition under the heading "Editions of Authority." It was Theobald's authority for far too much.

Memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any."

At the end of the 17th cent. we find something of the spirit of J's observations & something of their substance in the criticism of Dryden. The passage in "Of Dramatick Poesie" contains in essence what the critics were to say for the next hundred yrs: "Of all Modern & perhaps Ancient Poets, the largest & most comprehensive soul. .... Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned. he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, & found her there. .... He is many times flat, insipid; his comick wit degenerating into Clenches, his serious swelling into Bombast." In a later essay "Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy" D. said that S's "failings" are not "so much in the passions themselves, as in the manner of their expression." We should find the beauties of his Nature remain even if his passions "were stript of all the Bombast." He laid the blame for S's failings on the Elizabethan Age: he was satisfied that his England was more refined than S's ("An Essay on the Dramatic Poetry of the Last Age").



* He was contemp for his English contemporaries what Perrault was for his French contemporaries.

"short view of Tragedy" 1692 "S. raves & rambles without any coherence. the neighing of a horse or the howling of a mastiff is more sense than his plays." Rymer was the 1st to condemn the structure of Shakespeare's plays. He was entirely out of sympathy with the Modern drama, French as well as English. His opinion that "our authors" should begin with Tragedy on the pattern of Sophocles & Euripides reminds us of what Milton had recently said in his note before "Samson Agonistes" * See end of the book. Dryden said in his preface to "All for Love" that to write a drama on the death of Anthony & Cleopatra was to try the bow of Ulysses amongst a crowd of suitors; & as has recently been pointed out, he had read to some purpose the "Cleopatra" of Samuel Daniel. The next two lectures deal with editions & texts & Criticism in 18th cent: cf Aeschylus in The Frogs: "I should doubt if my drama ... ought to exhibit an instance of woman in love" etc. Corneille: De l'Amour dans la Tragédie: Johnson's Preface Abbé Du Bos "Reflexions Critiques sur la Poésie et sur la Peinture" (Vol. I. Sect xvii) Wm. Mason's letters on his "Elfrida" Voltaire: "Love must reign as a tyrant or not appear at all" Joseph Warton: "Essay on Pope" [Rymer. Hurd Dennis]. Pope approached S. in the spirit of a literary executor. On S's Characters begun by Johnson in "The Adventurer" & discussed in periodicals before Wm. Richardson's "Remarks ... on Shakespeare".

* Contributed to Steevens's 2nd ed. (1778): "Attempt to ascertain the Order in which the Plays attributed to S. were written" 1st investigation on the subject.

the advantage being early in the field

"Pains reading, study" & "spirit, taste & sense" were once the mottoes of opposing parties, but the future was to rest with the party which inscribed them both on its banner. No man can win his way to the 1st rank of textual critics merely by poring over old readings.

The examination of S's sources had begun with Gerard Langbaine's "Account of the English Dramatic Poets," continued by Mrs Charlotte Lennox's "Shakespear Illustrated". Johnson's contribution to this branch of Shakespearean criticism was that "As You Like It" comes not from "The Tale of Gamelyn" but from "a little pamphlet of more fame". He seems to have withheld the title because he did not wish to defraud another scholar of his discovery — Richard Farmer's "Essay on the learning of Shakespeare". Edward Capell's ed. of S. 3rd vol. "The School of Shakespeare" on "Eng. bks Whence Ss fables were taken".

Malone's* preface (1790) to his own ed. already mentioned the opinion of Tyrwhitt that the original spelling should be adhered to

* E.K. Chambers, Tragedy, I p. 103 on Love in Euripides's plays: In a peaceful civilization it must be so; in wilder ages when life itself is in perpetual danger, men feel more strongly about

* Dear Mr B. Let me remind you of E. M. Forster's "Anonymity"

Modern Prose Style, by Bonamy Dobrée

Introduction: We read from a variety of purposes, to learn to feel, to forget. Nor are these emotions separated, for we may take up a book from many impulses, all urging us at the same time. Some books are read in spite of the thought. The mind is only a part of the personality & we can arrive at the latter in a man's work without his ever actually expressing a thought. How good we think a book to be depends upon the personality of the man who wrote it, & upon how much of it went into the making of the book*. This is not to say that a writer is concerned with his personality: the greater artist he is, the less he will think about it, the more he will be intent on the thing he is doing. toujours le lot des "sociétés oisives."

It is by his style that we recognise a writer. Yet one can not deny that there is an impersonal style [a "par" from "Daily Telegraph"] Anybody might have written that: the voice is the voice of a tape-machine. But the moment a man is really interested he speaks with his own voice. You are at once aware of a personality

other things. Euripides in a frag.: "Love does not vex the man that begs his bread." Napoleon 'comprieves' in Racine, contrasted with Corneille, "une perpetuelle fadeur, un éternel amour"... "C'est

* Is there no pleasure in such a leap? The pertinent question is still one of value: Which of the two styles, B's & Lord R's is the better style? If they are so radically different that one cannot apply any scale of values to them at all, then why compare them as styles & voices?

It is not only that Burton quotes Latin, which Lord Russell does not; that he uses strong adjectives, while Lord Russell uses none at all, but that the whole rhythm & inflexion & tempo are different. B's is a voice of long ago, Lord R's one of today: we have to leap centuries in imagination to gather what B's is really like.* The greater writer, of course, breaks down this barrier — The proof is that we read his works. We can fairly easily guess at what period a man wrote on having a passage read to us, but we should have to know the authors & the period well enough to be able to declare the passage was written by so-&-so. That is why, excellence being equal, we get more pleasure? from reading the work of people alive today than that of people long since dead, because our contemporaries speak with voices that we recognise & between which we can easily distinguish. Nobody would mistake a paragraph by Mr Shaw & Dr Inge.*

Of course, men do not always speak with the same voice: a sergeant-major when counting will not make the same sounds as he does on parade, or if he did, he

* Is the "pleasure" aesthetic or simply topical? Surely one must know contemporary authors "well enough" in order to distinguish between the voices. The example is unfair; one can quite easily distinguish Johnson from Swift or Bolingbroke from Berkeley.

There are such violent contrasts.
* Better said than done by yourself.

would fail miserably in one or other of his objects. Men write for all sorts of reasons, hence descriptive prose, explanatory prose, & suggestive prose.

Rules fill some people with pious horror; but there is no harm in rules provided we use them in the right way merely as summaries of facts we have observed, & not as dogmas to which we must rigidly adhere. We should always be ready to revise our judgments, to change our minds. To erect rules into dogmas is a form of laziness, a desire to have done once for all with the thing so that we need not think any more, but proceed by rule of thumb*

Only a changing language is a living one. The good writer always keeps his coins new-minted.

Remy de Gourmont has pointed out that most of what one writes must be common place; otherwise it would be too great an effort to read. It is a question of knowing what to make vivid & when.

Both these writers [Shaw & Inge] are talking about the

"I put my hat upon my head" attributed to Coleridge!
(George Steevens in Johnsoniana)

something & neither uses words to which we are not accustomed. Dean Inge, however, brings out the cant phrase every time; "irreparable damage", "almost literally" etc. Mr Shaw never falls into this ready-made language; he even surprises & makes new metaphors. Yet, quite outside such considerations, how wide apart the voices are! Dean Inge, with the suspicion of a pulpit drone, speaks with a level flow, on the slow side giving a slight dip of portentous solemnity by ending the clause or the sentence on a long syllable – damage, state etc. he likes the "dying fall". Mr Shaw speaks with a lively voice; it is all vigor. The prose is swift; you naturally raise & drop your voice as you read it; there is no sense of solemnity, though it is serious enough, & Mr S. prefers to end the clause or sentence sharply, like a hammer-tap or rattle – it, did.

Descriptive prose: (1) Action (Narrative; Story-telling).

Prose can only be plain when it deals with plain things; if, e.g. the story to be told has to do with complicated emotional & intellectual states, the prose is bound to be complicated.

The fact is that the great stories carry within them such an abundance of implication that the more they are adorned the better.
The qualities of a good story of adventure are, as Mr H. Read has said, speed, suspense, visibility. Simplicity is not necessarily an ideal; it depends on what you are trying to do. If you rely entirely on your story, the plain manner is probably the best to aim at.
Mr Read is shaking his reader into attention, Mr Garnett lulling him into receptivity.
Let us look at the end of Mr Kiplings' sentences, always the first thing to look at, because it is the most revealing in speech. When a man stops talking it is what he has last said that lingers in the ear, that makes the final impression.
The point of metaphor or simile as opposed to the adjective is that they are more arresting because they show likeness in dissimilar things. Things utterly unlike are merged together. The plane of apprehension is raised. The ability to create metaphor is, as Aristotle remarked, the surest

sign of originality: but some modern writers seem to confine their originality to that alone.

(2) People: Strachey's style was not impeccable; he was too much given to the dash, which is a sandy joint, instead of the cement preferable in a sturdy structure; in his later works he was too fond of a dying fall; always, perhaps, the rhetorical question played too large a part. It is possible also to take exception to his continual use of the cliché: "palpably absurd," "gross prejudice." But then would it have served his purpose better to select more striking adjectives?

Mr Lewis, like most modern novelists, has abandoned the 'character-method', & his figure is built up piece by piece at different significant moments, catching a gesture here & a profile there, till the idea of the complete being, filtering little by little into the reader's mind, is finally put together. He exhibits an almost panic-stricken avoidance of the cliché: he is not going to let the image sink in as Strachey does. The faculty in you upon which he works is not that of sight; the metaphors are not concrete, they imply action, a process.

* What if he succeeds in that? & What if this is what he sets out to do, a portrait of himself philosophising or poetising?

(3) Hugo: scientific vs. imaginative description. The former we have very little to do with.

When a writer eschews "mere description" in favor of philosophic or poetical contemplation, he fails to be either philosophic or poetic, & gives us a portrait of himself*. The only salvation for any writer is to keep his eye on the object. Mr P. E. More is an incurable romantic, trying to extract more out of a definite thing than that thing has to give, & he betrays this by his continual forcing of the note. All philosophy & all poetry depends upon a vivid sense of actuality; thus Mr Parker's "mere description" has both more philosophy & more poetry than Mr More's brooding.

Imaginative description of things consists chiefly in the creation of atmosphere. An object only becomes "imaginative" when it is seen thru an atmosphere — inanimate things brought to life. You release the imagination to play over something which seems to be a little to one side of the object; really you only half attend to the object.

* then why distinguish it at all? unless there is some real distinction between style for science & style for Philosophy, the. unless subject conditions treatment.

† by the fact of having a voice at all; or by the fact of having a beautiful voice, Mr D. is playing tricks: the insinuates the judgment by value without

Explanatory Prose: (1) Science: the object of explanatory prose is to set out how things happen, not to describe them as they happen. The impersonal & voiceless prose in a thousand & one text-bks is of no interest to us here. But science consists also formulating concepts, & in these days when once more "Physics from metaphysics begs defence," it is often difficult to distinguish between science & Philosophy*.... Whether this is philosophic prose, or emotive prose, or scientific prose that Prof. Whitehead is writing, is a matter that can be decided only by the individual. Are we going to assess the virtues of scientific prose in the same way as we do the virtues of better prose, i.e. by the sound of the voice†? The test is whether we can find scientific prose as admirably detached as Sir Arthur Eddington's yet quite different in sound. Can we in spite of the fact that the most satisfactory scientific form seems impersonal, yet establish contact with a personality? Yes.

Law: Legal prose is nearest to that of science, perhaps because deal with laws. That all legal prose does not read avowing it; and we are made not to raise the question of how and why one voice is beautiful rather than ugly.

Mr B. D. curiously compares as specimens of philosophic prose a passage from Sir James Jeans's "The New Background of Science" with one from Mr Wyndham Lewis's fantasia "The Childermass" & calls the latter piece of dialogue "more energetic prose" "most amusing & very effective way of writing philosophy." One might compare the description in a physiological textbook in the same way to merely another proof that you can not keep the person out of the style; the voice is part of the physiological make-up. Legal prose is more authoritative. Philosophy: there is a strong suspicion that the philosopher, unlike the scientist, often creates what he wants to find. But this is not the place to philosophise about philosophy. What we are concerned to note is that a certain quality of emotion is likely to enter into philosophic prose.

Mr Lewis is determined to browbeat you into thinking as he does. At all events, the difference in subject-matter is reflected in the way the two philosophers write. You write about what you want to write about, you write in the style which comes naturally to you, & thus the style, being part of you, is appropriate to the subject, which you have made part of yourself.

The way to moralise without preaching is to make statements which from the prim tone of the voice in which you say them admit of no contradiction. It is hard to find moralistic prose so perfectly written as Prof. Babbitt's.

text book of human anatomy with Hamlet's soliloquy on "Man" & say that the former is the most dull & ineffective way of writing anthropology. Conjurer's tricks, surely

And yet Mr D. has the cheek to say in dealing with "Moralistic Prose": "We are not concerned here with the sort of moralistic prose which is merely exhortation or invective — that would be classed under Eloquence" — Why then class Lewis's fantasia with Santayana's or Moore's or Jean's sober reasoning, or later in dealing with

Criticism: Why not just enjoy what you read & Express your Enjoyment? Why then write such passages as Mr F. L. Lucas does in "Eight Victorian Poets": we know a great deal about Mr Lucas after reading that passage, but do we know anything about Browning? This sort of criticism has been called, justly I think, "elevated Creation": for Mr Lucas is creating something not from life but from literature, i.e. life already at one remove.

It is true that there are some who object with James Thomson that

> "If you will analyse the bread you eat,
> The water & the wine most pure & sweet,
> Your stomach soon must loathe all drink & meat.

but I cannot: for the life of me see why. Because you understand radiation & convection does the fire warm you any less? By analysing his sensations, which is the Critic's basic work, he does not impoverish them: on the contrary they gain a richness from being brought into harmony among themselves, thus forming a composite whole, instead of a series of isolated emotions.

Theological prose. Powys's irony in "Mr Weston's Good Wine" with A. E. Taylor's "And "Golden Bough" in contrast to august March in "A Faith of Moralist"? Compare with "emotional" religious prose

hector You a lost le, Baudelaire's Mieulement or voluptuous
Quennell's bastard poetic prose. Feline Wail.

The test of such a piece of writing as criticism must be whether we begin to understand what Mallarmé was after when we have read it, as well as beginning to understand Mr Quennell.

Calm assurance is a most powerful tone of voice in which to speak, but it need not be dogmatic or brutal. Cf. T. S. Eliot: "We may even say that the originality of some poets has consisted in their finding a way of saying in verse what no one else had been able to say except in prose. Such is the originality of Donne, Dryden, Pope & Johnson. .... We ought to distinguish between poetry which is like good prose, & poetry which is like bad prose. And even so, I believe more prose is bad because it is like bad poetry than poetry is bad because it is like bad prose. And to have the virtues of good prose is the first & minimum requirement of good poetry. If you look at the bad verse of any age, you will find most of it lacking in the virtues of prose".

Imagine a gentleman, & you have imagined Worth: that he is not.

(3) Emotive Prose: Pure emotive prose, if one can imagine such a thing would make the reader experience an emotion without direct relation to anything: it would work as music does. Archaic words & expressions serve as a kind of warning bell to tell us that it is our emotions that are going to be attacked.

One would naturally expect to find emotive prose most commonly among novelists, but it is rather curious that to-day the passages addressed to the feeling, rather than to the mind are to be found in England mainly among the scientists, philosophers, historians, & critics. It is easier to find this sort of prose among American novelists than among English ones; for reasons I must leave to sociologists.

The New Way of Writing: The written language of the 17th Cent. was farther from the spoken language than the written language of today is from our conversation, a division which probably began with Caxton. This division was bridged by the journalists & the comic writers. The journalists (forgetting Dryden, who has since deserted to the written side

* Mr D explains the change in modern style grandiosely as due to modern life: "We can be sure of nothing .... we are on the verge of amazing changes" — & all the time one remembers Mr D's enthusiastic praise of Mr Eliot's "calm assurance" "enabling us to get our bearings in so"

One has only to think of Dr Johnson, who, far from trying to write as he naturally spoke, did his best to model his conversation on his writing. The process went on till we have Carlyle & Pater. What I think is going on at the present is a return to speech rhythms: "The conscious stylists are ridding themselves of "Style": not "Style" but a style is what they are aiming at, a style which will faithfully reflect their mind as it utters itself naturally. It is the real authors now who write naturally, style so-called, being left to the journalists." Jean Cocteau: "What is style? For a great many people it is a complicated way of saying very simple things. From our point of view it is a very simple way of saying complicated things." ("A Call to Order")

The old style may be fluent, but it is not flexible. The mind comes to a full stop at the end of each sentence or phrase. But our minds in life do not work in that way; they are always ready to frame the next sentence, carried on by the impetus of the last. *

much that is confusing" etc. Then follows page after page of taunt on "preventing literature interposing itself between us & life" etc. But Mr D. has the good sense to say that one must rid one's style of fat, make it athletic & keep one's awareness athletic. Otherwise — i.e. if one watches

A great deal of American experimentation begins at the wrong end, simply with a desire to make something new. Fresh material needs fresh forms, yes; but the material should, so to speak, secrete its own forms; otherwise you merely get another distortion of thought & feeling no better, than the old.

If one art borrows means from another, it is in danger of losing its effectiveness in its own own peculiar sphere.

Laurence Sterne, Joyce, Stein praised for "being close to life," as though life were like that. The trouble with Mr B. D. is that he is a victim of superficial psychology and "bifurcates" completely words from feelings.

"They order this matter better in France" Sterne's 1st sentence in a Sentimental Journey".

oneself passive & idling — Gertrude Stein's prose is an object-lesson, as it "fatness" may not "a form of mind" in itself as good as any other.

As We Were : A Victorian Peep-show, by E. F. Benson

dressed in the latest & most stupendous fashion of the day. She carried a bead-bag containing her handkerchief & a vinaigrette, inside which was a tiny piece of sponge soaked in aromatic vinegar. All ladies of any refinement in those days were apt to feel faint in Church, when they had to stand up without moving for so long a time.

My mother collected the ladies' eyes, & the ladies collected their fans & scent-bottles & scarves, & left the gentlemen to their wine. Smoking was not dreamed of; the smell would assuredly hang about the dining room & no gentleman could possibly talk to a lady in the drawing room after he had thus befouled himself. .... The men then joined the ladies, & the ladies who had been chattering together in a bunch, suddenly broke up like scattered globules of quicksilver, so that next each of them should be a vacant chair, into which a man inserted himself, prudently avoiding those who had been his neighbors at dinner. Conversational duets took place.

The Victorian axiom that no nice girl knew anything

*Cf Balzac: Contes Drolatiques 1er Dix. ~~La Belle~~ Le Péché Mignon

about anything till she was married, & that if she remained a spinster she continued to believe that babies were found under the gooseberry bushes of the kitchen-gardens* of married couples, or that the chance exposure of her calves to the lascivious gaze of men was a shock to her modesty which could only be correctly expressed by a timely swoon. In those delicate days a certain lady more distinguished for wealth than correct spelling wrote to the Chairman of the P. & O. Co. saying that she was going to India & that she hoped he could manage to secure her a comfortable birth. We replied that he would do his best, but that he could not guarantee her against mal de mère.

Queen Victoria was a firm believer in classes, but she knew of only three: 1st came monarchy, then came the upper & landed class which directly buttressed the throne, thirdly there was the great middle class which she had the clairvoyance to perceive was becoming the governing power. She knew nothing whatever of the working classes.

for Brontës' unjustified satire of the Sidgwicks in "Shirley" as Yorkes, see P.48
Tennyson to a lady: "your stays creak." The lady fled & told Jowett stalking her: "I beg your pardon, it was my braces."
If by chance she had to drive thru slums they were decorated with flags which looked very bright & gay.
I gave up the game forever — such are the simplifications of life that experience teaches.
Of course there was as much scandal then as now, but there was not general gabble on these subjects. However vividly a domestic scandal was thrust in front of their eyes, tradition & fine breeding enjoined on them to assume in public a bland blindness to it. (124) 公爵 Duke of Beaufort 之妹呼妻— 隙, Duke with 家, Duchess 恭祝母寿 in 寓舍宴会, 僕指此迁人像告朱公为 Duke 之妹妇也. Duchess 云 "Is it not charming [illegible] portrait, I suppose")
Nor can make me believe that a person like Gladstone was not of some higher voltage of power than more recent Prime Ministers. Mention any trivial thing & you find as if he had devoted his whole life to study that & that he occupied his leisure only in conduct the affairs of the nation.

Oscar Browning was a tragic instance of such stupid jokes as Nature plays when after she has formed some noble gem, she proceeds with a silly giggle, to plant a fatal flaw in the very heart of it. He was a genius flawed by abysmal patuity. His snobbish ness was of a really remarkable order: it was impossible not to respect a quality of such fine & purity, for, although already waddling with obesity, he took to playing hockey simply for the pleasure of being wiped over the shins by H.R.H. Prince Edward of Wales. In one of his letters, Fitzgerald said: "Thank God Mr Browning is dead; we shall have no more Aurora Leighs". Browning saw it, & instantly the old fire flared up. He published in the "Athenaeum" the following lines:....

"Surely to spit these gloriies your face,
Spitting with lips once sanctified by hers".

Jowett loved snubbing harmless & well-meaning folk, & had he ever known it, he would have found it very disconcerting to realise that these rap on the knuckles so far from rendering him formidable, afforded the

Threw a fly

Jowett 希臘譯文讀 John Burne 校訂，一日 J. 方置茶生詩文，S 在鄰室校閱，啟室門相問 J. 置方劇，問 S. 大笑，以手曰 "Justly, lovely Master!" J. "Thank You, Algernon" 啟門入。 Swinburne 三 "Recollections

the ingenuous youth of Oxford a fearful joy. Like Whistler, they used "carefully to exasperate him" in order to add to the collection of those brilliant little gems. J.'s heart has been hurt once; the object of its adoration had been Florence Nightingale. The imagination boggles at the picture of Miss Nightingale as the wife of an Oxford don, & not less at that of J. deploring that the lamps was trimmed. (參閱 Pater 論比亞，"less colorful" (Studies in Prose & Poetry, p.38 ff.)

In spring American ladies flocked to Athens because as one of them stated to me with most engaging frankness: "the Royal Family of Greece is the easiest royal family to become acquainted with". [Just as our Ambassador in the eyes of snobbish Englishmen].

The particular type of woman known as "a great lady" is now extinct. The great lady was possessed of that queer old quality called dignity. She had no push, because there was nowhere to push to, for as regards position she was there already, by birth or marriage or both.

Mr Austin poured himself out of his own spontaneous uncorking on his "Inspiration". PP. 1930
Gosse's "Poetic housemaid on "doom": "Whenever I see thee I lean in my window, shall I ever, O ever, behold thy beloved."

When Lord Salisbury was asked why he appointed Alfred Austin to be Poet Laureate, he said: "I don't think anybody else applied for the post".

The particular quality of Gosse's charm is hard to describe: I may perhaps get nearest it by saying that he was not appreciated in America.

Myopic reviewers who could see nothing beyond motes in their authors' eye by reason of the beam in their own. Chap X "Two Scandals" (one of the two is Wilde) Had not this landslide of ruin buried him, it is more than possible that by now he would have been forgotten. For his plays had never been produced abroad till then & the have since proved very disappointing in English revivals. "De Profundis" in the form in which it was given to the world by Mr Robert Ross, is the most gigantic literary fraud.* Poseur in many ways he was, but that sort of pose — a saint in a stained glass window — was not one that could have appealed to him in any mood. Here comes a point where "de Mortuis nil nisi

* B 卷 Lord Alfred Douglas 注 bitter & vindictive 像印 1/3 4. Ross 的全稿 in British Museum, sealed & registered 至 1960 年方准開封.

bonum" merges into "de Mortuis nil nisi bunkum". Though
he wrote every word of What Mr Ross published, he
wrote in the same document so much besides & in
so different a spirit (as I study copies of the holograph
in the British Museum) that the omissions cannot
but be held to falsify the whole of it. It is not the
work of one who has been made regenerate by suffering.
He envied that particular insouciance which
he thought to be the habit of those who have been
brought up in certain traditions & he aped the manner
of it without having the instincts that render it
natural. He took Plato's "Symposium" as the text
for his life, but expurgated it by omitting all that
Socrates stood for which was continence or made light
of the sense of the sacredness of beauty.
How like was his talk to the play of a verdict fountain!
It rose in the air constantly changing its shape, but always
with the hue of the rainbow on it; & almost before you
could realise the outline of this jet or of that, it had vanished.

Pre-Raphaelite Creed to + = A : Jesus Christ : Ov the Longfellow
was Browning!
Moore 等 Whistler, 10. 的 性 未 戸 对 Moore the "Confessions" 中 b 主 義 戦 shot,
duelligt 云 2, 15 3 元 15 9:
& another sparkler where it had been, so that you could hardly remember even the moment afterwards, what exactly it was that enchanted you. Talking in his mouth was not as with Whistler, a rapier making shrewd & telling thrusts & gleaming with menace; for the heedless butterfly had as sharp a sting as any wasp, & indeed he was less like a butterfly than an aeroplane dropping bombs, bright little delicate bombs, full of mustard gas. Wilde was always genial, he neither barked nor bit.

"I am afraid I play no outdoor game at all, except dominoes. I have sometimes played dominoes outside French Cafés."!

No gleam of intelligence, no spark of humor, no hint of joy ever lit up those brooding or downcast countenances in Rossetti's or Burne-Jones's Canvasses: they seemed completely taken up with the task of being haunted & sad.

In fact Whistler never dug their graves at all

Meredith vowed that he would certainly have kicked

M.S. 出後，入洞私之室被之於 Garrick Club, S. 向 M.（时作 Tom Rogers）何以一法官明，十年 M. 之事讨之始全，S. 與 此老相 益求陽 Watts-Dunton 於 Rossetti；林纾於 女 Swinburne，S. 方裸跳舞於金魚前 之 W-D. 史逐之出

Swinburne downstairs had he not foreseen what a clatter his horrid little bottom would have made as it bounced from step to step.*

Proud of not being proud of seeing them at his table. That sounds a complicated state of mind, but it was perfectly by the late Sir James Knowles who once in bidding a friend of mine to dinner wrote "No party, I only expect the Duke of Argyll & Mr Gladstone"!

Taste is one of the 5 senses, & the man who tells us with proud pride that he does not care what he eats is merely boasting of his sad deficiency. he might as well be proud of being unable to see the beauty of a picture or appreciate the harmonies of sound, or proud to a perpetual cold in the head, devoid of the sense of smell.

Time acts on sound work much as it does on the vintages of the grape, maturing & bringing out, if the juice be noble, the fuller savor of the sunshine in which the berries ripened, while if it is thin by nature

Henry James: "The Turn of the Screw" 本を見 Benson は
次の如き

time only reveals its weakness & age it acidly. No time
comes when an author almost ceases to be subject to the
judgment of critics, & his work becomes a criterion of
them.

Most revelatory of the Victorian manner & mind.
Benson really knows the upper classes, being the son
of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Macaula was gambl heavily on none of his readers having read the bk. go to bask & ruin
Portraits in Miniature, by Lytton Strachey
he words came positivel running off the end of his pen. Suddenly inspired Sir John Harington invented the water-closet after he had translated Ariosto. "The Metamorphosis of Ajax."
Samuel Butler jeers & flouts at
"petulant, capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts."
John Aubrey: "Miscellanies": "Being demanded whether a good spirit or a bad? Returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious perfume & most melodious Twang!"
Unacclaimed exactitude kept him continually on the stretch. Queen Caroline's meat was Queen Victoria's poison, & perhaps Lord Macaulay's poison was Mr Aldous Huxley's pap.
The promises of other worlds had grown dim & dubious, but here in the Academy among the glorious Ho, was a definite, an indisputable immortality.
But then he had been on the point of death ever since any one could remember."

The Président de Brosses on Voltaire: "On l'admire, parce qu'il fait d'excellents vers. Sans doute, il les fait excellents. Mais ce sont des vers qu'il faut admirer!" He would go down to history as the only man who had got the better of Voltaire.

Walpole himself, when he was over 70, suffered the same fate as Mme du Deffand. The egotism of a lifetime suddenly collapsed before the pale cheeks of Mary Berry. Mary's fate was the very reverse of Mme du Deffand's; the emotional tragedy, coming at the beginning of a long life instead of at the end, gave a sombre color to the whole. 訂婚而後解約 愛去而始不忘 遂終其身十年如夢 婚姻固爲兒女成行 孤衾而候空花面

The feudal lord used armour to separate him from the rest of the world; then, as civilization grew, it was found that a wig did almost as well.

Chateaubriand on Mme de Lieven: "Quand elle ~~est~~ se trouve avec des gens de mérite, sa stérilité se tait; elle revêt sa nullité d'un air supérieur d'ennui. Comme si elle avait le droit d'être ennuyée."

* of Harrison Carlyle

In what resides the most characteristic virtue of humanity? Some would find it in detachment. Obtaining to have no axe to grind is something very noble & rare. It may be said to be the antithesis of the bestial. A series of Creatures might be constructed arranged according to their diminishing interest in the immediate environment which would begin with the amoeba & end with the mathematician.

Here was no dissimulation of stoicism, much less any Addisonian dotting of death-bed i's.

Gibbon: "the most disgusting of the pronouns" (2)

Gibbon could turn a bold phrases with the best of them — "the fat slumbers of the Church" e.g. — if he wanted to.

In Macaulay's case, one cannot resist the conclusion that the absence from his make-up of intense physical emotion brought a barrenness upon his style.*

From the time of Cicero downwards, the great disadvantage of oratory has been that it never lets one off. One must

Near everyt; however Wellcome knows it, & however & boredom it is. For such Worries a dose of Steadhal is to be recommended. But Macaulay was a hopeless case. He had to say the "illustrious warrior" was laid in the "venerable abbey" etc. When it comes to telling a story, his faults change into virtues. Narrowness becomes clarity & crudity turns into force. The rhetoric of the style, from being the ornament of platitude, becomes the servant of excitement. His whole history is conditioned by a supreme sense of the narrative form. It proceeds on, with masterly precipitation, from start to finish.

Acton to Creighton: "You say that people in authority are not to be snubbed or sneered at from our pinnacle of conscious rectitude. I really don't know whether you exempt them because of their rank or of their success & power, or of their date. Historic responsibility has to make up for want of legal responsibility. Power tends to corrupt, & absolute power corrupts absolutely. Great men are almost always bad."

The Puppet Show of Memory, by Maurice Baring.
The 1st week seemed endlessly long & acute homesickness pervaded ever moment of it.
Bismark said the best gall diplomatic policies was to tell the truth, as nobody believed you.
I was to go in for the Modern Language Tripos which meant languages about as modern as de Roman de la Rose and Chaucer.
Tennyson's lyrics went on obstinately existing no doubt so as to give another generation the pleasure of thinking that he had wiped them out.
When I was confronted with the German examiner in the diplomatic service, the 1st thing he asked me was whether I could speak German. I was foolishly modest & answered "Ein Wenig" ("A little") "Very well it will be for another time" I made up my mind that next time I went up I would say I spoke German as well as Bismark & wrote it better than Goethe.

Bonnet & Shawl, by Philip Guedalla.

If Jane's reckoning was correct, Penelope had not more suitors tutored her with slightly more than a tutorial zeal.

This was swiftly going. She took refuge in the enigmatic.

All unite here in love to you. I send my sonata.

"Dizzy married me for my money, but if he had the chance again he would marry me for love".

A hospital with you is worth a palace with anybody else. We aged gracefully together.

We soar to unaccustomed heights.

How can Graceful be can avoid the cudit of a direct statement but by dint of breath & sighing round & round it conjures up the semblance of a hint.

Gr. the London 学生对 sure of his bearings. 他的情. Newman
Gr. 在 amoors
R Gr. 在 Swinburne
3:, P. 91

The life & letters of Sir Edmund Gosse
by the Hon. Evan Charteris.

The side of his mind was surfaced, the deep was stirred. Natural instincts & aspirations came trooping in vague disorder to the surface clamorous for air, for expression. The concentration on the immediate environment, this habit of taking passionately short views, was characteristic of him all his life.

Those who take the view that „Father & Son" disregards reticence & respect will see from the letters what forbearance Gr. exercised. Few men have kept the 5th Commandment so closely. "How much too good you are."

Mr Farrer (of the Board of Trade) took a dislike to his new assistant. He once referred in a speech before the London County Council to «Certain civil servants who would have been excellent administrators, if they had not been independent poets».

He liked spending up to the edge of his means; but there was no expenditure so minute that he did not record. "I could not resist the Electric Salisbury." (To Dobson

I have broken with the papers & as long as I can struggle along this side of beggary without them.

done their dirty best to tarnish me.

It was a complaint against Gosse that he "mocked in the market-place what he worshipped in the woods." What did it mean this blowing hot & cold? The probable explanation was that in the 1st instance affection & desire to please had stirred his enthusiasm & then the sobering influence of public print had reduced it to a cooler level.

To R. L. S. "Slay me these 3: Sharp who is a bug, and Mason who is bugger than S, & Blackie, Who is the biggest fool".

In these yrs. his fame was growing a little too fast. He was credited with the authority of a learned scholar & driven to living beyond his intellectual capital. Clouds blew up only to scatter; the coming storm still lay unsuspected below the horizon.

R. L. S. in "Talk & Talkers": Purcell [G.] "drops you his remarks like favors." "Your angel-visit is so bright & brief that I hardly know whether it really took place".

To W. D. Howells: "From Shakespeare to Pope — the best thing I have ever written ... fill a gap in Criticism ... original research".

"A luminous face [attention, adorned with dimples where I approached the confines of a joke".

R. L. S. warned G. "beware of purple passages" (S. Letters III. P. 257) Henley in writing to R. L. S. of G.

"From Shakespeare to Pope" was to haunt him to his dying day. Hitherto there had been no lift in the unanimity of praise. It was G's 1st reverse, & it was serious. And the blow had been delivered by a friend. To G it was

Transparent as a glass of water (poisoned)

Thro which the drinker sees his murderer smiling.

At Oxford it became a stock saying for anyone who had made a howler that "he had made a G of himself."

By way of proving his impartiality, Collins cited the terms in which he had attacked Swinburne in 1864. This was the 1st that S. had heard of the article.

According to Anon: The Lawyer's Last Notebook, Pope's Cook

During the period immediately following he endured many humiliations. Hazlitt after an attack in "Blackwood's" could not enter a coffee-house without supposing the waiters were pointing him out as "the gentleman abused in B", nor arrive at the house of a friend without being convinced that the servant who opened the door had read the article.

In this dark world no one can do more than walk

"Life of Donne" 的材料太丰富 Dr Augustus Jessopp 投稿
多件发表 Athenaeum 中 Arthur Vincent 却是太误信 G. 说 D 在
Earl of Essex 远征时答案中多. G. 乃为一人 debunk Queen Victoria in 1901
April 格外起劲
of the right of his innocence.

In his witty delineation of G as Prof. Criss-Cross in "Triple Fugue", Osbert Sitwell: "Here the Prof's 2 genuine, sincere & perhaps not un-English affections — one for a title the other for an amateur — the force of which is quadruped by the combination of the 2 — nearly overwhelms him"!

"Father & Son" 为 Moore 经验. Moore 先读 G's life of his father, flashed on him that at the back of what he was reading lay a subject of greater interest. 为访 G. 公先备
充材料许为十段 P.P. 307 ff.

论 E. M. Forster P. 323

"I don't feel at all worthy of so rare a distinction but if we only got what we are worthy of, where would luck be".

Letter to "Max" or X mas Garland: Henry James said no one, now, can write without incurring the reproach of somewhat ineffectively imitating — You!

Watts-Dunton 劝 Gosse 典 Swinburne 用如 G. G. 依
S 信 W-D. 欲报赞而取不"用以材料典 G.

S. Sister 为 Leith 之 W.D. 者次间，不欲兄 G. 以材料赠之
兄不得已请 详致 Maurice Baring 信中 P.410-411
Moore 作 Conversations in Ebury St. 本欲责 G 造口业兄 apologize for
interrupting 云云 为 journalist 也 G. 大恩 "Danny your infernal cheek"
(The enclosed) letter is my olive-branch to W.D. If You
(Thomas J. Wise) will be my dove.
I took pleasure in hauling in your name à propos
de bottes!
He banged no doors & brandished no sledge-hammer
"The conscience of Clough ate him out like a white ant"
George Wyndham 论 Henley 诗，信中引 G. 论 G. 云云之
"Nature vive, mobile, toujours à la poursuite"
sought to know the "Why" of: "a Why" (Leibniz
said of Queen Caroline) 语 Gide 所引.
G. French Pronunciation uncouth, Strasburg 大学生
学法，演说先 rehearsed 为主人先校否.
On the appearance of "The Brook Kerith" G. wrote
to Moore deprecat. his use of the phrase "More than
you think for" M: "Shakespeare uses it & My parlor-
maid uses, & an idiom which S. & My parlourmaid
use is good enough for me — Idiom is sacred,
you can't criticise it any more than you can
criticise trees or rivers or hills. Your own

writing my dear G. would be improved by idiom." G. to [illegible]. G. & M. [illegible] Myself By Irish habit
"Mallarme & Myself" Letter June 4. 1921 (P. 465)
Bernard Shaw [illegible] "Father & Son": "One of the immortal pages of Eng. lit." (P. 505)
Moore [illegible] "Agony of the Victorians": "Many day & yrs may pass, generations will go by before the Eng. language produces an article so full of sagacity & learning as "On Reading the Bible": "How exemplary, how worthy & how wise!"

a life full of secret [illegible] failures in spite of apparent success. a veritable snob & lion-hunter; he writes to Swinburne, Browning & Whitman respectively Blake was his only God
"the standard of lit. crit. in England has latterly been very high, & the reviewer who was satisfied, in the old phrase to 'cut the pages & smell the paper-knife' has disappeared... Advancing age, the sunshine of the House of Lords, of which he became librarian ('they eat out of my hand,' he said of the peruvian peers), & lastly his knighthood, all played a mellowing part." On a holiday when W. P. James & Hay were walking across Exmoor towards Minehead a fog suddenly descended. As they plodded on through it, they saw ahead of them another

figure magnified into something inhuman. It turned out to be Grosse. 'I couldn't think what you could be,' said he: 'whether the Spectre of the Brocken or an Oxford don returning to nature.' later in the evening, when they were alone, he said to James: 'Did you notice how pleased Grosse was to be mistaken for an Oxford don — even in a fog.'" (E. V. Lucas: A Read, writing, remembering, and P.103)

the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, tr. by Mathilde Blind

12 岁 就 很 self-conscious 而 且, ambitious, 立 志 成 名

"I am like a candle cut into four & burning at all ends"!

"To die; great God to die! without leaving behind me! To die, like a dog, like a hundred thousand women whose names are scarcely engraved upon their tombstones!"

"Nothing would remain of me — nothing ... nothing ... nothing"!

母 亲 说 欲 求 传 人, 必 先 今 其 不 传 之 说, an exact account of a woman's heart.

"I can't get used to his face"!

"This Journal cannot fail to interest everybody"!

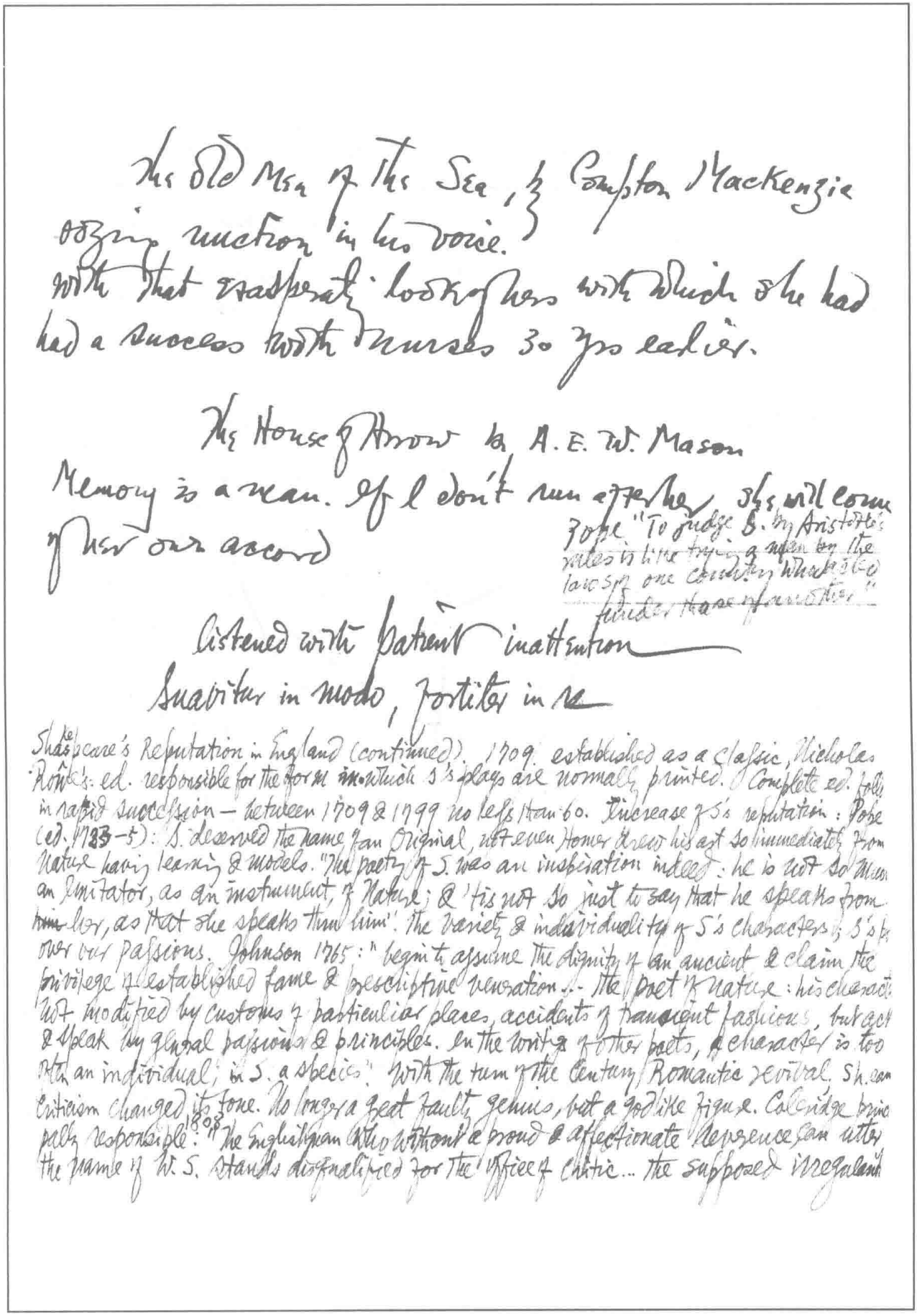
Bill the Conqueror, by P. G. Wodehouse.

finger a pep. dragoon her.

absorb you like a piece of blotting-paper.

allow himself a generous margin & select a born never-out of other people's coyly hidden secrets

get a bit of my own back.


The Old Man of the Sea, by Compton Mackenzie
oozing unction in his voice.
with that exasperating looking over with which she had had a success with nurses 30 yrs earlier.

The House of Arrow by A. E. W. Mason
Memory is a mean. If I don't run after her she will come of her own accord

Pope "To judge S. by Aristotle's rules is like trying a man by the laws of one country who lives under those of another."

Listened with patient inattention
Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re

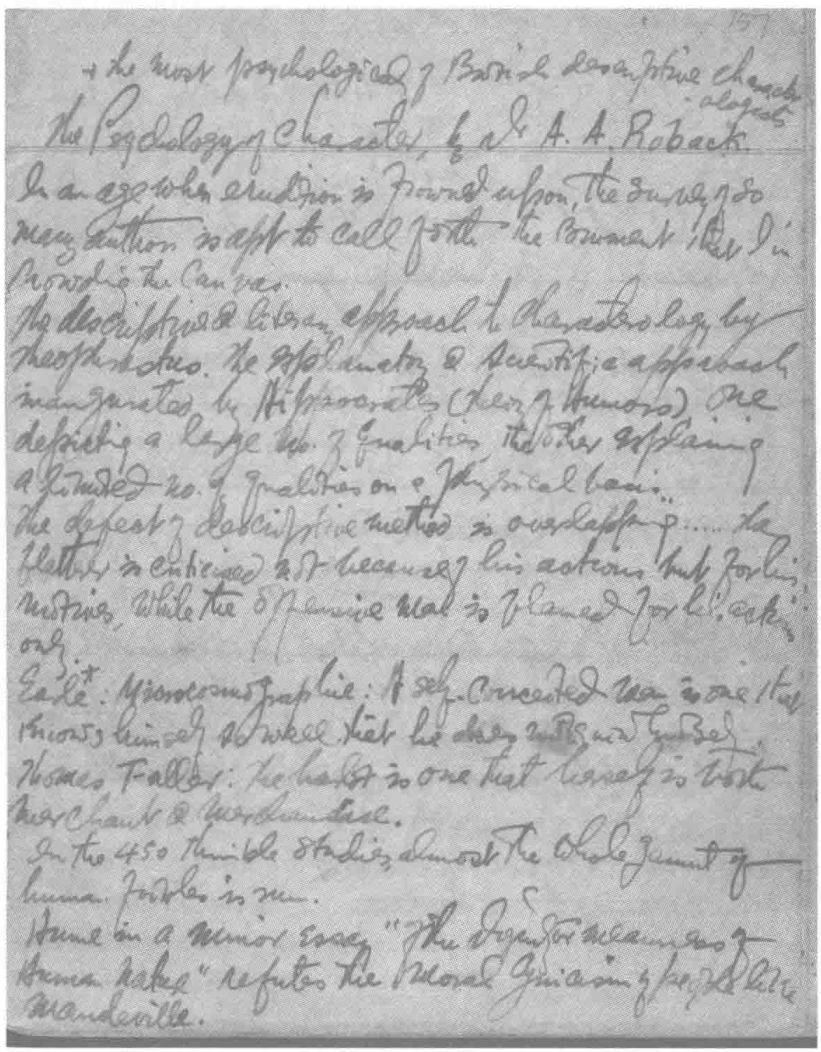
Shakespeare's Reputation in England (continued). 1709 established as a classic, Nicholas Rowe's ed. responsible for the form in which S's plays are normally printed. Complete eds. follow in rapid succession — between 1709 & 1799 no less than 60. Increase of S's reputation: Pope (ed. 1723–5): S. deserved the name & an Original, nor even Homer drew his art so immediately from Nature having learning & models. "The poetry of S. was an inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of Nature; & 'tis not so just to say that he speaks from him, or, as that she speaks thro' him". The variety & individuality of S's characters; S's power over our passions. Johnson 1765: "begin to assume the dignity of an ancient & claim the privilege of established fame & prescriptive veneration... The poet of nature: his characters not modified by customs of particular places, accidents of transient fashions, but act & speak by general passions & principles. In the works of other poets, a character is too often an individual; in S. a species." With the turn of the Century Romantic revival. Sh. criticism changed its tone. No longer a great but faulty genius, but a godlike figure. Coleridge principally responsible: 1808 "The Englishman who without a broad & affectionate reverence can utter the name of W. S. stands disqualified for the office of critic... the supposed irregularities

a Earliest ff S's texts set up differ from S's MS. (Most plays originally have divisions, some, no act division) Scenes in S. not place-scenes (exit) person-
Antony & Cleopatra 13 sc. originally none division to avoid distraction.
* punctuation dramatic not grammatical.

~~Extravagances of S. were the more dreaded a pedantry that arraigned the eagle because~~
~~he had not the dimensions of the swan.~~" Thomas Carlyle 1840 A hero & prophet,
y 1875. the Great Figure had declined somewhat in stature: Scholars establish the
order of his plays. Dowden: S. his Mind & Art - development-notion popularized.
Sidney Lee refused that the personality could be deduced from his works (Life of S.)
S. a fine specimen of the Industrious Boy who got on (Elizabethan & Other Essays)
Modern approach: (1) The Study of the conditions of dramatic condition, elizabethan
stage, audience Text: A. W. Pollard: Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates*
(1917), Percy Simpson: Shakespearean Punctuation** (1911). S an Elizabethan
with the advantages & limitations of his age: His plays subject to the conditions
of his times. (2) Critical (a) From Maurice Morgann's Essay on the Dramatic
Character of Sir John Falstaff 1777, Coleridge, Culminating in Bradley's
S.an. Tragedy (1904, Q's S's Workmanship — Dramatic analysis (b) a close
study of S's actual poetic technique — style. metaphors will spring from
experience & personality. Elaborate card-indexing of Caroline Spurgeon in
S's Imagery (1934) tabulate & analyse S's metaphors & Elizabethans: S more
metaphors from sport than other dramatists. (3) Harley Granville-Barker's
Prefaces to S. Shakespean presentation on the stage. The spectacular
realism of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree before the war ridiculous. GB's productions
in Savoy Theatre (1911-13) no elaborate decorations, little scenes are important.
plays as they were written. no cut, alteration.

G. B. Harrison: Introducing Shakespeare 1939 (Penguin Series)
the best introductory vol. on all aspects of Shakespearean Scholarship.

No.10



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+ the most psychological of British descriptive characterologists

The Psychology of Character, by A. A. Roback.

In an age when erudition is frowned upon, the survey of so many authors is apt to call forth the comment that I am crowding the canvas.

The descriptive & literary approach to characterology by theophrastus. The explanatory & scientific approach inaugurated by Hippocrates (doctrine of humors) one depicting a large no. of qualities the other explaining a limited no. of qualities on a physical basis.

The defect of descriptive method is overlapping..... the flatterer is criticised not because of his actions but for his motives, while the offensive man is blamed for his actions only.

Earle*: Microcosmographie: A self-conceited man is one that knows himself so well that he does not know himself.

Thomas Fuller: The harlot is one that hires out her merchandise.

In the 450 thimble sketches almost the whole gamut of human foibles is run.

Hume in a minor essay "The dignity or meanness of human nature" refutes the moral criticisms of people like Mandeville.

Chaps III. Course of Humoral doctrine.

Eidetic imagery. He'll be more of a liability than an asset to the establishment.

The French writers seek that which is common to Mankind the British, with the exception of Earle, are apt to make much of the individual idiosyncrasies.

From humors to hormones. The secretions of the endocrine glands, injecting into the blood hormones of various sort & determine temperament.

Macaulay adumbrates most recent psychological doctrine. Temperament = The sum total of one's effective tendencies as the impressions.

Many are the modes of human behavior which though characteristic, are not sufficient. Character is a characteristic mode of human behavior in that sphere which distinguishes man from animal. The dog is faithful, the fox is sly, etc. but their traits partake more of fixed mechanisms & animals of one species are pretty much alike in their characteristic reactions.

Edgeworth Lazarus, the disciple of Charles Fourier, was the first to use the term "Comparative psychology" (1851) and in his "Love vs Marriage" used "introversion" & "extroversion" in a sense similar to Jung's.

* in "Neurotic Constitution"
applies
"Struktur" Psychology &
Gestalt".

begins by the "law of
possibilities".

Certainly Adler has not proved his inferiority doctrine by citing the case of Beethoven who has a defect in hearing & good many composers have been afflicted with eye trouble (Bach, Handel, Schubert etc) but they have not become oculists or painters. And may we not be excused for thinking that the brain specialist must have been born with a defective brain in order to become interested in his field? Adler in many passages implies that women are inferior to men, yet in a later chapter we are told that the disparagement of women reflects the Neurotic tendency in man to assert himself in his dread of the other sex. Woman is inferior, yet he who thinks her so exhibits an inferiority complex.

Since different people are affected differently by apparently similar stimuli, it would be reasonable to maintain that character in reality precedes and determines the nature of the effect, instead of being the resultant of the multitude of experiences to which man is subjected. The principle of "Compensation" needs a guide, otherwise we can reason both that Cruelty is a function of inner Weakness as vice versâ.

The 4 Conceptions of character with special reference to their Methods. Mnemotechnically called ⓐ the inspirational (religion, Ethics) ⓑ the Conspirational (history, biography) ⓒ the perspirational (Supplement) ⓓ Respiratorial or Introspirational (psychopathology).

We divide character to the Instincts. My definition is: An enduring psycho-physical disposition to inhibit instinctive impulses in accordance with a regulative principle. The inhibition of the instinctive urge stamps the agent with character. Inhibition is a positive force like the resistance in physics. Instincts are neither good nor bad, but because of their independent driving force the ability to inhibit them becomes the distinguishing hall-mark of the man of character. Mental Conflict is rather indicative of character, so long as the stronger instinctive tendency has eventually been overcome in obedience to the higher Ethico-logical Sanction.

On Lombroso: "Man of Genius." If men of great intellect reveal at times the common frailties of mankind, it is not because of their genius, but in spite of it. Had

* In Scientific thing, Conceptual gestation 1st, Illumination or inspiration afterwards. In literature, Vice versâ.

L. Shows that the average man was less cruel etc. he might have proven his case. As it is, he has only demonstrated that even the genius is human.
It is not the conflict which detracts from the strength of character, nor is the speed of the solution that the character is redeemed, but in the method of solution. Society has evolved thru the efforts of those who were unwilling to conform to the society of their day. Adjustment is not necessarily good.

A book Marvellous for its well-digested erudition & clairvoyance.

Genius & Creative Intelligence, by Hirsch.
Genius as the Coalescence of Intelligence of the 1st dimension (instinct) with intelligence of the 2nd dimension (objective intelligence) Language as the instrument of objective intelligence. Laughter as a supplement to Language. Laughter & Smile qualitatively different. When language can't meet the situation, then laughter.* Very Well documented. Much influence by McDougall (***

Mysticism, Freudianism & Scientific Psychology & Knight Dunlap

Along with the revival of Mysticism & Spiritualism has gone a spread of Freudianism which, beginning in the medical field, now claims the whole area of human activities.

Mysticism is the belief in a Third Kind of Knowledge higher in rank than the Knowledge of sense-perception & the Knowledge of inference. Not necessarily higher in the sense of being more complex or of being the result of a longer temporal course of development but higher in value. The 3 terms which are conventionally used to designate the act or fact of knowing in this assumed 3rd way are: ① Union ② Love & ③ ecstasy (getting out of oneself), all denoting the same alleged fact: of the knowing subject losing its identity in the knowing object. The 3 terms are all erotic in nature.

This 3rd Kind of Knowledge is incommunicable inexpressible & even unthinkable by the mystic himself. Plotinus e.g. says: "It [Unity] is unspeakable & undescribable. Nevertheless we speak of it .... but only to direct our souls towards the divine spectacle" (Enn. VI, Bk. N, 4.)

There are 2 terms used in "Dionysius the Areopagite" which are of exceptional interest: Agnosia & Divine gloom. While

Mysticism is analogous to knowledge, it so far transcends psychological limitations that the difference is more important than the likeness. Hence "Agnosia" is held to be more descriptive than "knowledge" & "darkness" more symbolic than light.
The use of the term "love" as a name for mystical knowledge is not entirely metaphorical. There seems a certain identity in the sex relation in its romantic form & the union with reality. For the later mystics the object known in the mystic experience is not always God; it may be another man's soul, e.g. Maeterlinck and M. elevates woman to a higher rank of mystical capacity than man.
Quasi-mysticism — as found in sermons & religious writings.
Pseudo-mysticism — spiritism or supernaturalism. However unnatural the means of the acquiring it in knowledge [e.g. telepathy etc.], the knowledge when acquired is of the usual perceptual & ideational type.
The mystic experience is actually an intense emotional state in which the cognitive elements are reduced well towards the zero point. Hence "ecstasy" "union". In this experience there are certain factors which are conspicuously

* Cf. James: "Principles of Psychology" I, P. 216.

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present in sexual orgasm.
One may turn to "The Significance of Psychoanalysis for the mental Science" by Otto Rank & Hans Sach tr. by C. R. Payne for a full exposition of the application of Fm. to literature, religion, ethnology, law, pedagogy etc etc. Birdwood even writes a book on the "Sex Elements in the First Five Books of Euclid". Before long, one may hope to see psycoanalytic interpretations of Physics & Chemistry.
His "unconscious Mind" is almost an exact correspondent of the Mystic's 3rd Kind of Knowledge. It is knowledge in so far as an argument is to be based on its noetic character: it is not knowledge in so far as the argument requires the denial of that character. It differs from the Mystic knowledge however in not being an experience but in being a stuff. It does not consider Consciousness as a function. In such a system, as in the Old dualistic psychology, say, of Locke "awareness" (i.e. Consciousness in the Scientific Sense) is postulated in addition to the Conscious stuff.*
The desires which are repressed are those which are normal to the individual but are, in their particular manifestations,

A Love-bite.

Luther 1st stated the Oedipus Complex, vide Bjerre: "The History & This runs a close third
Practice of Psychoanalysis", PP. 101 ff, Barrow's tr.

Contrary to social conventions. Theoretically the repressed desire may cover a wide range, including theft, murder, etc. Practically they are found by Freudians almost always to be sex desires. Jung: "It is always found to be so, despite finding all the Cousins & aunts, godparents & teachers who rage against it." (Analytic Psychology, Long's tr. P. 364). The repression of "normal" heterosexual desire is of least practical importance because it is the least apt to occur. More important is the repression of incestuous & homosexual desire.

This conception of sex development is obviously possible only on the basis of the Subconscious: the child obviously has no sex desire in the true meaning of the term although it may respond to sex stimulation. The infantile evidence of sex-activity on which the Frs depend are [sic] minor activities later incorporated in the general sex response. On this basis, absolutely all behavior may be said "sexual" & a new term is to be invented to cover what is ordinarily meant by the term "sexual." It must be borne in mind that an action is not necessarily sexual as to its 1st appearance, because later it assumes a sexual aspect, e.g. panting in running from a dog, & biting the meat, etc.

In dream, any vessel, bag, room = vagina or uterus
stick, child = Penis. Forest, field = Pubic hair.
Janet: Psychoanalysis, Jour. of Abnormal Psyc. V. IX. 1914-15. for a scathing criticism of the practical results of Psychoanalysis.

Jung pushes the mother complex back past infancy to the intrauterine life.
Wish-fulfillment refers to the tendency to obtain in thought satisfactions which can't be obtained in actuality. The concept is therefore not actually of wish-fulfillment but of wish-deception.
An unconscious wish either is an unconscious physiological process, in which case it is not a wish: or else it really is a wish in which case it is conscious.
Psychoanalyst has followed an ancient prescription & thrown the patient into fits; then cured the fits.
The sexual intercourse does not run its normal course of crescendo & diminuendo, but is unduly accelerated & violently terminated.
It may be objected that the relater of the dreams may be lying. This however is not a serious objection, since the Freudians insist that the mechanism in the fabrication of a dream & the fabrication of any other story are essentially the same. Freudians depend up anecdotal evidence, selective proof & arbitrary argument.

F. H. Bradley: "To wish to be better than the world is to be already on the threshold of morality—" Ethical Studies P. 180.

Rationalism, by J. M. Robertson.

In Ethics, "Rm" served in the early 18th cent. to stigmatise as lacking in evangelical faith, those Christians who sought to make their moral philosophy Quadrate with "natural religion". Later it became the name for the critical method of the liberal German theologians who sought to reduce the Supernatural episodes of the Scripture to the status of natural event, misunderstood.

Rm is to be understood relatively. It should stand 1st & last for the habit & tendency to challenge the doctrines which claim "religious" or Sacrosanct authority. Undoubtedly the application of reason to moral issues incurs the risk of fallacy which beset all reasoning in Science so-called: but, on the other hand, every one of those risks attaches at least equally to all acceptance of "authoritative" teaching. Mental hesitation as to obeying the "dictate of "conscience" is the proof the vacillation of the perception of "rightness": Kant rebukes even the telling a lie to a would-be murderer to put him astray, & yet commends to "enlightened clergymen the systematic preaching of their religion in a double sense — because *populus vult decipi*. The "categorical imperative"

is a form of self-deception.
The religious sanction is logically null. There is left him only the threat that the God whom he deems infinitely good will or may punish the unbeliever for not believing on the strength of a Bible. The anti-rationalist position position is thus reduced to "Pascal's Wager"—at once the most childish & the most irreligious argument ever advanced by a competent intelligence on the side of faith. Two obvious rebuttals to Pascal's doctrine on purely logical ground. ① his thesis is available to the Moslem, e.g., no less than to the Christian. He may have chosen the wrong God. ② the hypothetical God would conceivably be as likely to send Pascal to hell for dishonoring him as to send the honest atheist there for refusing to make-believe.
Upon a strictly objective consideration, rm & Spiritualism are alike forms of craving, inquiries for Causes. But one has the habit of seeking Causes in terms of sequences of intelligible processes; the other yearns to find proof of the existence of non-Material personalities. The rationalist then, has his bias like another.

* The word is not unexceptionable. The traditionist might say that what he reasons against is not Reasoning with a Capital R, but the wrong kind of reasoning. He might also turn the table upon the rationalist by saying that his very aim is to show the suicidal character of even the right kind of reasoning, viz the inherent antinomy of all reasoning process.

An agnostic is also a rationalist. He does not in effect merely say 'I don't know': he implicitly says "You don't know."

The most tenacious traditionist puts his case in a "reasoned" form. Every act of reasoning is a concession to the rationalist position to begin with. Reasoning against the validity of reason is recognisable as suicidal by all who can reason coherently. If reason be untrustworthy what is the value of reasoning to that effect?* ... At times he goes about to show, not that his beliefs are well founded in reason, but that no beliefs are; & that his beliefs are therefore at least as valid as anyone else's.

Nevertheless the whole book "Defense of Philosophic Doubt" [by] Mr Balfour analyses the Concept of proof though his aim is ostensibly to discriminate between proved & unproved propositions. The very idea of proof involves that of uncertainty. You seek to prove what is not unquestionable. To prove is to probe, to test. This is the elucidation of the puzzling phrase "the exception proves the rule" (Exceptio probat regulam).

Beliefs ostensibly arrived at by reasoning may be false because the cited proof is inconsequent. On the other hand there are beliefs which in the nature of the case are incapable of proof. No belief is more certain for all men than the belief that they will all die, though the event, posited as future, cannot as such be "tested." You can't prove that you feel a pain, though it is often the most certain of all facts for you while it lasts. If, then, any general scientific or other belief be shown to be "incapable of proof" in this merely negative sense (as distinguished from "capable of disproof"), that is no argument against it for many practical or philosophic purposes.

Religious life is seen going on at 2 widely removed points: ① that of the emotional believer, quasi-ecstatic, ② that of the would-be reasoner. Between those extremes is lived the mass of passive conformity.

To say that the guessing faculty is higher than intelligence is one of the inconsequences of M. Bergson. The fact is that the false hypothesis & the wrong guesses are reached in the same way as the true. No prerogative can be conferred upon it.

Racism does make a man a more vessel; for R. this is an individual

The Psychology of Laughter & Comedy by J. Y. T. Greig M.A.

Preface: "The only people who have the cheek to write on laughter are those with no sense of humour". I dare say he was right. At any rate, this is certainly not a joke-book.

Instinct is a dangerous word whose is descriptive & classificatory not explanatory. ① the reflex-instincts, ② the instincts ③ the instinctive tendencies. ① is highly specific as to stimulus & response, sufficiently well co-ordinated on its 1st occurence to serve practical needs, approximately equal thruout one animal species & comparatively unmodifiable by subsequent experience. ② less specific, than universal in a species, it is subject to considerable variations within that species, & highly sensitive to the guidance of experience ③ so general & constitutive of behavior as such that psychologists have hesitated to apply the adjective "instinctive" to them. (It has remained for Professor Graham in "The Great Society" P. 40 to call them so) e.g. feeling, memory etc. Energy normally intended intended for one instinct can be drawn off to the service of another if & when the need arises. The distinction between the sexual urge & the sexual aim. To hit the aim may not satisfy the urge, i.e. not put a stop to the urge. For it is only from the stoppage of the urge that we can conclude the "end" or purpose.

* Mr Greig, who was born in Yunnan, reveals his knowledge of Chinese in a footnote on p.216, discussing the tonic difference between ma meaning horse & ma meaning hemp. Unfortunately his knowledge of Chinese is not so wide as to enable him to read & include in his Appendix (which owes a good to Eastman: The sense of Humour without sufficient acknowledgement) 陳皇謨：笑政（檀几叢書二集），which perfunctory as it is, contains some suggestive hints：笑品：利害，工模倣；

Wolgemuth: Here are only 2 feeling-elements, viz: Pleasure & Unpleasure. Any differences except intensity, duration & extensity, are found to belong to sensations (P. Unp. 235).

Behavior is felt as pleasant which is in a fair way to reach its appropriate end-result; as unpleasant which is being prevented etc. Neither behavior which is wholly unopposed nor behavior which is wholly arrested is felt at all, but both limits are outside life. Pleasure & displeasure are therefore truly correlative.

p.24 In its early stages the laugh is identical with the smile; later sounds are added. Women & children use chiefly the vowels ee (French i) & eh (é), & adult men the vowels ah & oh (aw). It is interesting to note that in the Chinese word 嘻哈 (for laughter) 3 out of the 4 vowels (P.24, note 3)* (which contains)

In all the situations that are said to call out the smile or the laugh there is a common element: Some person is near & is apparently noticed by the participant.

I provisionally accepted the definition of tickling as light & intermittent tactual stimuli applied to the surface of the body. But it is important to notice that laughter may be

笑資：對客泄氣，長人著短衣，說官話，和尚罵賊，餓子飲食不利便；笑友：

George Vasey: The Philosophy of Laughter and Smiling
Laughter is similar with Cough. Impulses performed by same set of portant organs
悲情小说家——卓人月笑论
Absurd book.

provoked by touch that is not light. So "Squeeze" the ribs of the flirtatious maiden is an effective way of stimulating her laughter even though in so doing the pain centres are aroused simultaneously & she complains thru her giggles, that the fingers of her amorous swain "hurt."

Contributory movements are expressive of pleasure, interrupt-tory of displeasure. This leads to the astonishing Conclusion that the laugh is really expressive of displeasure. For the laugh in its beginning is manifestly disorderly. But we must remember that it is the whole behaviour at any given moment that is really expressive of pleasure or displeasure. The laugh is seldom more than a mere flash in behaviour.

Havelock Ellis. "Sexual Selection in Man" p. 18. "Before Coitus the sexual energy seems to be dissipated along all the nerve channels & especially along the secondary sexual routes—the breasts, nape of the neck, lips, armpits etc—but after marriage the sexual energy is directed from these Secondary channels & response to tickling is diminished"

To be successfully tickled, the infant must be in the mood for it & be not tickled to be in the mood for it.

韵人；笑急；发"笑不已。说郛引王君玉续笑史好笑韵事噱气林妓 轻梳，脉
当轻水，婢人踏金莲，出吃人相管

love-bite.

his tender mind is otherwise occupied, or if the aggressor is a person of whom he has learned to be shy. These facts point to the hypothesis that laughter is somehow associated with the instinct of Love. Touch elicits & expresses love in animals, in children, in grown men & women. From its tactual beginnings, the instinct of love irradiates to the other senses. The vision of the mother's face occurs simultaneously with the nursing embrace & the child, breaking up & reintegrating the presentational continuum, comes to react with love to faces. Love must be able to "keep in touch". An object that is wholly intangible is out of love's reach. The strength of one's devotion to a cause, as weakened not by his words only but by all his actions, is ever in need of renewal thru personal contact with tangible embodiments of that cause.

In a review of Sully's "Essay", Allin no longer in double harness with Stanley Hall throws out a valuable hint that the smile betokens an attitude of the whole organism in which the inception of food is the most striking characteristic, e.g. the sucking of an infant. The primary result is the inception of food, the secondary the love in "nursing embrace". Love retains the thrills that /

feeding dispenses with, & among them retains the smile — because the instinct of love is but lightly charged energy, & in no great hurry.

Teasing is equivocal behavior; the child is pushed in 2 directions, in one by the impulse to injure his victim, in another by the impulse to show affection.

When behavior containing love as an element within it is interrupted, energy is mobilised against the interruption. The respiratory equivalent of such action is the taking of a deeper breath. If the block in behavior can't be overcome, before one may say one's gathering psycho-physical energy will vent itself in gestures which we say express displeasure — cry etc. But if for any reason at all, the obstruction suddenly gives way, the surplus energy may be either used in other ways or simply allowed to escape in various non-contributory movements. But it will be remembered that a marked feature of the previous bracing up was the taking of a deeper breath. This has to be expired in any case. This expiration + Smile = Laughter

Play is a natural development out of earnest; art, out of play.

+ Edward Bullough : P.D. as a factor in Art & an Aesthetic Principle in Brit. Journ. of Psych. June 1912.

Y This has been forgotten by only too many writers on the comic, who, having abstracted laughter out of the whole complex reaction to a situation, the better to study it in isolation, quickly forget how unimportant it may have really been in the 1st place.

Play modifies the end-result of natural behavior into something comparatively harmless; art modifies this end-result still more drastically; it cuts it out altogether. Art is contemplation. "Psychical distance"* must be inserted between the spectator & the object. The appeal of art lies in the fact that it arouses in us exactly the same sentiments as are aroused in so-called practical life. But its over-responses on towards or away from the stimulus are inhibited.

P.77-78 ^ That is why we laugh at ourselves & our friends without malice, why we laugh at the same kind of things in all countries & times, why people belonging to the same social heritage who laugh usually laugh at the same kind of things. ^ Laughter is above relation. Man is a social animal. Laughter is the gesture by which society intimidates its members. ^ Laughter is a corrective devised by society to ensure conformity to certain requirements which it, for the moment, chooses to impose on its members, or to prevent the relapse into old habits which it has discarded or is in process of discarding. ^ Laughter is a gesture of exclusion. It is the attempt of the group to isolate the individual who is making himself obnoxious. ^ Laughter is a gesture of social utility. It is the expression of a certain fear. ^ Laughter is a gesture of fear. It is the fear of the group. ^ Laughter is a gesture of fear of the group. It is the fear of the group of the individual who is making himself obnoxious. ^ Laughter is a gesture of fear of the group of the individual who is making himself obnoxious

* Thus a joke is obscene which calls attention to any part of the directly sexual process which is not usually spoken of & a joke is indecent which calls attention to an excretory process which is not usually spoken of.

Masters: "Ce fond de raillerie que l'homme a toujours eu contre la femme" (Belles les Fabliaux, p. 321) shows attitude towards Ann Whitefield in Man & Superman is much the same in essence as the attitude of Aristophanes, the jongleurs & Richard Tarlton towards the women of their types: the jongleur called it "plaie que les Malmal in order of complexity begin at the point where laughter is simple & work up, rather than down the scale of culture.

It is no explanation of laughter to say that it is the expression of surprise. Almost laughter may be the expression of surprise. Surprise is negative — a state of doing nothing, or of doing just as little as possible at the moment in order to do whatever is necessary the next moment. Whatever positive character it may have, it borrows from the behaviour immediately preceding & immediately succeeding it. In itself it is a mere interval..... Yet while surprise does not necessarily lead to laughter, laughter is always preceded by a momentary surprise.

The witty story-teller breaks out sometimes in sympathy; & when this happens, both he & his audience are apt to assume that he is laughing at his own jokes, whereas in truth he's laughing at laughter.

The result: ① the obscene = the directly sexual exposed [illegible] resistance ② the indecent the indirectly sexual exposed against resistance without the resistance imposed by modesty, both the obscene & the indecent disappear as such. Our original pleasure in the obscene & indecent (Cazalis, p. 324), shows calls to the incarnation of the life force. (p. 85-6)

Freud: "Wit & its relation to the Unconscious" P.294.

*86 the general attitude of man towards woman is "ambivalent": now predominantly love, now predominantly hate, & generally both together in some measure. The ambivalence is/constantly disguised. But so soon as we penetrate below the varnish — in laughter, in dreams, in mental diseases, — we come upon the "fond de rancune" on which rest, e.g., [illegible] mother-in-law taboo

~~of the savage & the mother-in-law joke of modern man.~~ (For Mother-in-law taboo, see Freud: Totem & Taboo ch. I)

& the malicent is just our perennial pleasure in the sexual, thus our enjoyment rather precedes our laughter. To enjoy the sexes as "distances".

*P.89 Hate is built up from love & vice versa. Love is primary & positive, hate secondary & negative. Laughter more at home in hate behavior.

We may find the laugh occurs in Othello called Desdemona a "whore" simply, thus trying to degrade her. His was no derision; O. has no laughter left, for his love has power over his life & death. Unless derision is destroyed by a strong force of love, laughter disappears.

Hate is the best defense for love; that is the 1st truth every comic poet who's about to raise a laugh at the sexual. Our attitude to the obscene is so deeply ambivalent that we are generally conscious both of our love for & our dislike of it.

P.101 Cuckoldry — he's quite aware that it is the unfaithful wife's lover, not her husband, who is the object of laughter. Othello is afraid. He is a tragic figure. The essentially comic fact is really the success of the wife's affair with Cassio. The stock jokes of husband's blindness.

P.102. During the 1st blaming of the strong our interest in the husband is quite secondary. He is merely the obstacle that the wife & her lover have to get past. The 1st laughter is with the wife & her lover at the husband.

Havelock Ellis: The fantastic fate which placed so near together the supreme foci of physical attraction [Sexual organs] & physical repugnance [Excretory organs] has immensely contributed to build up all the subtlest complexities of human love. Cuckoldry is as we take it — tragic, comic, or indifferent according to circumstances.

George Cram Cook & Susan Glaspell: "Suppressed Desires"
A Freudian Comedy in 2 Scenes.
Baudelaire: Curiosités esthétiques P. 362, Peep-bo.

P. 112 Emerson: "The Comic" in "Letters & Social Aims"
We commonly say that it is thought less to laugh, & the Statement is psychologically accurate. If once we begin to think, away goes behavior in other directions, using up the surplus energy. "All the world loves a lover" or more exactly "All the world loves with a lover"
It is a better joke if the old gentleman who slips on the banana skin has been coming down the street in full view for some time, than if he suddenly turns a corner & plumps down at your feet. In other words, before we laugh at a stranger he must have ceased to be a stranger in some measure.
Laughter is like the passage of James.
P. 147 ff.
The devil is always the more or less completely organised projection of those hindrances to the individual's behavior with which he is most familiar. The child's devil is a simple person, with only a few ways of saying "don't." The highly sophisticated adult of modern times needs a very complicated devil to match himself. A hindrance to behavior takes whatever character it possesses from the behavior it hinders. The psychological truth is that evil is the negative of good. Some

Ernest Jones suggests that the devil is the projection of the child's thoughts about the father. Cf. Papers on Psycho-analysis P. 233. title Dostoevski's "Brothers Karamazov."

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ing so irrevocably bound up with good that in the last resort no description of it is possible except in terms of the good which it obstructs. The devil both repels & attracts. God & devil begin by being identical, then the devil become the servant of God & then at length the enemy of God. Cf. Bible. The devil is both a hindrance & a procedure to the same behavior.

Eastman: Irony at its right signified stating less than was meant, exaggeration vice versa.

P. 199 Wit is only tendency wit. Harmless wit is like Sairey Gamp's alleged friend Mrs Harris — nothing but a convenient fiction.

P 245 (1) Art avoids economic expression is both (2) the economy is often more apparent than real. The word is made flesh but it requires additional to grasp its full significance. but that psycho-physical expenditure is much greater. Heroic couplet is most economical hence most difficult. On the contrary. More has to be put through in a given time, the least can only be done.

The Appendix contains a summary of theories of laughter as set forth by philosophers, poets, critics & psychologists from Plato to Mr Max Eastman. The bibliography is the most exhaustive obtainable, though we miss Mr J. C. Gregory's "Nature of Laughter" which appeared later this book. The wealth of

Lessing: Hamburgische Dramaturgie, 29th evening, August 7, 1767: "Die Komödie will durch Lachen bessern, aber nicht eben durch Verlachen."

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illustration reminds us of Dryden's "Here's God-a-Plenty!" The ingenuity in interpretation is marvellous. The analysis of comic situations in literary masterpieces is masterly. Mr Greig leaves not much of laughter untouched. Many examples from the plays of Aristophanes, Shakespeare & Molière, the novels of Lawrence Sterne & Rabelais, down to Cuckoldy Mother-in-law, Loss of a Hat, Peep-Bo, Jack-in-the-box, Nine-pins etc.

"The Problem of Immortality" by Rudolph A. Tsanoff Ph.D.

"What's strange," we read in "Brothers Karamazov", "is not that God should really exist, but that such an idea, the idea of the existence of God, could enter the head of such a savage, vicious beast as man."

The idea of transmigration provides primitive man with an explanation of birth & death. The 2 mysteries of existence are to him one. Even the modern Christian is inclined to believe imagine life in Heaven as a particularly comfortable Sunday afternoon. Man still thinks of his future in terms of his present, a primitive habit to which he clings tenaciously.

Two characteristics of the primitive conception of survival: (1)

Mostly Evidence is not the exclusive prerogative of human being
① a Continuation & duplication of this life. No idea of retribution. Immortal not on Ethical grounds.
The desire for revenge lurks at the bottom of the Moral ground of Immortality. The Primitive man is not quite through with his enemies when he has killed them. A Savage cuts off the head of his dead foe to protect himself from the pursuit of the enemy's soul which he believes to be similar & motive to himself. Or man hopes after death to square accounts which have run against him in his life. Man will not allow death to wipe off old scores. This idea of revenge slowly develops into the demand for justice. & the doctrine of transmigration is radically modified by the idea of Retribution ..... This does not mean that Man's advance in Civilisation is marked by a deepening Conviction of a continued existence after death; but it is marked by the increasingly moral tone of such belief in a hereafter as he does possess.
The immortality that man craves is the immortality of his human worth, self. While the reason of the philosopher

chapt II. e study of Dante's "Hell, Purgatory & Paradise".

+Kraft und Stoff III. Catholicism — union of Christian heart & Hellenic intellect. Materialism & Immortality (historical account).

has found much to criticise in the Christian doctrine of life eternal, its appeal to the human soul has been permanent because it has assured man of his immortality as man, rather than as a god.

A hundred yrs after Holbach's "Système de la Nature" had been the declared Bible of Materialism, Büchner's "Force & Matter" & Haeckel's "Die Welträtsel" became its New Testament. Scarcely any other works on the philosophical shelves of public libraries are as thumb-soiled & dog-eared as these two.

Feuerbach: Der Mensch ist was er isst.

McTaggart: "Human Immortality" P.31: Malthusian anxieties about the over-population of the spiritual world.

"Eternal Recurrence" — All suns set — to rise again. Here is not a permanent here on earth, & not a new under heaven. Instability & Repetition.

A discrepancy in Zarathustra's gospel. On the one hand it is the gospel of the Superhuman, a forward-looking gospel, the gospel of what is not-yet, of aspiration. But as thus

ideal strengthened by the assurance of the cyclic return of all things? According to the doctrine of eternal recurrence all that is or can be has already been incalculable times over. The Superman gospel urges Man toward a goal; but for the doctrine of Eternal Recurrence "the goal of humanity is .... not evolution towards happiness or blessedness, but evolution." (Meyer, "Nietzsche", P. 463.)

Comte is no exponent of the physical theory of moral values. His doctrine is as much opposed to Malthusianism as to Darwinism. Not in terms of individual man is social to be explained but vice versâ. We live in humanity, think humanity, & for humanity. Vivre pour autrui.

The Positivistic Immortality is one of influence [or fame etc.] "Toute l'éducation humaine doit préparer chacun à vivre pour autrui, afin de revivre dans autrui" (Système de Politique Positive Vol. II. P. 371) cf. Lévy-Bruhl: La Philosophie d'Auguste Comte P. 392.

Who or what is it that survives in humanity? Are not Judas & Nero & Cesare Borgia remembered?

L's message / life is agonizing not because life is necessarily an agony, but because L's life happened to be agonized.
Alfred de Musset: "It is not sorrow that he chants but his own."

Sorrows

Coate formulated in Modern terms the Buddhistic doctrine of Karma (act, deed).

Pessimism & Immortality — A thinking Man's attitude towards the Prospect of Immortality is likely to be Conditioned by his estimate of the present life..... With our Mortal Lives Finite Works of Art, perfect dramas with beginning, middle & end naturally Self-Completing no one could intelligently protest against the final curtain of death. If life were finite & perfect, its end would be a Consummation devoutly to be wished the demanded last note of the perfect melody. A certain degree of pessimism [i.e. discontent with the present] is a sine qua non of the ideal before us.

The older pessimism is end-bound: poetical-religious. Leopardi's misery is not that he's unhappy — but that no one can be intelligently happy — L'infelicità.

Leopardi shows Keener perception than Schopenhauer & Hartmann. The fundamental demand of Man is not one for pleasure but for sheer being. Worse than Misery is Spiritual Stagnation. The very negation of Value presupposes a Standard of

The wisdom of the dim-eyed in the kingdom of the blind.
aesthetic simplicity.

Evaluation. A totally valueless universe would not admit even of being condemned.

The Philosophic Basis of Moral Obligation by J. E. Turner.
Every branch of investigation becomes metaphysical if it is extended far enough.
With the Greek the prevailing tendency was to look upon phenomena not as expressive of law but as expressive of purpose. When Nature came to be regarded as ruled by Law, its necessity became repugnant to Man's consciousness of his own freedom. Necessity became thus either assigned a dual character, as being on the one hand Natural & on the other Moral; or wholly confined to the phenomenal world; so that Freedom, thus excluded from the sphere of phenomena, became either real but Noumenal (unattainable) — Kant or real but Noumenal (inexplicable) — Bergson.
The Good satisfies; but it satisfies only a desire for good. Desire implies some incompleteness, & satisfaction its

removal. Value therefore takes the general form of the power to confer some measure of completion.
Necessity in moral sphere is Obligation.

Essays in Popular Science, by Julian Huxley.
Science herself is overspecialised: her right hand knows not what her left hand doeth.
The dominant sex (a review of Mathilde & Mathieu Vaerting's book) — I venture to prophesy not only that the inherent differences between the sexes will not tend to diminish in the course of evolution, but that Man will continue to emphasise them by Custom & Convention.
Biology in Utopia (a review of Wells' "Men like Gods") — The Utopians go almost naked. Mr W. is perhaps so revolted by the dullness of Modern Male attire that he underestimates the amount by which dress enlarges the human horizon, giving us a hundred extra variations of personality, raising it an infinitude of permutations the possibilities realised in the courtship-decorations of lower animals.
The Meaning of Death — (1) actual substance of body (2) Individuality.

Huxley & Religion.

In regard to the substance of the higher organisms there is a constant death & re-birth or thro' life. Besides what is mortal is the soma, the Germ is immortal.
Natural selection could prolong the span of life, but after a certain time it comes cheaper & easier to rely upon a new life for perpetuating the species.
On the history of Science — One despises that we so magnified dwindle when we see the ages' inheritance of pain. The corpus of fact that to some people constitutes the reality of Natural Science is only a vast stamps collection a lumber room. The history of Science shows how a body of fact comparatively inert & lifeless while held in one framework of opinion, may be seized by another more vigorous movement of the mind & used as a battering-ram to beat open the doors of progress. Paley & Bowen used the same sorts of embryological facts as Darwin & Hooker. Evolution & Purpose — We can not say that it is purposeful until we are privileged to know what processes

occurs in the thought of God; but we can & must say that it has direction.
Confusion between 2 ideas of God: the idea of G. as an absolute Conception & the idea of G. to be derived from the facts of Nature. The first is unscientific: we build up G. from our notions of what G. ought to be & then proceed to deduce consequences from this idea.

Father Ronald Knox: "Broadcast Minds" 为什么书
店说 is cheap, 因买及 Julian Huxley, 所书.

C. O. Burns: Leisure in the Modern World. (the best defence of the machine)

His blank verse is so blank that the verse is imperceptible.
No period could be entirely dull when Mr Huxley was writing in it.
In my reading of Contemporary literature, the lacunae are not gaps but chasms.

Lawrence: You tell me I am wrong.
Who are you, who is anybody to tell me I am wrong?
I am not wrong.

One can progress quite comfortably towards damnation.

Wyndham Lewis: Snooty Baronet, a reductio-ad-absurdum of Behaviorism, also an autobiography.

Arnold Bennett is a stammerer, & all stammerers are pathological.

J. B. S. Haldane: The Inequality of Man.

One's antipathies are divided.

F. R. Leavis & Denys Thompson: "Culture & Environment": appeal of advertisements.

a nodding acquaintance with theology.

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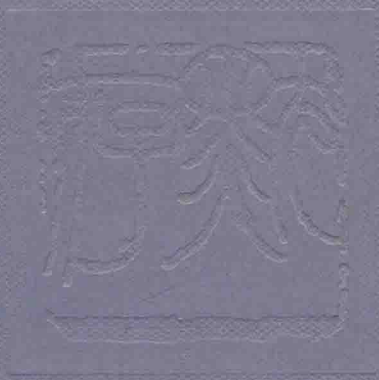

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